THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A[illegible] by Benj. Franklin

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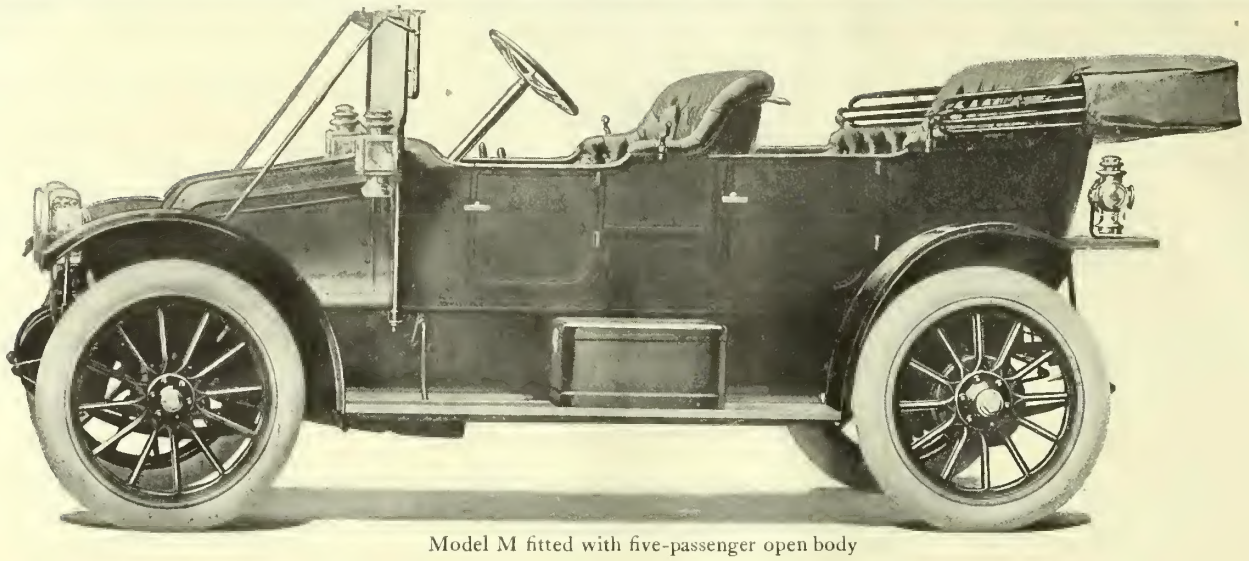
Franklin "The Car Beautiful"



Model M fitted with five-passenger open body

Tenth Annual Announcement

In the Franklin line for the 1911 season are four chassis sizes, two sixes and two fours, fitted with eleven different styles of open and closed bodies. All bodies are the latest Parisian type.

With no radiator and fan to interfere, the Franklin body and hood lines are blended harmoniously, giving a beauty and smartness obtainable by no other design.

List of Models and Specifications

Model H, larger and more powerful than last year, is fitted with full seven-passenger open body or double torpedo-phaeton four-passenger body.

Specifications: Six 4½ x 4½ cylinders; 48-horse-power; 133-inch wheel base; tires, rear 38 x 5½ inches, front 37 x 5 inches; weight, touring car 3300 pounds; price, $4500; wheel base of torpedo-phaeton, 126 inches; weight, 3200 pounds; price, $4500.

Model D, larger, with six cylinders, is fitted with full five-passenger open body, double torpedo-phaeton four-passenger body or seven-passenger limousine or landaulet body.

Specifications: Six 4 x 4 cylinders; 38-horse-power; 123-inch wheel base; tires, rear 37 x 5 inches, front 36 x 4½ inches; weight, touring car 2800 pounds, torpedo 2700 pounds; prices, touring car $3500, torpedo-phaeton $3500, limousine or landaulet $4400.

Model M, a new medium-size car, fitted with five-passenger open body or seven-passenger limousine or landaulet body.

Specifications: Four 4 x 4 cylinders; 25-horse-power; 108-inch wheel base; tires, rear 34 x 4½ inches, front 34 x 4 inches; weight, touring car 2300 pounds; price, $2700; limousine or landaulet, price, $3500.

Model G, longer wheel base and roomier, fitted with four-passenger open body. It is the only high-grade small car built in America.

Specifications: Four 3⅜ x 4 cylinders; 18-horse-power; 100-inch wheel base; tires, rear 32 x 4 inches, front 32 x 3½ inches; weight, 1850 pounds; price, $1950.

Special runabout, G type, fitted with single torpedo-phaeton two-passenger body.

Specifications: Four 3⅜ x 4 cylinders; tires, rear 32 x 4 inches, front 32 x 3½ inches; weight, 1800 pounds; price, including top and glass front, $1950.

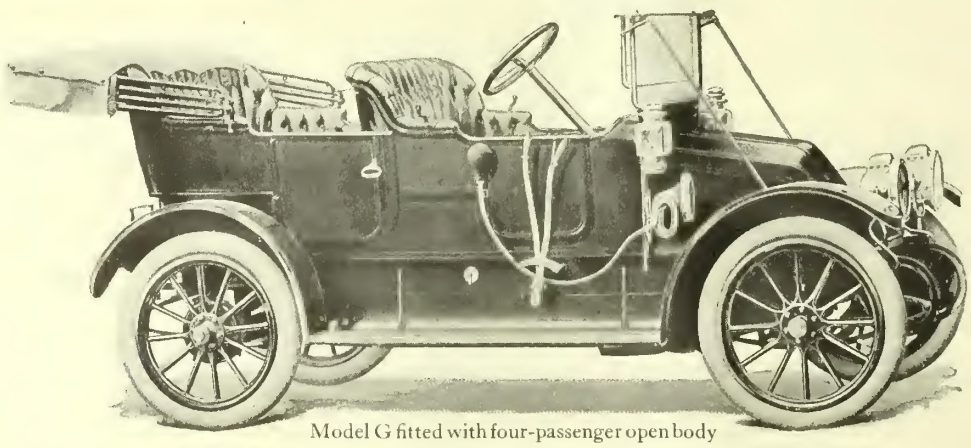
Standard equipment, all models, includes top.

Tires and Rims: A comparison of tire sizes will show that our tires have fifty per cent greater capacity than those used on other automobiles. The tires on our light-weight five-passenger D, for example, are the same as used on the heavy high-grade seven-passenger cars and the same as we used on the Franklin H last year. Other makers, because of tire trouble, are now using demountable rims. We continue the light, quick detachable rim.

New Features Summarized: Doors to front seats; flush-sided, sloping-hood bodies; lower seats and lower effect generally; new oiling system, overcoming smoking; quiet valve action; engine air jacket arranged to give complete accessibility; more room between dash and front seat and a greater rake to steering column; deeper and more luxurious upholstering; still larger tires; all motors accurately balanced.

¶ Franklin resilient, full-elliptic-spring, wood-chassis-frame construction gives the only luxurious riding. There is no fatigue; the automobile does not deteriorate.

¶ Franklin air cooling is the ideal system for an automobile engine; it affords the lightest, simplest construction; it does not require attention; it is independent of climate and weather conditions; it does all that water cooling can do, and more; it can not break down or get out of order; there are no working parts not required in the engine itself. It is superior in every way to any other cooling system.



Model G fitted with four-passenger open body

New catalogue on request

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FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY Syracuse N Y

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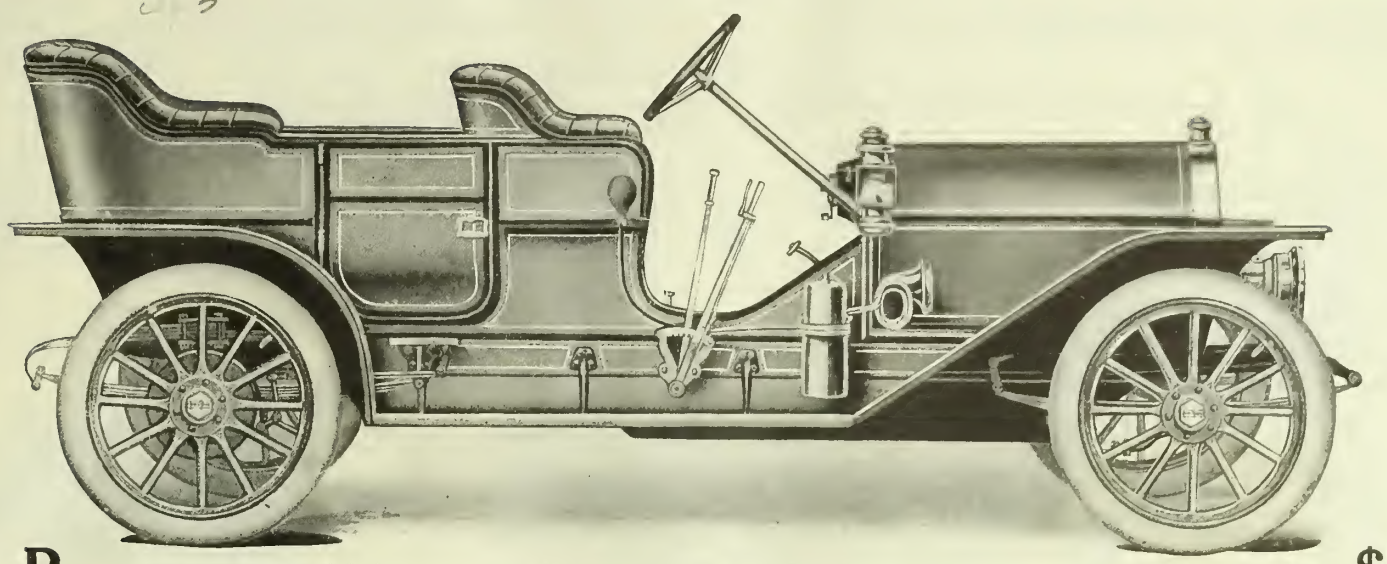

40 H. P. NEW Touring Model 30 A, with Regular Equipment **$1,750**

Money Can Not Buy More in Performance—Economy—Durability—Comfort—Style

Everything that the experienced and discriminating motorist demands in his 1911 car—regardless of price—has been put into the new Inter-State models. Every standard of strength—speed—roominess—money-saving and worry-saving construction—convenience and artistry has been complied with, and in many features surpassed, by exclusive Inter-State construction. This has all been demonstrated to the satisfaction of the most exacting in the great motor centers. Why then add $750 to $1,500 to your appropriation when you can fulfill all your desires and keep the saving in your bank account by buying an Inter-State?

1911 Models — **Inter-State** — **$1,750 $2,000**

World's Greatest Automobile Values Now Ready for Delivery

Where else, for anything near $1,750 or $2,000, can you find the Inter-State's long wheel base—full 118 inches—40 horse-power motor, with 4½-inch bore by 5-inch stroke?

What other car—no matter what you pay for it—has all the following features? You will find **all** these in your Inter-State:

Double ignition system.

Rolling push rod contact on the cam shaft.

Integral water pump, rotary oil pump and imported high tension magneto. All located on one side of the motor and driven by one shaft.

You can find no other car whose parts are so easily accessible.

No other motor, embodying all the features required by the leading engineers, combines them in such simple construction as the Inter-State.

The chassis of the new Inter-State models is especially commented on in motordom.

Its ample proportions showing the contrast between the **real** car of big build and that of skimpy lines, its materials, its design, compel the admiration of manufacturers offering cars at many hundreds more.

The new Inter-State is a notable example of what has been achieved in interchangeability of parts.

And, remember, the Inter-State is built entirely in the manufacturer's own factory.

Reflect what this means in perfect construction and harmony as a whole. It is the only way in which the Inter-State ideal can be achieved. And you get the benefit with an enormous money-saving.

Why then take a chance on an ordinary car, or double your expenditure for no additional advantage?

Send for New Book!

It shows all the new models in exact colors

It tells all about the many high-class features we haven't room here to tell about, and describes every part of the Inter-State in detail. Just fill out the coupon.

Tear This Out!

S. E. P.

A Reminder

Inter-State Automobile Company
Muncie, Ind.

You may send your new 1911 book.

Name _____

Address _____

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Inter-State Automobile Company, Muncie, Ind.

Write for information regarding choice territory for dealers.

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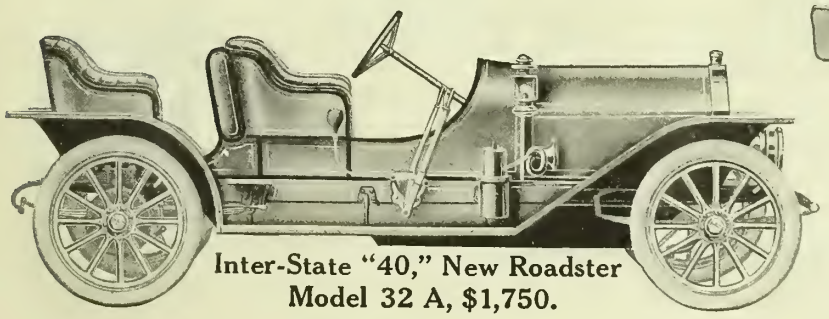
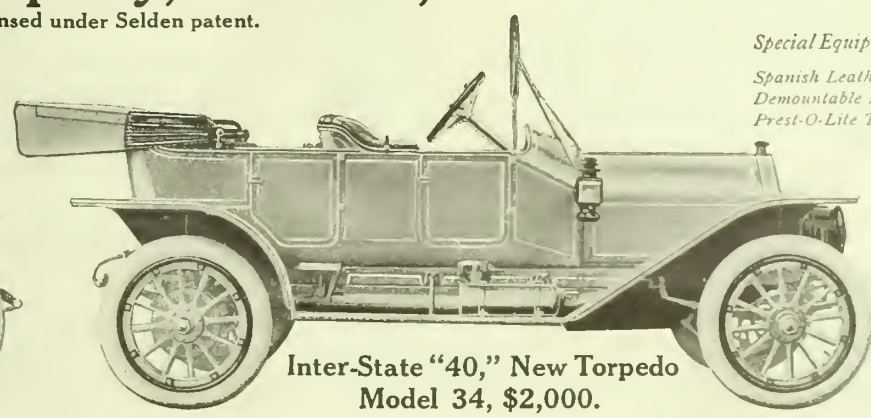


Inter-State "40," New Roadster Model 32 A, $1,750.



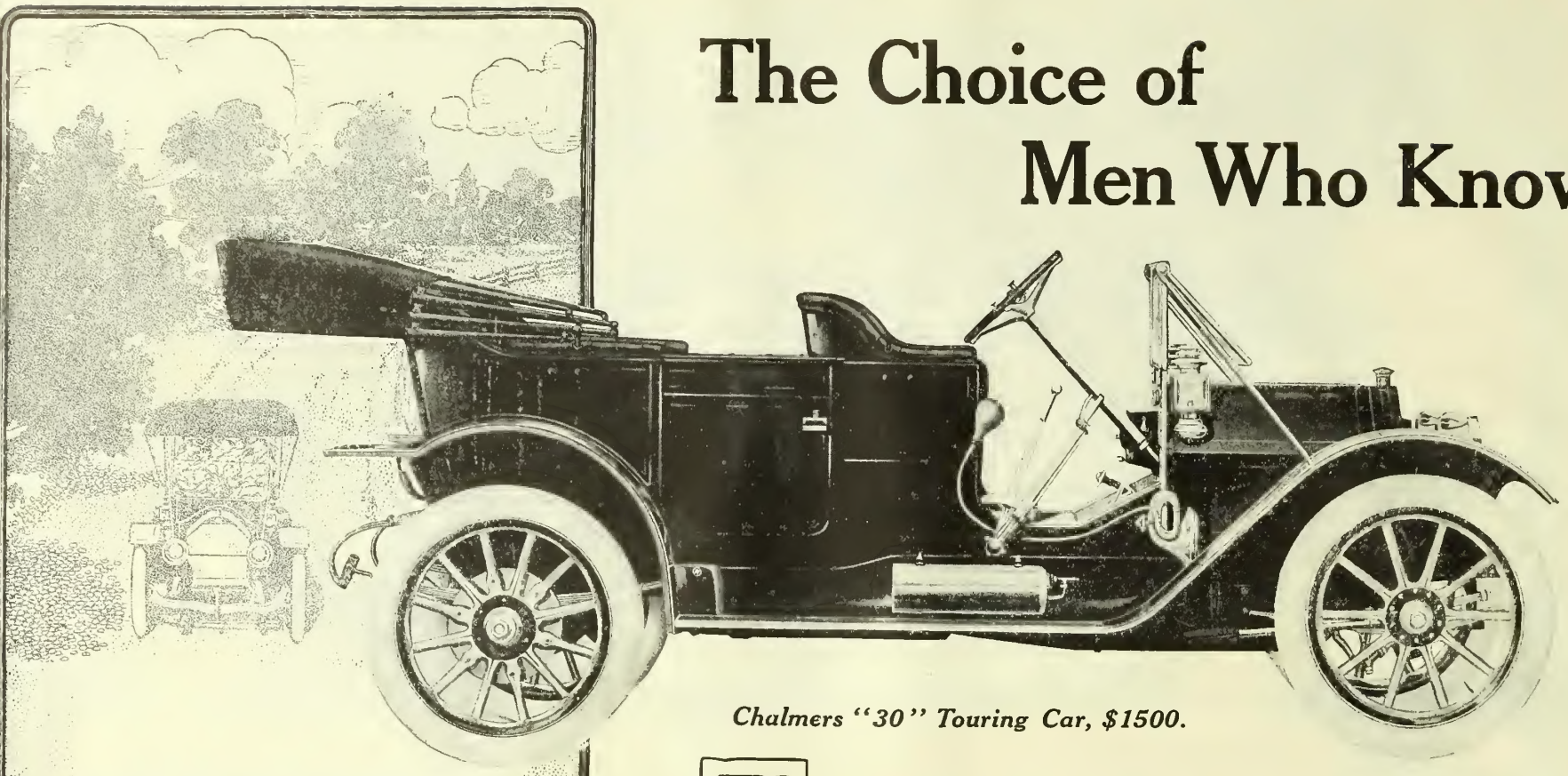
Inter-State "40," New Torpedo Model 34, $2,000.

Special Equipment Model 34.

Spanish Leather Upholstering.
Demountable Rims.
Prest-O-Lite Tank.
Solar Headlights Black Enameled.
Combination electric side and tail lamps Black Enameled.
Storage Battery.
Exhaust Horn.
Tire Irons.
Foot Rail.
Robe Rail

117630

The Choice of Men Who Know



Chalmers "30" Touring Car, $1500.

ENGINEERS, mechanical men and those who have had wide experience in automobiling are the ones who are able to select a car strictly on its merits, regardless of price, advertising claims or representation by salesmen.

Below is a small list taken at random from among hundreds of prominent and motor-experienced men who are owners of Chalmers Cars.

New York City.
Craig Colgate, Banker.
N. W. Halsey, Banker.
J. B. Herreshoff, Designer of Yachts.
J. S. Huyler, Manufacturer of Huyler's Candies.
Arthur Iselin.
Percy Rockefeller, Standard Oil Company.
David W. Bishop, of Morgan & Company.
Lee De Forrest, De Forrest Wireless Telegraph.
Glenn Curtiss, Aeroplane Builder.

Boston, Mass.
F. W. Hallowell, Wool Merchant.
E. S. Webster, Stone & Webster.
Dr. W. H. Walker, Prof. Mass. Inst. Tech.

Troy, N. Y.
Howard Kennedy, Vice Pres. Cluett, Peabody Co.
Lieut. Paul H. Learned (for use in U. S. Army Manœuvres).

Elmira, N. Y.
J. R. Clark, Pres. American-La France Fire Engine Co.
J. Sloat Fassett, Congressman.

West Point, N. Y.
Capt. Henry C. Jewett, Officer U. S. Military Academy

Pittsburgh, Pa.
Mr. Heinz, H. J. Heinz Company.
R. M. Oliver, Oliver Iron & Steel Company.
F. I. Ellis, United States Eng. Co.
O. H. Childs, Retired.
J. H. Reed, Pres. Pgh. Railways & Phila. Gas Co.

Baltimore, Md.
Wm. F. Cochran.
General Francis E. Waters.

Richmond, Va.
John E. Lane, Lane Bros.
James Pollard, Pollard & Bagby.

Dayton, Ohio.
Geo. M. Verity, Pres. American Rolling Mills.
R. B. Carnahan, Jr., American Rolling Mills Co.

Chicago, Ill.
Medill McCormick, Publisher The Tribune.
R. T. Crane, of the Crane Company, Mfrs.
Julius Rosenwald, Pres. Sears-Roebuck & Co.
Chauncy J. Blair, Banker.

St. Louis, Mo.
D. R. Calhoun, Pres. Ely-Walker Dry Goods Co.
Festus J. Wade, Pres. Mercantile Trust Co.
Geo. W. Simmons, V. P. Simmons Hardware Co.

Omaha, Nebraska.
H. W. Yates, Jr., Nebraska Nat'l Bank.
Judge Wm. A. Redick.
H. F. Wilkins, Cudahy Packing Co.

Portland, Oregon.
J. B. Yeon.
E. L. Thompson, Hartman & Thompson, Bankers.

Los Angeles, Cal.
J. Ross Clark, Vice Pres. Salt Lake R. R

THE greatest advertisement for Chalmers Cars has always been the recommendations of enthusiastic owners. That such men as these mentioned are Chalmers owners, is sufficient guarantee for those who have little knowledge or experience in automobiling.

The new 1911 Models are practically unchanged in all essential principles. Many refinements of detail and workmanship have improved their general appearance and made them even smoother running and quieter than ever before.

New style carburetors are used that are even more economical and uniform of operation than previous models.

Chalmers Cars represent all you possibly can look for in an automobile for every use—beauty of line, comfort, power, speed, perfect control, reliability. You can pay more for a car but you cannot find a car *at any price* that will give you so much real value as

Chalmers MOTOR CARS

"30" at $1500 **"Forty" at $2750**

1911 Demonstrating cars have been delivered to our dealers all over the country. Deliveries to customers begin this month. Write for new catalog "E" and name of the nearest dealer.

On the Radiator

Chalmers Motor Company

Licensed under Selden Patent

Detroit, Mich., U. S. A.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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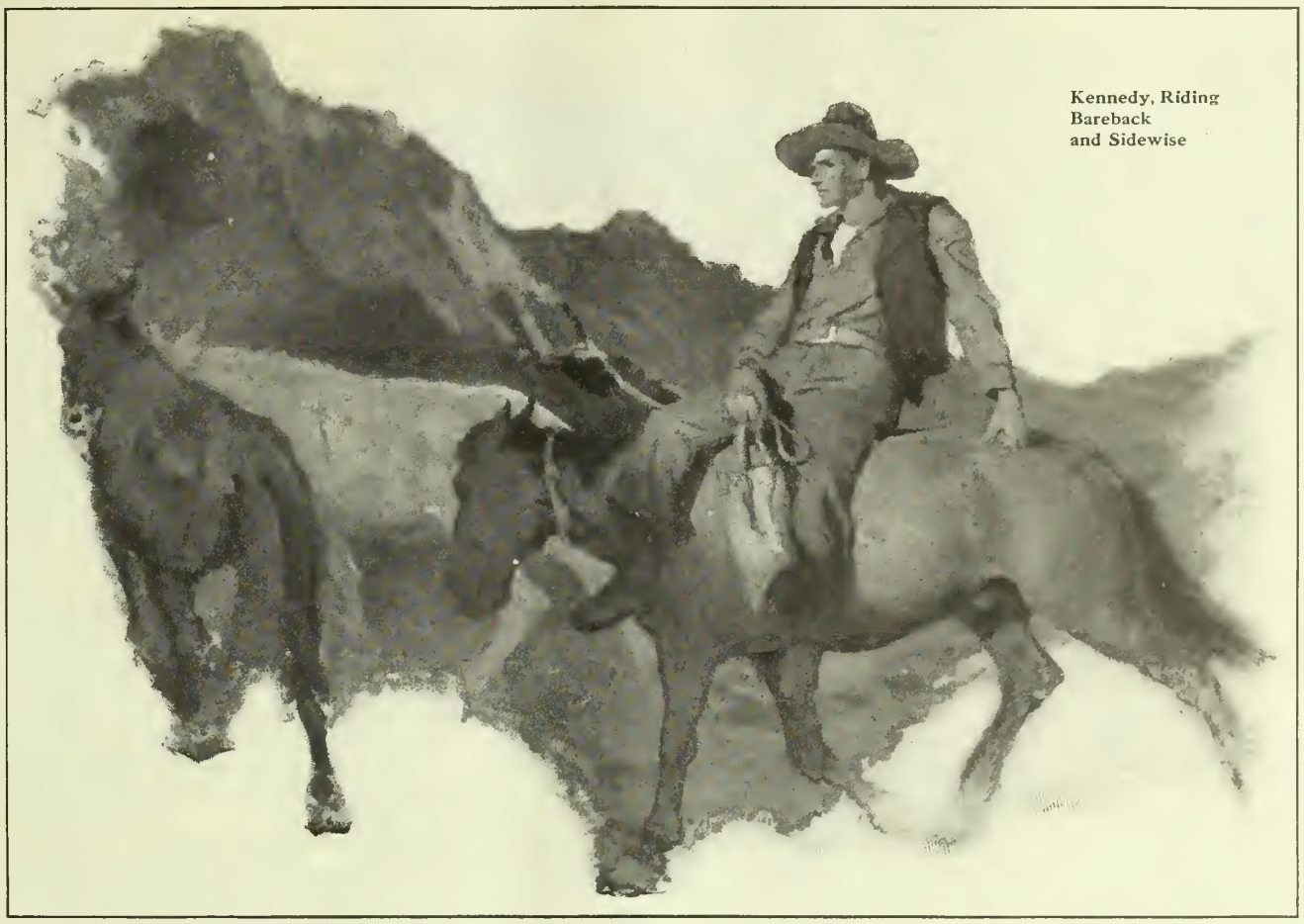
The Line of Least Resistance

By EUGENE MANLOVE RHODES

ILLUSTRATED BY N. C. WYETH



Kennedy, Riding Bareback and Sidewise

THE world to an end shall come in eighteen hundred and eighty-one." Lamentably accurate as to horseless carriages and other doleful prophecies, Mother Shipton was yet not infallible. The year passed with no such annoying event; the periled ant-hill world continued frantically ant-busy with vital affairs, which now are forgotten or as frantically undone.

In 1881 Garfield was assassinated. In New York City "Crazy Luke," persistent in a Hudson River Tunnel hallucination, became a nuisance to harassed capital and was properly sent to the insane asylum. Infant damnation was abolished at Cincinnati. Washington was deep in the A, B, C, D of a new navy, planning the Atlanta, Boston, Chicago and Dolphin, monsters of three thousand tons.

Kansas and Nebraska were mortgaged, emitting—profanity was wicked, exhausted and unsatisfactory—weird, harebrained heresies, now orthodox. These fanatic dissatisfactions were to become Grange Societies, Populism, and, by a particularly subtle and insidious system—a consistent series of crushing defeats—to disconcert and capture one and both of Populism's successful antagonists, and so depart, having made two Populist parties grow where none grew before. Singularly enough, that son of York—at that time affording much quiet amusement to the old hands at Albany—who was to lead this wintry discontent to blooming summer, or, at least, to ride before it—was now devoting his few odd moments to refuting the heresies he was to enforce so strenuously, and to exposing the fallacies of his own later career. It is gratifying to know that our ethical and political standards are permanent and absolute at last, after centuries of change and foggy confusion.

For the rest, the Eastern Question and colossal Russia engrossed an agitated Europe. The Japanese were becoming known as a bright little people, really quite intelligent; in revolving Mexico, Gonzalez was President per Dictator Diaz; in South Africa, one Paul Kruger was experimentally playing cat's-cradle with the British Lion's tail.

In 1881 New Mexico expected statehood forthwith; the Lincoln County War was dying down; Pat Garrett had successfully killed Billy the Kid; Governor Lew Wallace had written Ben-Hur in the Adobe Palace, undistracted; the Santa Fe Railroad was completed to El Paso; Dundee and other towns without a past were simultaneously enjoying the present and a heavily discounted future.

Why, in '81-'83, Dundee in the desert counted her sons by more joyous hundreds than ever by scores in her subsequent drowsy quarter-century as a cowtown; why some of these hundreds wore silk hats unreproved, some clave to cleft sombreros and some held by skull-cap and duster; why the incumbents of such diverging gear dwelt millennially together, with no unseemly contention for the lion's part; why Dundee boasted two general stores of amazing efficiency where whatsoever thing demanded was mysteriously produced at once; why there was a one-story adobe hotel of vast acreage, forever crowded with affluent transients; why there were rival stage-lines to the Black Range country, sixty miles westward, with a service of a daily six-horse coach either way, not to mention the frequent extras; why the railroad had hastily surveyed a "feeder" for that same Black Range clientage, to be built at once to flourishing Chloride, Fairview, Grafton and Hermosa; why, pending such building, the sidetracks of Dundee were crowded with cars freight, ore and private; why, night and day, the freight depot was blockaded by waiting freight outfits—ten to twenty horses or mules or oxen, an enormous wagon strong enough for anything in the way of boilers or machinery that could possibly be loaded upon it, and one or more smaller "trail wagons," constituting an outfit; why, in short, gold eagles were then more prevalent in Dundee than were dimes thereafter—all these things may require some explanation.

You would certainly have demanded such explanation, later revisiting the pale glimpses of Dundee; when the long, white tent-streets had folded and vanished in the night, Arabian fashion; when the wooden buildings had been torn down and moved to tributary ranches; when the larger and more capable of the amazing general stores had providentially burned—its provident and capable owner, with the insurance money, flitting to the Cœur d'Alêne country; when the other store and the hotel—both of uninflammable adobe—were partly occupied as headquarters of warring cattle companies. The square stakes of the Black Range branch line remained, a commentary on departed glories. They are there yet. Good wood, in that dry, pure air, does not rot or "powder-post" as in more favored sections. Through the long, pleasant evenings, Dundee, reclining on tarpaulined beds in its vasty starlit sleeping-quarters, was prone to wax reminiscent as to that golden age; mournfully proud, like Mr. Kipling's Mulvaney, "Oi wuz a corpr'l wanst. Oi've been rayjooced—but Oi wuz a corpr'l wanst." At such times Dundee fondly recurred to the survey stakes, as Private Mulvaney to those brief, vanished chevrons.

Let us return to our millennial muttons.

Boston built the Santa Fe Railroad, with the brains and money so characteristic of her. Incidentally, she rebuilt frequently such jerkwater part of it as bordered upon the Rio Grande del Norte—sometimes reasonably called Rio Bravo—until, after the ninth consecutive encore, she surmised that those rude, unlettered persons who had aforetime made early casual mention of the Grande, or Bravo, as a fickle and migratory stream, had meant thereby no idle persiflage, but a friendly, unofficious warning. Convinced by the facts, Boston made a late, literal and lateral movement of track and right-of-way—two hundred miles of it. But this is a detail. As said above, Boston built the Santa Fe, and then ventured forth in private cars to view the investment.

The why of what next befell is insufficiently explained. "The lands of the sun expand the soul"—*los paises del sol dilaten el alma.* This *dicho* of our Latin neighbors seems the likeliest solution. Perhaps the taintless air was heavy and the glamour of incredible vast horizons stirred the blood. Or, perhaps, it was a sympathetic spiritual strike, incited by bodily freedom from wonted shackles, climatic, sartorial and conventional. Be that as it may, this is the indecorous thing that chanced. Skull-cap coquettishly aslant, with a chuckle, hilarious but not maudlin, staid and thrifty Boston clapped hand to pocket and proceeded to gamble, joyously, deeply, free-heartedly. Not with cards—dear me, no! With mines—gold, silver, copper and things.

To hold a claim, ten feet of assessment work must be done each year, for which payment was had at a flat rate of ten dollars the foot. That was a good time and place; two languid men could thus attain a hundred dollars in from four to six days, according to the rock encountered and the degree of languor exhibited. Energetic folk and Welshmen did it in half the time.

Boston was not blind, but this newly-acquired, careless prodigality thrilled the Bostonian veins with morbid pleasure. A good round price, certainly, said Boston with an airy shrug, also a late acquisition. But, after all, why shouldn't these poor fellows have their bit for such hard toil, where one perspired so freely and soiled one's clothes so very much? It was dangerous too. One might walk into the shaft, or neglect to absent oneself when one set off a blast.

Promising "mines" did "gophering" or development work by contract at the same liberal rate. The heterogeneous population walked with a jaunty and springy swagger—that non-equestrian part of it not engaged in stock-raising. It did not, at this date, drink to excess. It was more amusing to keep sober. It seldom gambled—it wasn't exciting enough. It preserved an invincible good nature. What was there to quarrel about? It took no thought for the morrow. Why should it? New Mexico was roughly, say, four hundred miles square. That was one hundred and sixty thousand square miles—call it one hundred and fifty thousand. In a square mile there were thirty and seven-eighths mining claims, each fifteen hundred by six hundred feet—make it thirty even. Four and a half million claims in New Mexico alone, each calling for a hundred dollars in assessment work every year!—four hundred and fifty million dollars—not counting the steady "producers" and development work, or the not infrequent sales at fancy prices. Lump it all at that—cut it in half—two hundred and fifty million dollars a year at the least! Smooth and unperplexed faces were worn, eyes jolly, twinkling, heedless; smiling mouths. *Ay de mi!* Never were such times since Paris of the Bubble!

Such was the optimistic arithmetic. To be rigidly impartial, the party of the second part calculated as artlessly. And here is a curious thing. Long after those golden days this bit of learned legal phraseology clings persistently to the speech of all who go down into the earth in buckets. He with whom the Southwest has dealings connected with the animal or vegetable kingdom, or prepared foods, is a man. But if the deal is as to things metalliferous the absent, be he "the foe, the victim, or the fond ally," loses all personal nomenclature and pronominal rights, and is mysteriously referred to, irrespective of person, number, gender and case, as "the party."

A similar relic obtains as to the mine itself. It is not now so called unless it is a "producer." When on the market for sale, lease or bond or seeking capital for development work it is invariably spoken of as "a proposition."

With proverbial beginners' luck, Boston made a few notable winnings. Gleeful letters went forth to favored cities on Boston's calling list; the skull-cap took on a tilt positively rakish, and Boston made new bets on the layout.

There are rumors of cold decks, slipped cuts and similar malign devices. If such there were they but accelerated the inevitable end. Ten dollars a foot from the grass-roots down would have done the business, unaided by art. There came a day when Boston went back with a headache—expense money wired.

The bereaved residue, thus cruelly deprived of sustenance, for the most part resumed wrinkles and human traits; became thirsty, acquisitive and quarrelsome, with respective tendencies toward D. T., train robbery and homicide; and so drifted away before the swelling tide of keen-eyed and long-legged Texans, the cowmen who were for a space to inherit the land.

There was a minority, both of those that drifted and of those that lodged, who kept sweet and sound, loyal and sunny and kind and gay to the end; who, like the Jolly Old Schoolmaster, were "sure of happiness, living or dead." Nameless here, save for a few, that pulsing, great-hearted, generous life gives warmth and color to every mellow memory of those far-off dreamy days; their friendly ghosts flit dimly to and fro on shadowy errands; not on the firing-line, but a sure reserve in need; in Dundee, or what place they were, their strength a refuge, covert from the storm, shelter from mighty winds, the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.

II

IT IS most irregular for a cañon to run due north into a river flowing due south, but Mescal does just that, the enormous mass of Caballo Mountain barring it from other access to the Rio Grande. Precisely at this junction the river is forced to a reluctant westering, and gnaws persistently at the western base of the Caballos with intent presently to undermine their foundations. In this design it will doubtless be successful; these sandy waters cut like a chisel. You see, there is a grudge of some standing. These—literally—upstart Caballos were one day upheaved directly in the river's chosen course, with resultant bitterness.

Hiram Yoast Was Deeply in Love With Life

Mescal rises in the bewildered tangle of low sandstone foothills between the Caballo and that northern prong of the great Chihuahuan Desert, named of the maps the Jornada del Muerto, and locally known as the Jornada.

To say that Mescal flowed due north, however, would be doubly inaccurate. Its course so meandered, wound, twisted, turned, looped, curlicued, doubled and twined, and generally boxed the compass forward and back, that cautious mention of its mouth as being north of its source was as far as a reputable person would care to commit himself. Secondly, save for springs near its mouth, no water flows in it. Here is a roaring muddy torrent after a rainstorm, but not for long. As Neighbor Jones put it: "Mescal would be steep as the steeple on a church-house if 'twasn't so crooked. Good grama grass on them hills, just alongin' to be minted into gold pieces—only, cattle get so plumb dizzy going down the river for water they never get back."

Now, near the head of Mescal, Hiram Yoast and Don Kennedy espied by chance a clump of tender greenery—a wild grapevine, small but thrifty. This, in the arid lands, cannot live unless the roots reach to living water. Hiram made camp with saddle blankets and both canteens, while Kennedy rode post haste after supplies. Ownership of water, in the desert, is wealth, culture and social distinction.

Hiram Yoast was deeply in love with life, sunny, light-hearted, given to cheerful self-delight. In that fresh and fragrant hour, dearest of all the clean, bright, desert day—the cool silence between dawn and sunrise—he sat tailor-wise before the fire. His unlined boyish face was illuminated by a saintly smile of conscious virtue; such bright approval as Little Jack Horner proclaimed during a memorable event. The occasions were in no way dissimilar: the night before they had struck water at eighteen feet.

A cottontail, daintily nibbling in the bushes, caught a glint of the firelight. Decidedly this must be investigated. Noiseless, he hopped into the open and sat down shyly, black eyes blinking and ears pinkily aquiver; to flee terrified as Hiram raised his voice in a cheerful little matin song:

Ducks in the millpond, cows in the clover,
Pocket full o' money and six bits over!

In one hand he held the branding iron from his saddle, a smal' rod bent to a sort of shepherd's crook. The other hand held an iron fork with which he turned the venison in a merrily spluttering pan. This done, he lifted off the bubbling coffee-pot and poured in water from a canteen to settle it.

Next he hooked his crook in the rimmed lid of the iron bakeoven, raised it and made inspection. The baking-powder biscuits were light and flaky, but not brown enough. He tilted the lid to let the dying coals slide off, placed it on the hottest place in the fire, whistling a merry tune the while. With his useful crook he raked out live embers and set the bakeoven over them, flipped fresh coals on the now heated top and replaced it on the oven.

The camp—uncomplicated to a degree—was made on a shelf in the hillside, well out of the arroyo. Under a thick-topped cedar a few blankets were spread on a tarp, which in turn was pulled up over the blankets. The bed was now in some disarray, exposing cartridge belts and pistol belts under the war sacks that served for heading. Saddles and other gear hung from the branches, beyond the reach of prowling coyote or an occasional salt-hungry cow.

The fire was built against a big outcropping boulder that served as a strong-room. On its top were the leather-bound canvas pack-sacks, their collapsed condition revealing the nearly exhausted commissariat—dwindled sacks of flour, salt, sugar and coffee, a slab of breakfast bacon, a few tins of canned goods; a new pack-saddle with breeching, breast straps and broad pack-cinch; and symmetrical rows of empty tins, bearing mute witness to Hiram's methodical housewifery.

Beside the boulder were two five-gallon kegs, a large canteen with a two-inch strap, smaller ones for saddle use. Each day they watered their horses at Mescal Spring, five crooked miles away, and packed back water for the household.

A clatter broke the stillness. A quail whistled shrill alarm, then whirred through the air in bullet flight. Two loose horses soberly topped the hill, their rawhide hobbles buttoned around their necks; then Kennedy, riding bareback and sidewise, swinging an empty canvas nosebag against the fat sides of Doubting Thomas, the pack-horse.

Kennedy was taller than Hiram, stronger-thewed, a dozen years older. His strong, rough-hewn face had yet a careless, flashing charm of self-reliance, force, alert poise, more pleasing than mere beauty; but in its underlying lines of sternness and resolution it was the face of a man who has passed many Rubicons. Privately, Hiram considered Kennedy quite the finest little piece of work produced to date, but carefully concealed this boyish idolatry from its object. His elation grew to think that henceforth this was to be his pardner; he whistled more blithely than ever. Pray observe that "pardner" is not at all the same word or thing as the purely commercial term "partner."

The horse-wrangler slid off easily, apportioned the scanty remnant of corn to the three nosebags, and slipped them on the three nuzzling heads. The munching horses, eyes half closed luxuriously, stood with noses pointing to a common center, untied and contented.

"Was they far?"

"They were headed for Winter's Flat. Had to track 'em. Jug in the lead. The old skunk wants to go back to Palomas." Kennedy performed his simple ablutions. Holding a cup between his teeth, he poured water on his hands; holding it between his knees, he filled his cupped hands for facial purposes.

"Br-reakfas' now ready in the dining-cyar!" announced Hiram in sonorous satisfaction. "Bring the dishes, Don. And the cow. And the sugar." Knives and forks were of iron; the battered plates, cups, spoons and the cow were tin.

"Been down to the well yet, Hiram?"

"*Puesto que si!* Eight feet of water! Me, I'm most mighty undiscontented. D'yuh reckon we'd better pipe it out or get a windmill?"

"Windmill first. Pipe-line, *poco tiempo*, bimeby, day after *mañana*. It'll be a big job. This mine, miner, minus dream is due to play out before long. Then we can hire some one to do the ditch on reasonable terms. Pass the meat. It'll cost us a heap of money even then—but it'll be worth a dollar a year for every head of stock it'll water. Next thing to ownin' a mint, water is."

"*Mañana* just suits my style of beauty," said Hiram. "I don't mind work that I can do ahorseback, but I don't noways yearn, long, hone or hanker to make any personal excavation in the solid rock twelve or fifteen feet deep and three hundred yards long. That's too much like old manual labor. Look at me now! Look at my hands—and these brogans—and these overalls! Marse Hi shaves his face and crawls into his nice little corduroys before we hit the trail. Just think, Don—this noon we'll sit down to eggs and chili and real cream of the cow!"

Don put his plate down and looked at his pardner solicitously. "Who is it this time—Milly or the widow? Blue overalls, Mr. Yoast, are by long odds the most fashionable garments worn. They're always in style. Don't turn up your nose at 'em. Many an honest heart—— On reflection, the honest heart beats under the ragged coat."

Marse Hi ignored this frivolous banter. He turned a brisk and businesslike eye to Timber Mountain. The summit glowed warm and golden. Day was upon them.

"There's no use packin' in our plunder. Let's just pile it upon the rock, pack-saddle and all, and pull the tarp over it. We've got to buy a harness and wagon and bring out our windmill and truck. Say, we nearly forgot one thing. We got to locate the well as a millsite. Can't lay no preëmption papers or homestead in a country all shot full o' mineral. Can you write out a location notice?"

"Notice is hereby given that we, the undersigned citizens of the United States, having complied with the United States Statutes and the local rules and regulations, do hereby locate this spring and five acres of non-mineral land adjoining for a millsite in connection with the Baby Mine," quoted Don in glib singsong. "Sure! I can do it."

"Seems plumb foolish, don't it?" said Hiram meditatively. "Looks like the well was notice enough that some one had got here first. Man ain't likely to think a well just happened, is he, now? But I suppose we have to. That's the way they all do."

"Hiram," said Don severely, "do you realize that you are proposing a barefaced fraud? The law strictly forbids using millsites for agricultural purposes—and a steer is that precise purpose. Far be it from me to have lot or part in any evasion of the law. You tidy up the camp, Bridget, dear, and I'll write off a notice that we can sign in good faith."

It did not take him long. This is what he handed to Hiram:

NOTICE OF LOCATION

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, being sound of mind, wind and limb, do hereby locate, to have and to hold till death do us part, this well and three million acres or more of the surrounding land, together with all land adjoining the same, for a cowsite in connection with the Free Range, under the terms of the Winchester Act of 1873: the same to be known, until we can think of something better, as the Bright Alfalfaretta Cowsite, or the Mystery of the Twin Calves.

This cowsite is permanently situate in Mescal Cañon, about halfway between the Pacific Ocean on the west and the Gulf of Mexico on the southeast, and on a direct line from the North Star to the Equator, and is more particularly described as follows—to wit, namely, viz.: About six feet west, or in a westerly direction, from this monument of stones and place of beginning, hence about eighteen feet down or in a downerly direction, to the bottom of the well, the place of ending.

All persons purposing to jump or contest this claim are requested to leave with their location papers written instructions as to disposition of remains. If shipment is desired express charges will be prepaid from sale of effects, if sufficient; otherwise net proceeds of such sale will be packed with contestant and the whole forwarded C. O. D. to the given address. Should burial be preferred parties are requested to prepare their own graves, as labor is very distasteful to the undersigned and our hands are blistered already. Good, easy digging over the first ridge to the right, looking down the draw, where the drainage is away from the well. You will find a large rock there, standing on its lower end in a nice place, on which is chiseled—on the rock and not on the nice place—this epitaph:

Sacred to the Memory of

_____

alias

_____

Born

_____

Died

_____

of Lead Poisoning

"Consider his ways and be wise"

Please fill in blanks and dig there. Bring back the picks, but you might as well leave the shovels.

Grub and bedding on the big boulder. Help yourselves. Please feed the cat. You will find smoking, a deck of cards and some old magazines in the war sacks. Wash the dishes and leave everything as found. Hiram is painfully neat.

A copy of this will be filed with the Recording Angel.

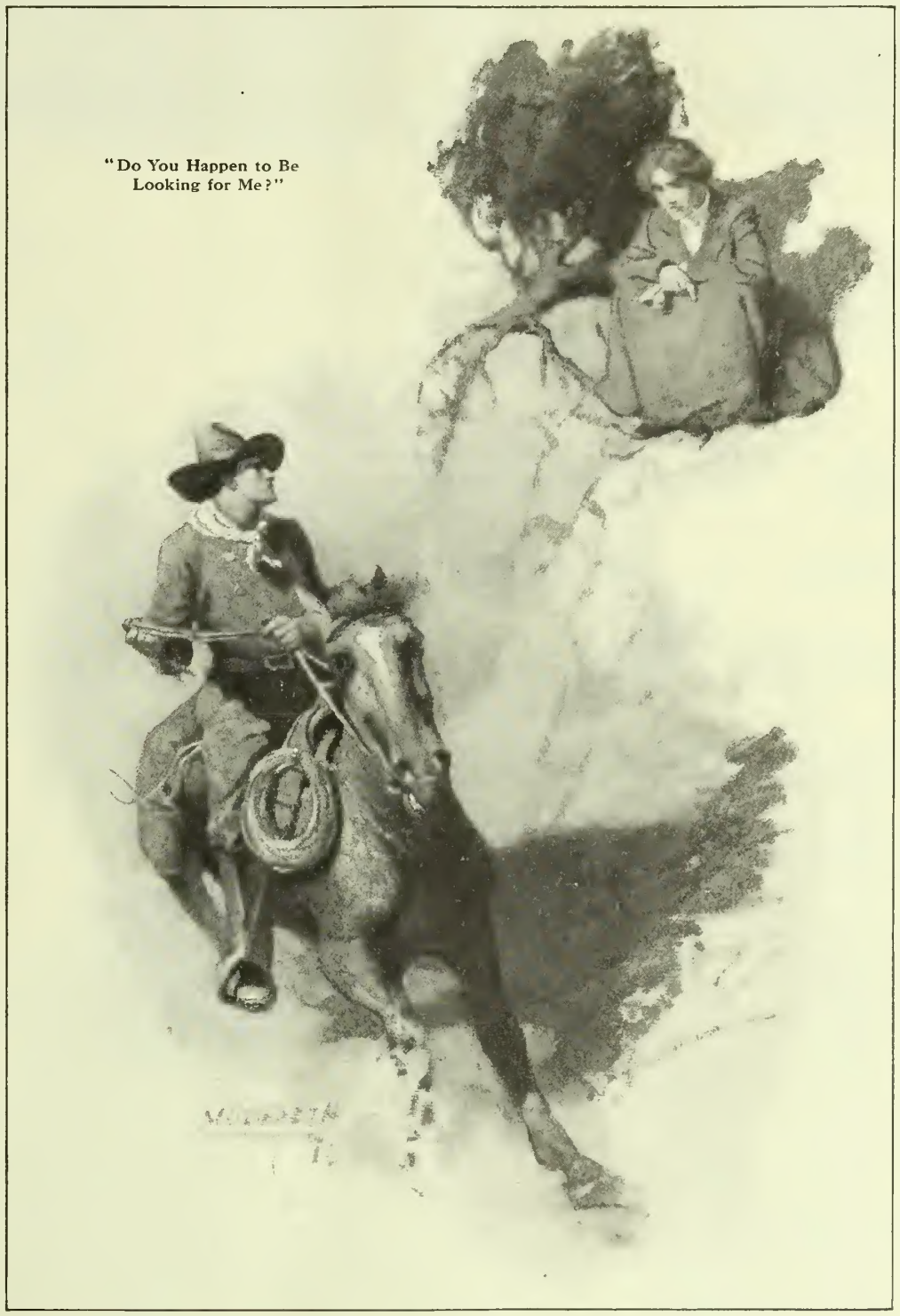
Done in the dark of the moon and near the end of the last quarter of venison, on this the twenty-first or twenty-second day of May, 1882. Hiram says it is the eighteenth.

Yours sincerely,

Locators { DONALD KENNEDY.

Hiram's face, usually so legible, became preternaturally expressionless as he read this extraordinary document. He sedately penciled his signature. "That ought to hold 'em a while. We will now make this well a ranch by watering our horses, as an agricultural purpose."

"That rawhide bucket's punched full of holes from hauling up rocks," objected Don.



"Do You Happen to Be Looking for Me?"

For answer, Hiram began loosening the hoops of a keg, with design to remove one end. Seeing what he was about Don took the saddle ropes and led the horses to the well. Hiram followed with the keg.

On the dump lay hammer, drills, picks and shovels. Turning in forked cedar uprights, spiked to the cedar curb, was a cedar windlass, axe-grooved, with a roughly trimmed natural crook for handle; the pack-rope served as windlass rope. Cutting off a length of this, Hiram made cunning adjustment of half-hitches below and above the swell of the improvised bucket, and tied the loose ends together for a handle.

Horses watered, Kennedy built into a monument of loose stones the tin can containing his remarkable location papers. Hiram unreeled and coiled the windlass rope, now needed for tying up the bed. This done, he looked thoughtfully into the well. "Don't you reckon we'd better cut some poles and cover this up? Something might come along and fall in."

"Oh, I guess not," said Kennedy.

Even as he spoke, his spur caught in a tangle of grapevine, he stumbled sprawlingly, made futile clutch at the windlass post, and shot down into the water, head first, gasping.

He bobbed up choking and spluttering, found a precarious hand-hold on the rocky sides, and looked up. Hiram, still holding the neatly coiled rope, was seated on the curb in profound and silent meditation, his legs dangling idly in the well. His elbow was on his knee and his chin rested on his hand; he regarded Kennedy with grave interest. Kennedy opened his mouth, but could not find the fitting word. Hiram clicked his heels gently together, pushed his hat back, cocked his eye at the sun and, ignoring the interruption, continued in a pleasant drawl:

"It won't take us long. I'll cut 'em if you'll drag 'em." His round-eyed, innocent gaze wandered to the near hillside. "I see some good ones over there a couple of hundred yards."

"Throw down that rope!"

Hiram recalled himself with a start and peered again into the cool depths. After a moment's contemplation he nodded brightly as one well pleased at his own quickness in grasping the situation.

"Sure!" he said mildly—and dropped the coil.

Kennedy bobbed under again. He came up choking and gurgling, having indignantly tried to talk under water, and began an incoherent endeavor to express his views in several differing and inadequate ways at once. After some emotional discussion Hiram caught a glimpse of his true meaning.

"Oh, I see! You want me to let one end of a rope down there and keep the other end up here? Yes, yes! And to pull you up? I'll get a rope off one of the horses and fix you in a jiffy."

But when he had Kennedy halfway up, Hiram stopped and sat down on the windlass handle. "I see now what your idea was!" he said thoughtfully. "You can't fool Rosie! You're always guying me because I like to be as neat as the law allows. All the same, you ——"

The rope was violently agitated. Kennedy was coming up band-over-hand. He was nearly to the top. "Here, I'll give you a band," said Hiram kindly, and rose to help him. The windlass spun wildly. . . . When Kennedy reappeared above the water, clutching the rope, the look of disappointment and astonishment was still on Hiram's face; his helping hands were still extended.

"Hiram, you're a fool!" said Kennedy in an agonized whisper, when he could get bis breath.

Hiram seemed struck with this and sat down to consider it. "Possibly. . . . Probably," be admitted. "But never mind that. Tell me honestly now if you didn't do this just so you'd have to change your clothes?"

"That was my motive, certainly," said Kennedy. "But I didn't think that you'd catch on." His teeth were chattering.

"Sorter wanted an excuse to spruce up?" prompted Hiram.

"That's it exactly," said Kennedy meekly. "I'm really very dressy."

"So'm I," said Hiram. "'When I go out to promenade I look so fine and gay, I have to take the dogs along to keep the girls away.'"

"Hiram," said Don persuasively, "don't you think we'd better get our horse-ride over before it gets too bot?"

"Sure you don't want to punch my silly bead?" suggested Hiram. *(Continued on Page 30)*

WHY THEY GO

By WALLACE IRWIN
ILLUSTRATIONS BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

A Cynic Sage and a Ribald Rhymester See Some Summer Resorts

Coney Island

I

GENTS, call the waiter!" The boat pulls away
From Battery Park to the Isle of the Gay.
We're voyagers to Dreamland—Oh, what do we reck
Of Life's little cares like mosquitoes that peck?
For the beer's in our blood and the wind's on our neck,
And Love's holding hands on the hurricane deck.
Like a beehive afloat
And covered with bees,
Our joy-riding boat
Hits the breast of the seas
With a jam-pack of passengers, jolly and loud,
A "characteristic American crowd,"
Being Swedish, Hungarian,
Polish, Bavarian,
Russian and Prussian and Spanish and Danish.
Lombards, Slavonians,
Sweitzers, Bostonians,
Belgians, Batavians, Japanese too,
And Herzegovinians more than a few.

Near the peak of the bow where the Spooners commune
A very fat band plays a very thin tune
A little too flat and a trifle too sharp;
Two worn violins and an overworked harp
Do Dreamy Eyes Waltz—which is much to the taste
Of the golden-haired girl with the Fritzi Scheff waist,
Whose eyes dance with joy
As she smiles on her Boy.
He thinks it is Her that the tune's being played for.
Ah, she is the sort that all Music is made for!
From the pied piper, Pan,
To the Hand-Organ Man,
'Tis she that the Earth lifts its sweet serenade for.
Carmen, Madonna, Bacchante and Peach,
When the Waltz Music starts she is always in reach
At Coney or Newport or Rockaway Beach.
Her color flames high
And the light's in her eye,
Though her pinky-pink turban is slightly awry.
"Oh, gee!—I'm so happy!" she says, with a sigh.

Potash & Perlmutter, ordering beer,
Are treating their wives to this beverage clear,
While cute Baby Isadore, lingering near,
Is tasting the blisses
Of "Butter-scotch Kisses,"
Whose sweets, long drawn out, cling in syrupy smears
From the bridge of his nose to the tips of his ears.

"Gents, call the waiter, the handsome old waiter!
Sweet drinks for ladies, sour drinks for gents—
Sar-sa-pa-rilla—it's cool, it's immense!
Don't look so shy, boys!
No use to try, boys;
Can't win yer goil 'less you git in and buy, boys!"

Fat folks are eating perpetual lunch,
Throwing banana skins over the rail.
Infantile squallings begin—I've a hunch
Somebody's Darling has lost his tin pail.
Somebody's nestling up closer, until
Somebody hollers, "Aw, break away, Bill!"
Somebody answers that Somebody might
Tie up his face if he don't want to fight.
Somebody's silent for reasons unknown.
Throned like a queen
In a costume of green,
Bella the Coon sits severely alone
Scenting the ocean with eau de Cologne.

"Gents, call the waiter——" But look! on our lee
Domes and pavilions loom out of the sea.
Wildly we gaze, as Columbus before
Gazed on the fabulous Indies of yore.

Feathery fortresses, kiosks aswirl,
Pinnacles dripping with mother-of-pearl,
Peaks pointing skyward like Emblems of Hope—
(Whoa! I'm indulging in Press Agent Dope)—
First vision of Coney, like Heaven gone daffy
Or the dream of a Poet in cardboard and taffy!

II

Down the principal beat of the Rubberneck Street
We travel with Coney and follow our feet.
Here the bait is well strung
Where the suckers can bid.
As Keats might have sung—
Tho' I don't think he did—
"It's the Bowery, the Bowery!
They do such things and they say such things,
They yell such yells
And they sell such sells,
And you're morally certain to smell such smells
On the Bowery."

We shuffle along down the wonderful row
Where the health-inspected,
Tariff-protected,
Miscellaneous Millions go
In a shameless, aimless,
Eager and nameless
Search for a cheap but excitable show.

"What is that prevalent bouquet de Coney?"
Questions the Sage. Well, I'll try to express
The curious, furious, overluxurious
Smell of the place. It's a mixture, I guess,
Of fresh-burned powder,
Overcooked chowder,
Candy, rubber and gasoline,
And a certain attar
Of animal matter
Which Neptune wafts from the ocean green
When the clams die slow in the ultramarine.

Hear the "hot-dog" wolves as they bark "bow-wow!"
While the victims eat of the deadly chow.
Megaphone-merchants bicker and bickle,
Taunts that terrify, jests that tickle,
Boosts for their merchandise, small or mickle—
Any old hoax
To painlessly coax
The coy, shy flight of the fickle nickel.
The food that braces,
The beer that soothes;
Eager faces
In peep-show booths.
Ring the Jigger!
Shoot the Star!
Knock down the Nigger
And get a cigar!
"Basket Lunches Invited Here"
In the cavernous halls where beer on beer
Drains the purse of the sad recluse
Who gazes "free" at the vitascope views.
And semi-hypnotized family groups,
Hither and thither in squads and troops,
Are swallowing meals
Or following spiels,
Or sitting in hickory automobiles
While being "took" on the wholesale plan
By the serio-comical tintype man.

III

(A Lover's Invitation, written by Diogenes after having skinned his thumb while sliding down the Skaler at Luna Park.)

Come, Love, with me to Luna Park
Among the Kates and Jims!
We'll slide the Skaler for a lark
And break our nether limbs.
Come shoot with me the squeamish Chutes,
And jump the deadly Jumps,

And when our brains are full of pains,
  Ah, then we'll Bump the Bumps!

Come, Love, get in and let us try
  The slippery Dragon's Gorge.
You say you think you're going to die?
  Oh well, hang on to George!
Why do your features lose their youth?
  Why wear that sickly frown?
(I think, dear Love, that was a tooth
  You dropped while coming down.)

Next, Sweetheart, let's to yon machine
  That rolls us like a churn.
You do not care for it, my Queen?
  Have patience, you will learn.
Hold tightly with your pretty hand
  And bitter words forswear,
And soon you'll find that you — Good land!
  Where did you drop your hair?

Next, if you love me, Sweetheart mine
  (Sit still and hold your breath),
I'll slide you down the Scenic Route
  And scare you half to death.
The show entitled Seeing Hell
  We next will go and see.
Why look so sad? Say, ain't you glad
  That you took up with me?

IV

As a fish without gills or a bug without feelers,
So would fair Coneyland be without Spielers.
They're the eyes and the heart and the lungs of the place
As they meet you,
Entreat you,
  Startle, browbeat you,
  Babble of wonders with lyrical grace,
  Crying "Help!" crying "Wow!"
"Here's the mar-r-rvelous Cow!
  She isn't a bilk —
  She's lined with silk
  And don't do a thing but give Pasteurized milk!"
"Hey, Reuben, hi!
  Don't go by
  The Airship, the Airship! Oh, MY, you can fly!!"
"Here's the Musical Sawmill, the tune-splitting whizz
  That drove Oscar Hammerstein out o' the Biz."
"Here's the Twelve Diving Beauties — well, well, bring yer
    wife! —
  Better be dead than miss half o' yer life!"
"Look! Stop!! Can you match 'em?
  Here's where we hatch 'em!
    Walk in and take in the Child Incubator!
  It's the Scientist's Dream —
  We raise 'em by steam,
    Babies as fresh as a newmown potater.
  If ye're voting fer Roosevelt, come, give us a call!
    The children adore it;
    And if you ignore it
  You ain't did yer duty by Science, that's all!"

There's the Spieler Poetic,
The Spieler Pathetic,
The Spieler Excited, though scarcely Magnetic.
But the Spieler who gathers the dimes as they fly
Is he of the candid and honest gray eye,
Who talks with a plain Jeffersonian air —
And boosts for a Fake that would whiten your hair.
(And this style of Spiel, I am loath to confess,
Is well known in Congress, employed with success
By several Statesmen whose names I suppress.)

The Honest Old Spieler with serious face
Begins: "My good friends, there are shows in this place
  Which long have behaved
  In ways so depraved
That my soul shrinks in horror before the disgrace.
I'm glad to see you have come here at a time
When you'll get back Ten Cents' Worth of show for a Dime;
I'm proud, trusting friends, that you've gathered to me
To learn what the Cream of the Folks come to see.
Perhaps the performance I give you today
Is not worth the laughable price that you pay —
Perhaps not! If so, then it ain't worth a cent.
And I earnestly ask any lady or gent —
Who's so blind to all Art that he can't raise a cheer
When Madame Methuselah hangs by her ear —
I ask him to come when the act is all through,
And I'll pay back the price of admission that's due."

So I and Diogenes took up the bid
To see what this Madame Methuselah did.
We found her a lady of flexible fat
  Attired in a robe of mosquito chiffon
Who fondled a snake to the rat-a-tat-tat
  Of an Orient drum which a Turk beat upon.
With motions Delsarté she wriggled and pothered,
But the snake fell asleep and refused to be bothered,
Till up rose the Turk with the Mussulman cry:
"Per-for-mance all over for dees time — goo-by!"

Diogenes ran to the Spieler outside.
"I want back my money," he meekly implied.
But the Spieler was far too exalted to hear
As he spellbound the crowd with this climax austere:
"If it ain't worth the price, come to me when it's through
And I'll give back the dime which I'm asking of you."

(Concluded on Page 38)

PETE, THE POLICEMAN

He Throws a Little Light on the Politics of the Department

By MAXIMILIAN FOSTER

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"Just Say to the Boss That He Owes for a Month's Rent"

FOR a matter of twenty years or thereabouts I pounded the sidewalks of New York as a member of the Metropolitan Police. During that term, either as a patrolman in uniform or as a plain-clothes man—a "flatty" as some choose to call him—I served in no less than seven different precincts under sixteen different captains. Therefore, taking it altogether, I feel safe in saying I had an unusually good look-in at the inside workings of the department. A good deal of what I saw and learned was good; and as for the rest—well, there's a difference of opinion about that. Anyway, good or bad, let me tell you about it, so you can judge for yourself; but, because I'm off the force now, don't think I intend to squeal. That is not at all the idea. All I wish to show you is what the life really is, and, besides that, just what we policemen are up against when you think we take it so easy.

Now, first of all, in point of appearance, in bravery and in general discipline, no other body of uniformed men excels the New York police. I think every one will stand for that. Nor, on the average, if I have to say it myself, is there a squarer, more honest lot. I'm not denying, of course, that there's a deal of crookedness among certain members of the body; but, just the same, this doesn't mean that every policeman is a grafter, that each one is always on the lookout to rake down his bit of easy money. As a matter of fact, the ordinary patrolman in brass and blue stands as good a chance of being shaken down himself as he does of turning the trick on some one else. I know this, because I have seen the graft worked both ways around. In the old days, when the politicians had the department by the throat, this was particularly the case; in fact, as my own experience showed me, a man not only had to pay for his appointment but had to give up regularly if he hoped to keep it. As for today—well, the graft of that kind is now more brainy and refined, though, to be sure, somebody is still always giving up to some one else for something or other; but, under the present style, a man hardly feels it, he's gouged so much in a hold-up game. However, it's all in the game, as the saying has it. Let me give you my own experience, and then you can judge for yourself how much the policeman grafts and how, some of the time, outsiders graft on us.

I'd just turned twenty-one when I got my first hankering to join the force. At the time, I had my card as an expert metal spinner and was doing piece work on brass chandeliers and lamp bodies. The pay was good, but the work was irregular, so that sometimes in the slack season I would be laid off for a couple of weeks at a time. Once, as I remember, I was away from the bench for a full two months, and during that vacation I got the bee in my hat good and proper. Idleness did it. As I was young and unmarried, and had no one dependent on my wages, I took life easy whenever the shop closed down. One day I would go to the ball game or to a theater, and on another I'd stroll down to the dock near where I lived and try my luck on the tomcods and lafayettes. If the fish bit well, or it was a good show at the theater, and the Giants put up a good stiff game, I was perfectly satisfied with things. I liked to loaf, you know. There was nothing in work anyway, I'd tell myself, and though I wasn't lazy or shiftless I hated the dark shop and the restraint and monotony of a trade; in fact, the drudgery of toil galled me just as it galls every young fellow when he first wakes up to its burden. As it strikes me now, I was in fine shape to become a hobo or loafer. Instead, however, I became just a policeman, and, believe me, you'd be astonished to find out how many join the force because of these selfsame feelings. Pretty nearly every recruit like me soaks up the one idea that the copper's life is nothing but a loaf.

Anyway, close to the dock where I went fishing was a police station, the old Oak Street house. It was a dark and dingy hole, as I learned afterward—not much of a place to joy a man. So, while I was dabbing for the tomcods, I'd see maybe half a dozen coppers come down to the stringpiece on the wharf to take the air and sun themselves. It looked real easy to me, the softest kind of a snap. You see, I didn't know that they had an hour off and were resting themselves because they were too dog-tired

to do anything else. Or, on my way home, perhaps, I'd see a few coppers standing along the curb, whirling their clubs and yawning. Even this looked just as soft a thing as the other, and before long I had the regular delusions so good and plenty that nothing would suit but to become a cop myself.

At the time, it required a pull to get on the police force. I knew this much, however; so, without wasting time and breath by applying at headquarters, I went around to see the political leader of my district.

"Judge," said I, kind of cocksure and airy, "you were a friend of my old man, and this year I voted right. Now I want you to get me on the force."

In the Judge's barroom just then were only the Judge, myself and his bartender. So, without beating around the bush, the Judge came right to it.

"All right," says he, shifting his cigar in his teeth; "hand me over three hundred and fifty cases, and I'll try to fix it up for you."

What the Judge Prophesied

WELL, that was one in the face. I knew pull was required, as I've said, but I hadn't learned that I'd have to come across with the price as well. However, I stood for it, and by dint of borrowing here and there and going into pawn with a loan shark, I managed to scrape up the money. Then I went back to the Judge.

"Here! what's this?" says he when I flashed the roll at him.

"It's for the job on the force," said I, and at that he shoved it back across the bar.

"Keep your money," said he gruffly; "your old man did me a good turn once."

Then he told me that from three hundred to three hundred and fifty dollars was the regular price asked higher up, but that he'd fix it for me free of cost. "You see, son," he added with a little more frankness than I was looking for, "when I told you before you'd have to give up I had you piped for just another lazy young larrikin trying to graft me for something soft. All the same," he went on, with a shake of his head, "if you're laying for a nice soft bunk and nothing to do but draw your envelope you'd better not look for it in the police department."

Naturally I told him I wasn't that sort; but, after I'd stood him a drink and he'd told me a little more about the life, I went on my way a good bit less cocksure and airy. Nor was it without reason, as future events proved.

In a week or so my papers were put through at headquarters and I was notified to appear for examination. For me this was easy, since I had a fair education and was all right physically. I went through the ordeal with flying colors, but there were others, as I saw, to whom even the simple mental effort was a pretty serious matter. Through one of these fellows, too, as I recall, I got my first inkling of some of the things that went on inside the force.

This came out at the examinations. Before I went to take them I'd heard that a young acquaintance of mine, the nephew of a certain politician, was also among the candidates. So, when I got up to headquarters, I looked around for my friend, but could find him nowhere. Nor was he to be seen at any stage of the examinations. This struck me as queer, though I can't tell why; so I asked what had become of him.

"Where's So-and-So?" I inquired, mentioning him by name.

To my astonishment, a totally different man was pointed out to me.

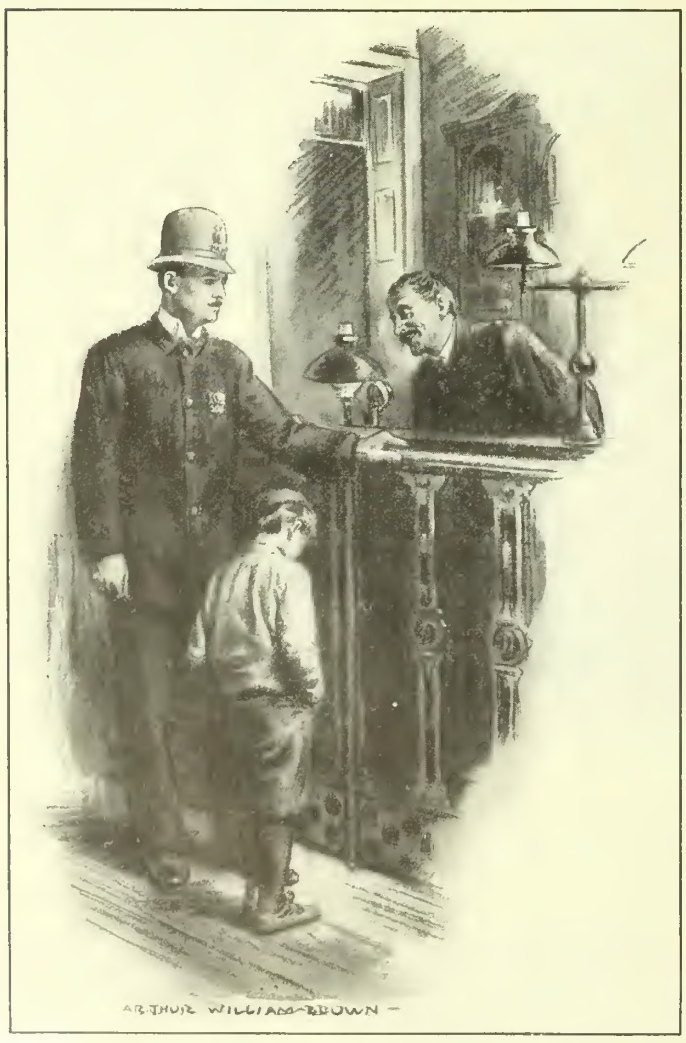
"Say, now! Are you trying to string me?" I demanded. "That ain't the fellow at all!"

The man I'd asked began to grin. "Ain't it?" he laughed, and then gave me a wink. "Anyhow," he added, giving me a nudge, "it's his name on the examination papers!"

To say he had me going doesn't express the case. Still, I was wise enough to hold my tongue, and all because of a bit of good advice my friend, the Judge, had handed me when I stood him a drink in his saloon.

"If you don't see nothing," said the Judge cleverly, "you don't tell anything, and then nobody gets hurt, my boy."

Later on, however, I learned all about the dodge this young fellow had played in getting through the mental examination. It was done a lot in those days, but under the present system of civil service a man would be hard pushed to get away with it. In effect, formerly if you lacked enough education to pass you hired some one else to take the examination for you. As I recall now, there used to be half a dozen fellows hanging around headquarters who made this their steady occupation. They got fifty dollars for each job, though I've heard of it being done by some bum with brains for a ten-spot. In each case, however, the candidate who got through in this manner required a certain amount of pull with the authorities. Perhaps they got something for winking at the game.

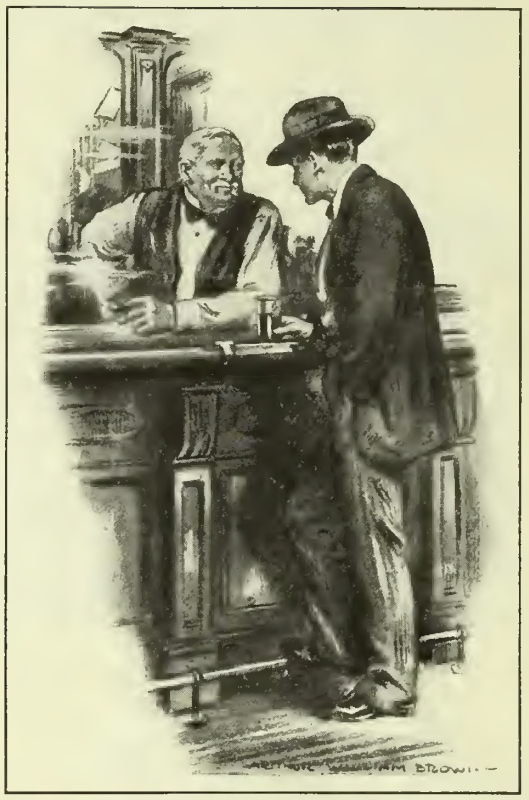


"Is That the Best You Could Do?" Said He, Taking Stock of the Boy's Size

Spotting the Roundsman

AFTER the examinations I and the rest of the candidates that had been fixed to get through reported daily, for a month, at the school of instruction. In this short time we were required to learn by heart the department book of rules, the city ordinances, the state and county laws and the penal code. I say required, but as a matter of fact few of us were able to manage it within the thirty days. In addition to this we were also supposed to learn first aid to the injured, and were taught how to make out reports in special cases. All this took up our mornings from 9 to 12; and then from 1 to 4 we were put through the police drill in some militia armory. At night, from 6 until 12, each of us was sent out on patrol under the care of some experienced officer. Usually we were assigned to the busiest post in the precinct and with a different man each night.

It took only about two tours to show me that police life was a long way from being as soft as I'd thought it would be. First of all I learned that to stand on a corner doing nothing for fifteen minutes or so was the hardest kind of work; in fact, it took me several years to learn how to pose for half an hour or so without getting fidgety; though, before I quit, I could rest out the whole tour in that way if I wished. Anyway, as soon as I and my partner relieved the man on post, I saw that my partner always began to take it easy. Every time he met any one he knew he'd stop for a chat, though, as I'd already learned, this was strictly against the rules. Afterward we'd walk on slowly to the next corner, where he always stopped to take the lay of the land. Whenever we saw a side partner, by which I mean the man on the adjoining beat, we'd always stop for a longer chat. Almost without exception the first thing spoken was a question whether one or the other had seen the roundsman. If neither had spotted the boss they invariably wondered what had kept him away. As I soon learned, a roundsman sees each man on post usually but once a night; in fact, the unwritten rule is pretty strong against "doubling," by which I mean that the "Rounds" avoids giving a man two "sees" in a night. One who makes a practice of breaking this rule gets a bad name among the men.



"I Had You Piped for Just Another Lazy Young Larrikin Trying to Graft Me for Something Soft"

While some of the men sent out with me were scrupulously careful, since they didn't trust me, the majority did about as they pleased. Each of these, I found, had a regular place on the beat to sit down and rest himself. Some would go into a store or a shanty, and a few others patronized the back rooms of the saloons where they'd take a smoke and a drink.

This scared me a good deal at first, because at the school of instruction it had been drummed into me hard that I must never drink on post or go in off the street unless it were necessary to my duty. But, as I learned later, it was the regular thing.

I remember, at the school of instruction each morning, how we greenhorns used to compare notes about the events of the night before. One would tell how the man with him had tried to walk him off his feet. Another, perhaps, had got an early "see" from the roundsman, and after that the two had done nothing but loaf. Whenever two or three of the new men had assisted in an arrest they always marveled at how differently each of the old officers had handled the case. As we saw, it was rarely managed according to the cut-and-dried rules handed out to us. Each man had his own particular method, and got off with it in whatever way he saw fit.

Just the same, when I was first turned loose on the streets by myself I was nearly scared to death. This came after my first month's probation duty. After the chief clerk at headquarters had sworn me in I reported for duty at my precinct at 6 P. M., a brand-new cop in a brand-new uniform, with a nice shiny shield, a new night stick and a glossy belt. At the house the sergeant on the desk took my name, gave me a fire key and told me to go sit down in the back room, and wait for rollcall. I felt exactly like a new boy at school, but in the back room no one paid any attention to me. As is always the case before rollcall, the place was in an uproar. Men were coming in late and rushing upstairs to get into their uniforms.

Wanted—A Wooden Indian

SOME were having their shoes brushed and others were buttoning their coats and putting on their belts. A few minutes before the hour the sergeant called from the door, "Fall in!" No one had told me where I was to stand, but as I had noticed the men take their positions according to size, I edged in about where I thought I belonged. At the command we marched into the other room, where in front of the desk we got the order, "Right dress. Front. Rear ranks, open order. March!" When this was done the roundsman inspected each rank to see if each and every man was properly equipped, clean and in a fit condition to go on duty. As I recall, it was the captain that night who turned us out. After assigning each man by name to his post, he read all the general and special orders and alarms. It sticks in my head that on this particular occasion we were required to look for a missing boy, for a horse and wagon that had been stolen from the front of a grocery, and for a wooden Indian that had been taken from the doorway of a tobacco shop. Also, the owner was wanted for twelve bags of coffee that had been picked up on the riverfront. Afterward the captain harangued us a little about affairs going on in the precinct, until the

"Rounds" on the floor gave the command for the platoon to march out into the street.

I was so green that, of course, I didn't know the post to which I had been assigned. Therefore I had to ask my way of some of the men. Then when I reached the beat I started in to walk, and before I was relieved at midnight I think I must have done a hundred laps; so it seemed, anyway. My legs ached and my feet felt like the toothache, and on that night, and for many nights afterward, if I so much as stopped to lean up against a lamp-post or a railing I'd wake up to hear myself snoring. Indeed, I was nearly drunk with sleep and fatigue, but still I kept on walking. More than once, some of my side partners who had been watching me from the next beat would stop me to say I was a fool. Not even this, however, could stop me. It was duty to keep on going, so I did it.

Take it from me, the first month or so kills all the delusions any recruit may have about the trade. It was work, and the hardest kind of work. Under the "two platoon" system, as it was called, from 6 P. M. to midnight was the "first tour." At midnight I went home, to report back at 8 A. M. for the "short day." This was from 8 A. M. to 1 P. M. Then I was held on reserve until midnight, when I went out on the "late tour," which kept me walking until 6 A. M. After I was relieved it became my "day off," or, in other words, I was allowed to go home until 6 P. M. At this hour I reported back for the "first tour" of from 6 P. M. to midnight, after which I was held on reserve at the station-house until 6 o'clock in the morning. From then until 8 A. M. I was turned out again to do the "dog watch," and was afterward held on reserve until 1 P. M., when I turned out for the "long day." This consisted of patrolling from 1 P. M. to 6 P. M., of being held on reserve from then until midnight, and then doing the "late tour" once more. At 6 A. M. I was allowed a day off again until 6 P. M., when the monotonous grind began all over again.

Trying Out the Temper

IT TOOK four days to complete this round of details, and, believe me, it contains the worst elements of hard labor you can dream about unless by chance you've happened to do a bit on the workhouse stonepile. Even then, the stonepile has nothing on the copper's job for turning the new hand into a first-rate grouch. Nor is there any glamour in wearing brass and blue such as you read about. When I first put on the uniform I was so conscious of it that for a while I used to slink along next to the railings, never daring to look any one in the face, but to my surprise no one seemed to pay any attention to the uniform but the man inside of it. If by chance you were spotted it was more than likely by some gang-tough ready to slam the new cop with a brick or dump something on him off the roof. More than once, I can tell you, I've seen a brand-new uniform taken away in an ambulance.

My grouch grew in those first few months. The precinct, for one thing, was five miles or so from my home, so that when I got an hour off for dinner I had barely leave enough to gobble a few mouthfuls and get back in time. Then, whenever I rushed in and got ready to rush out again, I'd see the rest of my folks pull out a pipe or a cigar and sit down with the paper to spend a quiet evening. Or maybe some of them would be getting ready to go to a theater or a party. Their work was done, but mine was barely beginning. I think now, if it hadn't been for the fear of being called a quitter, I would have thrown up the job then and there and gone back to my bench in the shop. But somehow I got numbed to it in time, so that the new life seemed a little less dreary and fagging. Still further, I got to know my side partners in the precinct; and as they saw I kept my mouth shut and never tried to get gay, they let me in on their fun and also put me wise to many secrets of the trade.

Though policemen may seem to outsiders as a solemn sort, there is still a good deal of fun going on in station-houses. When a section or a whole platoon is sitting on reserve you'll find a lot playing checkers or dominoes, while others will be swapping stories, or gassing one another, or reading the papers. As a rule, I'm telling you, it's mostly straight, honest fun, healthy and clean; and, notwithstanding the temptations, not a great deal of gambling goes on in the houses. Occasionally you'll find a card game running, but the stakes are never high, nor have I ever heard of a man getting into trouble by it.

You can believe me or not, but the coppers get along very well together. Quarreling is rare, because if a man is not peaceable they'll put him through a course of sprouts that'll either cure him or drive him off the force; in fact, there is always a great deal of horseplay going on just to try the men for their temper. One favorite trick was to set fire to a man's newspaper while he was reading. Another was to wait until a man had walked halfway down the stairs, when some one on the landing would dump a pail of water after him. If he was unwise enough to come back looking for trouble nobody would pay any attention. The minute, though, that he started down the stairs again, night sticks and pails and even chairs would be slung down after him. Usually the jokes were milder; and many's the laugh I've had over the games played on me and others.

There was the case, for instance, of a hay-rube cop who came on the force out of the farmlands. After his first day's tour he was heard to complain that his feet hurt.

"You want to wear some felt slippers," a man on a near-by bed told him. "Ask the skipper and he'll fix you out with one of his extra pairs."

The skipper was the captain of the precinct, a grim old crab who had long forgotten how to crack a smile. As it happened, he was enjoying a nap; and before the sergeant could stop the hayseed the fellow banged on his door.

There Was a Display of Language That Would Have Put Any Coney Island Fireworks to the Blush

"What the devil do you want?" demanded the old man, mad as a hornet at being awakened.

When the rube asked the old man to lend him his extra slippers there was a display of language that would have put any Coney Island fireworks to the blush.

On another occasion a new cop rigged up his bed with a mosquito-net to keep off the flies while he napped. No one said anything, but the next time he took a nap one of the men got a big gauze fly-trap from the butcher shop on the corner, and turned about a thousand flies loose inside the bed. Then there was another fellow that started in one night to sing a pathetic ballad, when some one slung a rubber boot and nearly knocked him galley-west.

"If any fellow chucks another boot at me," he roared, as he got up off the floor, "I'll heave it out of the window."

A few minutes later some one sneaked away the singer's own boots, and when he started to sing again the two were hurled at his head. True to his word, he flung both of them out of the window, and a sicker-looking man you never saw when he learned they were his own.

One of the first things I had to learn was that a record for making arrests does a man no good in the department. On the whole, I would say it rather hurts a man among his side partners if they see that's what he is after; in fact, no policeman wants to take in a citizen just because he has the chance. He often tries to get away from doing it. A plain drunk, unless he gets disorderly or is in danger of getting hurt, can reel the whole length of New York and not get taken up. More times than I can remember I've shooed a sosh up the line and seen my side partner edge him along to the next beat. Also, I have helped more than one important citizen up the stoop and then kept him from falling down again while I rang his doorbell and got some one to take him in. Nor does a policeman care to pick up other petty offenders. If such were the case the jails and police stations would be filled to overflowing every day in the week. In such cases the usual thing is to warn the offender, or, if the offense is very trivial, to forget it altogether. Two or three reasons for this will make the matter clear. Every arrest means a trip to court, and a trip to court means, in a majority of cases, that the policeman has to give up time that is his own. Again, a long string of petty arrests gets a cop the reputation of being "fly" and playing to the grandstand. Every copper will make an arrest for a felony every time he gets the chance; but with a small offender it's different.

About the worst time a captain has is in trying to stop petty offenses that keep on happening just because of this. Night after night they grow hoarse haranguing the patrolmen when they line up for rollcall.

Says the old man, sticking out his jaw:

"There's a growler party meeting every night on Post No. 16. Whose beat is that?"

"Mine, sir," says some fellow in the ranks meekly.

"All right," says the old man, scowling hard; "you break it up or I'll have a charge laid against you."

Then he looks over his papers and begins to spout. "I have a complaint about boys playing ball on the avenue. If they don't stop when you tell them, bring in the whole crowd. Lady in No. 212 writes that boys are throwing stones at her windows. The man on post will stop it, or I'll know why. Now, the other day, I walked through the south end of the precinct and saw they were getting ready to put up a lot of new buildings. See that they have the necessary permits, and if not, report it at the desk. And another thing, there's altogether too much conversation going on between the men on post. I want it stopped, and if you don't I'll make a charge myself against a few of you. Roundsman, you look out for this. Also, I see there's too much loitering by citizens after dark. If they haven't any business there, make them move on. If they won't, bring them in. Bring in those boys, too, that are cutting up around the L-road station."

The Recalcitrant Spouse

A GOOD bit of all this is mere hot air. The skipper knows it is, because he knows how the men look at it. If the complaints by citizens die away, nothing more is done about them. If they continue, the old man knows the cops on regular patrol won't do anything; so he assigns a few men to what is called "special duty." They go out in plain clothes—or "cits," as we name them—with imperative orders to run in every petty offender they can catch. But very few coppers care for plain-clothes work when it means dragging in off the streets a bunch of pushcart pedlers or kid ballplayers and the like. If women are the offenders it's hard to get one cop in a hundred to do the work. Perhaps they'll make an arrest or two just to save themselves from charges or from a line of the old man's strongest talk, but in almost every case you'll find they lie down on the job. Only a few—and a mighty few—seem to care for it.

Of course, many arrests for petty violations are made daily by men in uniform, but if you'll look into the matter you'll find in almost every case there's an additional charge of using abusive language to the patrolman. Few small offenders would be arrested if it weren't for the irresistible desire of most persons to slang the copper.

It seems to me, after my long experience, that no one has any sympathy for the cops. I well remember a certain case that illustrates this exactly.

A woman came running up to me on post, and said her husband was on the rampage; an occurrence which is one of the most frequent of all in a policeman's experience.

"Now, don't hurt him," she begged earnestly. "Just you go in and give him a scare. There's nothing wrong with him but a little drink."

(Continued on Page 43)

THE NEXT VACANCY

By PERCEVAL GIBBON

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"Was That Some One Shouting to Us?"

FROM the wing of the bridge, Mr. Gowan, chief officer of the Chandos, temporarily in command, watched the pilot's boat come crawling crablike across the slow surges. It was a day of haze; the horizon was lost in the gray of it, and ahead the line of the coast was a darker smear upon the distance.

"Put that ladder over!" said Mr. Gowan curtly, without moving.

He was a man of fifty, handsome and gray, with that touch of distinction that men gain whose business is the exercise of authority. As he leaned with folded arms upon the rail he offered to the eye the spectacle of a seaman shaped to his trade by five-and-thirty years of life afloat; massively assured, impassive, grave and responsible. His eyes, puckered at the corners with gazing up the wind on a score of seas, were gray and reposeful; the whole of him spoke of confidence and security. There was not a sign to show that Mr. Gowan, who had left his captain in the cemetery at Port Said and brought his ship home, was athrill with old hopes suddenly revived and a balked ambition newly grown strenuous.

The boat rode in toward the steamer's side on the top of a sea and the big pilot, with his long black oilskin coat ballooning about his legs, stepped to a rung of the rope ladder with the ease and certainty of a man walking upstairs in his own house. His large pink face was upturned as he climbed, and it was subdued already to the sort of solemnity that men put on at a funeral. As he came over the rail and lowered himself to the deck there was that in his movements which suggested a man moving on tiptoe.

"He'd know, of course," reflected Mr. Gowan, walking across to the head of the bridge ladder to receive him.

In the chartroom, through whose open door they could see the boat working down to the cutter again, the pilot spoke across the rim of his tumbler.

"And so the old captain's gone," he said. "Well, it's what happens to all of us. I was at his wed ling, 'way back in the eighties; and now he's gone."

He shook his great fair head gloomily, and drank.

"Good passage?" he asked perfunctorily.

Mr. Gowan nodded. "Nothing to complain of," he answered. "Bit of a dusting in the Bay, that's all. Shall we catch the tide, d'you think?"

"Just about," said the pilot. "Gosh, I can't get the old skipper out of my head. You don't see many like him nowadays."

Mr. Gowan agreed. He had served with the late captain of the Chandos for several years and knew him exhaustively. It had not been an easy service, for the old man had added to the infirmities of his age a petulance and ill humor that lived in the mate's memory like a bad taste in the mouth. Even as he answered the pilot he had in mind the spare figure with its thin raw neck, the voice of rasping complaint and the cold uncertain eyes of the dead captain.

"No," he said thoughtfully. "No; not many like him."

"Well," said the pilot, "we'd better be getting her in. All clear for'ard for anchoring?"

"Yes, sir," answered Mr. Gowan, following him out to the bridge.

He stood by while the pilot got his bearings and shifted the steamer's course for the channel to the river's mouth, fettered by a diffidence that was new to him. There was a question he wanted to put; it pressed for utterance, but he could not manage it. The pilot went about his work with a kind of cheerful absorption in it that was almost exasperating to see. His large fresh face wore an absent smile as he gazed ahead for his marks, and he dropped the orders over his shoulder in a murmur to the man at the wheel. For the time he seemed to have forgotten the old captain. "The lead," he said at last.

Mr. Gowan shouted the order and moved to the engine-room telegraph to slow the steamer. It was then, while they waited for the leadsman, that the pilot returned to the topic.

"The old captain," he said; "he had her since she was launched, didn't he?"

"I believe so," answered the mate. "Er—do you know who gets her now?"

It was as near as he could get to the question that was within him. The pilot looked at him with a sharp turn of the head.

"Why, ain't you got her?" he demanded.

The leadsman's voice, chanting below them, interrupted: "By the deep, seven!"

"Shove her along," commanded the pilot. "That'll do the lead."

He walked over to the binnacle and considered the course for a moment.

"Ain't you got her?" he demanded, returning.

"I don't know," answered the mate. "My orders were to bring her home. That's all I've heard as yet. I thought you might know."

The pilot shook his head. "I don't know," he said. "I made sure—but I don't know. You think maybe they'll appoint some one over you?"

The mate shrugged his thick shoulders; just that thought had filled his mind since the Chandos left Port Said. He had never had a command; he was one of those men whose fine ability and entire worthiness avail nothing to lift them up that final step that is the crucial ascent in a seaman's career. Interest with owners, some subtle quality of adroitness to place himself on the right footing with the men who control ships from their desks ashore—these were lacking to him. He knew it, and the night watches had been peopled for him with visions of what might be doing while he was bringing the Chandos home. As he paced the bridge he saw a man going to and fro with his orders safe in his breast-pocket to take command of the Chandos on her arrival.

"It 'ud be hard," said the pilot; "but owners are a queer lot. I wouldn't be too sure about it if I was you."

"Oh, I'm not breaking my heart," said the mate shortly, and turned away.

The pilot could not abandon the topic so easily. He chewed upon it as he took the steamer in. The coastline rose before them like a hedge, and they drew past the nodding buoys to the mouth of the river, fringed with chimneys like the hair about some monstrous mouth.

"You'll know inside of an hour," he said then; "but I wouldn't build on it if I was you."

The mate was thankful that he had his hands full. The ship got orders to go into dock at once instead of anchoring in the river, and the mate had to see to getting the hawsers out for making her fast. In the urgency of his work he managed to lose his preoccupation; his was the sailor's gift to expand the whole of his powers on the matter in hand. As the Chandos worked into the basin he was again the quick, resourceful mate, dexterous and accomplished in the arts of his calling. The steamer was alongside and made fast fore and aft before his anxiety came back to him. He walked aft frowning; he did not quite know what the next step should be.

At the gangway the pilot waited, with his oilskin coat over his arm.

"You'll soon know now," he said encouragingly. "Take it easy, mister. I don't see, myself, how they can get out of giving you the command."

"Lord knows," said Gowan.

The burly pilot held out his hand. "Good luck to you, anyhow," he said heartily.

Gowan shook hands with him, smiling under the close, gray-streaked mustache that veiled his mouth, and the big man went ashore. On the quay, standing at the very edge, with the square toes of his boots projecting over the water, he turned for a last word.

"Don't build on it," he recommended soberly, and stood aside to make way for a man who had come through the warehouse sheds and was waiting to get on board the steamer.

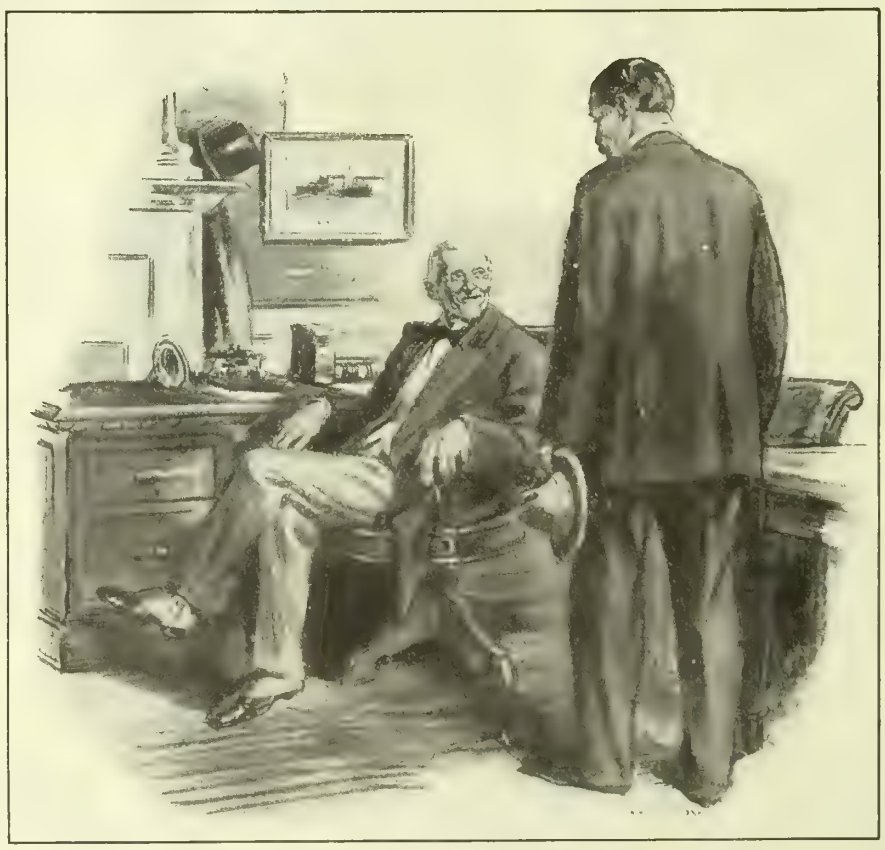
The newcomer brushed past him and stepped down to the Chandos' deck, looking about him sharply. He was a youngish man, smart after a style in his neat shore clothes and black hat.

"Anything I can do for you?" asked Mr. Gowan.

"Yes." The other spoke with the sharpness of an irritable man. "Where's the mate?"

"I'm the mate," replied Mr. Gowan.

"Oh, are you?" The stranger cocked a pale eye at him. He had a narrow face and a thin mouth; he looked like



"'You Mustn't be in Too Much of a Hur-ry, Mis-ter Gow-an'"

some shrewd clerk. He stared at Mr. Gowan with something satirical in his gaze, the humor of a malicious purpose. "You're the mate, are you? Well, I'm Captain Sleeman; I'm taking this steamboat over."

"Takin' her over!" Mr. Gowan repeated the words slowly, as though flavoring at length the substance of his disappointment. The new captain watched him with the beginnings of a grin on his features.

"Yes," he said. "Sorry for you, of course, if you were expecting to get her. Still"—he waved a hand that disposed of the mate's case with a single motion—"you're not thinking of leaving her, I suppose?"

There was a peremptoriness in his manner of speaking, an almost contemptuous harshness, that restored the mate to his balance much as water dashed in the face restores a man in a faint.

"No, sir," he answered civilly.

"That's all right, then," said the new captain. "You won't find me hard to get on with. Know your work and do it right away—that's the way to keep on the right side of me. And now, Mr. Mate, I'll have a look at your papers."

"Very good, sir," said the mate, and followed the captain of the Chandos obediently.

The mate's home was in one of those streets that make up so large a part of the English seaport town. They are ruled into lines as straight as if they were laid off on a chart; a dull uniformity and the sterility of bare bricks make up their character—scores upon scores of unbeautiful little houses to which the mail brings letters from every part of the world. Here abide the patient women who see their husbands perhaps once in a year; here grow the children who know their father but as a photograph of a man in brass buttons and a badged cap, posed strikingly against a local photographer's marine background. It is for these houses, narrow as graves, and for what they hold, that men drive steel prows over the oceans—the British Empire is a by-product.

Mrs. Gowan was gray like her husband, but gray in that genuine fashion which enhances the appeal of a soft face and gentle manners. She was little and slender; at his side she was like a yacht ranging alongside the Chandos. She gave him the greeting that a man needs when he comes home from the sea, and presently, in the little parlor of which the windows looked out to the bare street, he was telling her of it. He had the armchair beside the fireplace; she had the low chair opposite, and listened with her face propped in her hands and her elbows on her knees

"The Skippers in Our Line Aren't Old, and I Am"

"He asked me if I was thinking of leaving her," the mate explained. "Thinkin' of leaving her! I was thinking that minute of taking him in my two hands and heaving him into the dock. He's got a voice like an ashhoist; it simply jars a man to be talked to in his fashion."

Mrs. Gowan made some soft noise; the mate shook his head.

"If I left now who's to say when I'd get a ship?" he said. "But Captain Sleeman's the limit. Looks just like a landsman to me; I tell you he's the livin' image of a shipchandler's tout. He went over the papers in the chartroom. Soon as he sat down he shouted for the steward. 'I shouldn't be surprised if you could tell him where to lay hands on a bottle of whisky,' he said to me, with a snort of sneer. When he got it he poured himself out a nip, a regular bo'sun's four fingers, and took it off without blinking an eyelid. It was enough to make any other man half drunk by itself; but he turned to at once and went at those papers like a regular clerk. Oh, he's smart, I'll grant that; but it's the kind of smartness I don't want to see on a steamer's bridge."

"No," agreed Mrs. Gowan, very thoughtfully.

"When he was through he made up a packet and asked me to leave it at the office on my way up here," continued the mate. "So I took 'em. There were orders to show me in to the senior partner when I came; they wanted to cut my claws, I suppose. There I found old Mr. Deeming, wool-gathering at his desk as usual; fire in the grate, carpet on the floor, photographs of steamboats on the walls, a white rose in a glass of water on the window-sill. He's got whiskers and a beard like thin white silk, you know; you can see the curves of his jaw through them. A clean, pink old man; he's rich and he looks rich. He lifted his head as I came in, so mild and soft you could almost kiss him. 'Ah, Mis-ter Gow-an!' he says, chirping like a bird. 'So you've brought the Chan-dos home. I knew she was in good hands, Mis-ter Gow-an; good hands, good hands!' He beamed at me as if he loved me. 'Thank you, sir,' I said. 'I'd hoped my hands were good enough to leave her in.' He didn't stop smiling for a moment; there's no more in him than there is in a ghost. 'Ah!' he said; 'you mustn't be in too much of a hur-ry, Mis-ter Gow-an. But we haven't for-got-ten you, by an-ny means. No, no!' I could hardly keep from shouting at him; it was no use staying. He doddered at me amiably as I went out; that sweet style of his must save him pounds. Outside the door I met Proctor, the junior partner. He's young, you know; young and as keen and hard as the edge of a knife. There's no real harm in Proctor. 'That you, Gowan?' he called. 'Seen Captain Sleeman?' I told him I had. 'Hope you'll get on with him,' he said. 'We want a business man on the Chandos. You're disappointed, eh?' Proctor's a man you can talk straight to, and I did. I told him what I couldn't have told old Deeming, and he only nodded. 'I'm sorry,' he said. 'You couldn't have her, and that's all there is to it; but you make it your business to get on with Captain Sleeman now. Let's have no trouble and you shall have the next command that falls vacant. I can't say more than that.'"

"Well," said Mrs. Gowan, "that's a promise, anyhow."

"Yes," said Gowan. "It's a promise that might take years to fall due. The skippers in our line aren't old, and I am."

"Old!" cried Mrs. Gowan. "You!" She was full of protest, and with her denial the conversation passed from Chandos to other matters. It was treatment on the lines of counter-irritant, but it was not without effect. Within half an hour Gowan was hearing, with intelligent interest, an account of a new niece who had arrived since last he was at home. She was stated to be a remarkable child in point of beauty and virtue, but small.

It was with something that did duty for resignation that he faced the future at last. The junior partner's promise was still something to look forward to—the time ahead was not entirely empty; and when Gowan returned to work he was again the silent, capable chief officer. As a rule, the captains he served were only too glad to place reliance in his unfailing trustworthiness. They talked of him. "I've got a real mate at last," one of them used to say. "I only go to sea for the look of the thing; the mate's the boss." But Captain Sleeman was slow to such perceptions. Instead of staying ashore while the Chandos lay in dock, taking the dignified ease proper to a master and commander, he moved into his cabin and lived on board. There could be no doubt about his capability; Gowan was too good a seaman to fail to do him credit. The captain thrust Gowan to one side, made him of no account, interfered with his arrangements, ordered him about in his harsh, querulous way; but he knew how things should be done and how to get them done. He did not look like a sailor; he had come through his apprenticeship to the sea and risen through the grades of second mate and mate without gaining that salt and finished quality by which seamen judge one another. It was as if a shopman or a woman were to become expert out of books.

The season was late autumn and he would flit about the long decks in an overcoat, a figure of scorn. His thin and rather long face never relaxed from its official cast; to live with him was like living with incarnate law.

To put the finish upon him, he drank. It was such drinking as Gowan had no experience of. He knew the man whose visits to the shore are debauches; he knew the captain who comes upon the bridge at sea inflamed with steady tippling; he had learned how to deal with both of these, but Captain Sleeman drank in a fashion quite unknown to Gowan. During the day he worked with keen purpose and a head as clear as the mate's. The whisky seemed powerless. Then, when evening came and the hands knocked off, people would come down to meet him—loud and light-hearted young men of the offices in the town. "Well, Mr. Mate, I'm off," he would remark, and add a string of orders about trifling matters. Gowan would see them go along the quay in a group, skylarking and shouting, and that would be the last of them till midnight. Then, if he chanced to be still on board, he might witness the captain's return to his ship, alone. He would come haltingly, as though making sure of each step before he took the next, lurching across the hawsers and around the mooring-posts, silent, very grim and suspicious and economical of speech. He would answer the mate's "Good night" with a coughing sound, and grope to his cabin; but next morning would find him on deck early, acute and self-possessed, free from all traces of his drink.

"It can't last," Gowan told his wife. "It may be all right ashore, but it won't do at sea. There'll be trouble some day."

"And then," said his wife reflectively, "there'll be the vacancy that Mr. Proctor spoke of."

Gowan laughed sourly. "Oh, I've thought of that," he said. "I've thought of that, but see how it stands: Sleeman's a business man; so long as he's sober enough to go ashore in port and hustle after freights—and he's the very man for that job he's what they want. And at sea, they've got me to see he doesn't pile the old Chandos up through seeing lights that aren't there. That's how it is."

Mrs. Gowan pondered. "He might fall overboard some day," she suggested hopefully. "When you're not looking," she added; "and then ——"

"Then," said Gowan, "we'd go on and leave him to swim home, wouldn't we, dear?"

The Chandos was loading coal. She was made fast under the tip; a gaunt fabric of iron, like the skeleton of a factory, took the trucks as they were backed down, and emptied them above a hatchway. The slow trains of coal came at all hours, and there were many nights when Gowan must be on duty to sign the notes of delivery, writing on the rail under the white glare of the tall arc-lamps, while the coal roared unseen to the trimmers below in the hold. To him, one night, as he sat reading in the chartroom, came Proctor. It was late, and the dock was working in full swing; its black waters were powdered with reflected lights, and around it were the shapes of steamers with their derricks hoisted, noisy with their business.

"Captain on board?" asked Proctor, putting his head in at the chartroom door.

"Hullo, Mr. Proctor!" cried Gowan. "No, the captain's ashore. Come in, sir; I've got some coffee coming."

(Continued on Page 34)

FENCING OFF A NATION

How the Fight for Cheaper Beefsteak is Being Fought

By SAMUEL M. EVANS

DOWN on the boundary line between California and Mexico burros will soon be toiling up steep cañons laden with fenceposts, coils of barbed wire, shovels and crowbars. Where the boundary leaves the steep cañons and runs across the rolling mesa great coils of barbed wire will be placed at regular intervals and fenceposts scattered in a straight line over the plain. Last summer this route was carefully surveyed by agents of the United States Government, and as soon as negotiations now under way between this country and Mexico are completed by the State Department the finest barbed-wire boundary line in the history of the world will be constructed. It will not run the entire length of the boundary between Mexico and California, because most of the line is protected by natural barriers of ridge and stream even harder for man or beast to break through than the cruel fence with sharp spears. Neither will the fence be continuous, but will simply supplement the natural barriers so as to make it impossible for man or beast to enter that portion of the United States from Mexico. About forty-eight miles of fence will be constructed and it will cost two hundred and fifty dollars a mile.

From the Hand Pump in the Wagon Two Lines of Hose are Used in Spraying the Ticky Cattle

Similar to those barriers of barbed wire thrown up by the Spaniards in Cuba during the war with Spain, the fence is to repel an invading host; but Mexico and the United States have not gone to war, nor are they contemplating such a step. No daring adventurer will win fame for himself by creeping out in advance of the line of battle to demolish the fence with wire-clippers. For this is a barbed barrier between two friendly nations, and any one who attempts to demolish the fence will be very apt to find himself in jail shortly thereafter, with both Mexico and the United States ready to keep him there for an indefinite period. The war in this case is being waged jointly against a common enemy; for those men who laid out the line last summer were employed by the Secretary of Agriculture, who has his hosts to repel just as has the Secretary of War. The beginning of the construction of that barrier means the beginning of the end of one of the greatest fights of modern times—a fight for cheaper beefsteak. It means that the time is not far distant when Texas fever, the scourge of the cattle industry of the South, will be wiped out.

For the invading host, which Secretary Wilson has finally driven to the very borders of the country, has caused more damage to the United States than any army Mexico could hurl across the border; and that barbed-wire fence will be watched as zealously as was ever an outpost of a defending army that guarded a far-flung line of battle. The invaders have a high-sounding name in the laboratories of the scientist. but to cattlemen they are known as cattleticks or Texas-fever ticks. When they are hatched they are no bigger than the head of a very small pin. When they are full grown they measure about three-sixteenths of an inch by seven-sixteenths of an inch, but they make up in numbers and power to destroy what they lack in size; for, like all small enemies, they are terribly persistent. They are the carriers of the dreaded Texas fever that infects cattle and has been the chief obstacle to a profitable cattle industry in the South for generations.

A Puzzling Malady

TEXAS fever has many names, but is generally known as Texas or splenetic fever. It is by no means confined to Texas, but got this popular appellation as did Texas steers because Texas produces so much of both. The origin of the disease is unknown, as is the real origin of all diseases. It has probably existed on the earth since Pandora opened her fabled box. It has been known to exist for centuries in France, Italy, Turkey, and along the Danube in Rumania. It is also prevalent in the West Indies, Mexico, Central America, South America, Australia, North Africa, East Africa, Ireland, Finland, southern Russia, China, Japan, Java, Borneo and the Philippine Islands; in fact, in every region best suited to agricultural pursuits and therefore for the habitation of man. It is thought that the disease was introduced into the United States with the importation of cattle that accompanied the colonization of the Southwest and Mexico by the Spaniards. It caused continued losses yearly in the Southwest, but was confined to that section of the country until the advent of the railroad brought quick transportation of cattle from the range to the markets of the East and North.

The disease was first recognized and described by Dr. J. Pease toward the close of the eighteenth century, when a severe outbreak occurred in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, following the importation of some North Carolina cattle into that region. The Southern cattle seemed perfectly healthy, but all the native cattle that came in contact with them, or with the pastures they had occupied, soon sickened and died. They got worried, lost flesh rapidly despite abundant pasturage, and staggered about the fields in a sort of stupor until death relieved them of their sufferings. Pease claimed that the disease was caused by the importation of the Southern cattle, and it was afterward noticed that the shipment of Southern cattle into the North was almost invariably followed by the appearance of the malady among the Northern herds and among the herds along the roads and in the pastures over which the Southern animals traveled. Likewise Northern cattle shipped to the South were attacked, and only a few survived this strange malady. In 1868 some Texas cattle shipped into Illinois and Indiana caused enormous losses from the disease, and cattle from these states, en route to the Eastern markets, later died during transportation. The cause of the disease was unknown, but its ravages prompted an investigation and this disclosed the danger of allowing Southern cattle to be shipped north during hot weather, and finally resulted in the establishment of the "infected district" by the Department of Agriculture in 1885.

At the same time a scientific study of the disease was undertaken by the Bureau of Animal Industry of the Department of Agriculture. In 1888 Professor Babes, of Rumania, announced that Texas fever was caused by bacteria that he had isolated from the blood of an infected cow. The following year Dr. Theobald Smith, then of the Bureau of Animal Industry, now of Harvard University, announced that as the result of independent investigations he had classified the causative agent of the disease as protozoa, not bacteria—that is, as belonging to the lowest forms of animal life instead of to the lowest forms of vegetable life. He named it *Pyroplasma bigeminum*. The cattlemen call it Pyroplasma, by jiminy! It is a small parasite that cannot be seen without the aid of a microscope. It lives in the blood of the infected animal, inhabiting the red bloodcells. It invades anywhere from five to fifty per cent of the red bloodcells. breaks them down, liberating the red coloring matter called hemoglobin. Finally the spleen becomes greatly congested with an excess of the red cells; the liver becomes clogged up because the blood is too poor to nourish it; the temperature of the blood rises rapidly and the animal dies in great pain. The little protozoa multiply many times over during their existence in the blood of the animal. A small quantity of blood from an infected animal introduced into the veins of a healthy cow will produce the disease and give rise to millions of the microscopic, death-dealing protozoa in an incredibly short space of time.

After the direct cause of the disease had been discovered, Dr. D. E. Salmon, of the Bureau of Animal Industry, began a systematic study to learn, if possible, how it was carried from cow to cow. In 1889 and 1890, under his direction, Dr. F. L. Kilborne, of the bureau, demonstrated by conclusive field experiments that the disease is carried by the cattle-tick that clings to the animals of the infected area. He demonstrated that the disease is not contagious, though infectious; and that it is carried from one cow to another naturally by only one agent—the tick. This was the first demonstration that insects carry disease. It has been followed by the valuable discoveries that mosquitoes carry malaria and yellow fever, and the tsetse carries the sleeping sickness. It furnished a new basis of quarantine and a new suggestion for the control of the disease, and in 1891 Doctor Salmon did away with the old infected area and drew the first Texas-fever quarantine line from ocean to ocean, above which cattle infested with ticks were not allowed to pass.

This first dead line began in the middle of Virginia, which it cut in two, took in a portion of Kentucky and Tennessee, after running just west of the two Carolinas, and quarantined Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas and a part of what was then Indian Territory. It dropped abruptly south from the western border of Indian Territory, leaving out the high plains of the Panhandle of Texas and all of New Mexico and Arizona, but swept north after entering California, including more than half of that state under its ban. Strict regulations designed to prevent the spread of Texas fever were promulgated. No cattle could be shipped north of the line without first having been freed of ticks, and then they were subjected to strict isolation measures during transit and after they arrived at market to prevent their coming in contact with any Northern cattle.

In Pursuit of the Ticks

ALL this cost the cattleman money and he chafed under the restrictions of the Government. The "tick theory" was ridiculed and continuous efforts were made to have the quarantine abandoned. The Bureau of Animal Industry at that time had no definite idea of doing away with the ticks, which was a stupendous task. One might as well talk of killing all the houseflies, the Southern cattlemen said. It was determined by the Government that the spread of the disease should be checked at any rate. And the bureau started in with scientific thoroughness to find the point of attack upon the tick.

Experiments were made to ascertain whether Northern cattle could not be rendered immune to the disease, as Southern cattle seemed to be. Considerable progress was made along this line, but it was eventually discovered that Southern cattle are never really immune from Texas fever in the real sense of the word. The native cattle of the South were found to have suffered from the malady early in their life and gradually to have begot a sort of tolerance for the presence of the protozoa in their blood; but their blood did not produce an antitoxin that offset the effects of the disease-producing protozoa, eventually driving them out of the system as does the antitoxin that has been discovered for diphtheria in man. The protozoa were still present in the cattle and exposure to unusual climatic conditions soon weakened the cow's resistance to them, so that the disease developed as it did in newly infected animals and produced death. Moreover, the infected blood was carried to healthy cattle by ticks and produced the same effect as though the first cow had never been rendered immune. This explained the phenomenon of apparently healthy Southern cattle communicating the disease to their Northern neighbors. And it was discovered that the Southern cow that had been "immunized" early in life

was stunted and became incapable of producing a normal quantity of milk or beef. This gave rise to the race of "scrubs" so common in all tick-infected regions.

Cooper Curtice had been set to the task of studying the life history of the tick and about that time completed his investigations, which disclosed the flaw in the armor of the invaders. He found out that the tick is essentially a parasite and cannot live long unless it is attached to its host, the cow. He found out that the protozoa are present in the body of the tick from the time of its birth, having been communicated to it in some peculiar way through the egg of the female which is deposited in the field. He discovered that the same tick never attaches itself twice to an animal. Each female lays from fifteen hundred to three thousand eggs, which have been discovered to be very tenacious of life. sometimes living from late fall until early spring before hatching. If the ground is warm and moist they hatch in about thirteen days.

The High-Hats Call a Halt

THE first progeny consists of a brood of small animals called seed ticks, about the size of the head of a small pin. The seed ticks cannot develop into adults without attaching themselves to their host, the cow. They do not derive sustenance from anything else. After they are hatched they crawl to the tops of the blades of grass and there abide, waving their tiny legs in the air, instinctively waiting for some unlucky beast to pass that way or to lie down, perchance, in a nest of its enemies. If no cow comes their way they die; but they can live from two to three months in the field in this stage without a host.

When once they have attached themselves to a cow they crawl to the spots where the skin is thinnest and there begin to suck blood. While on the cow they undergo two changes, molting twice—gaining legs at each transformation. The female is fertilized about two weeks after the seed ticks first attach themselves to their host, and then she slowly increases in size for about six to twenty days in summer and about six weeks in winter. During this time she is engorging herself with blood, and when she is full she drops to the ground, lays her eggs and dies. It takes her from four days to about two weeks to complete the laying of the eggs. The eggs hatch into a brood of tiny parasites carrying the death-dealing protozoa in their bodies, and so the cycle goes on. All the time the ticks remain on the cattle they are sucking blood. It has been conservatively estimated that they will draw about two hundred pounds of blood from one animal in a season.

In 1906 the Department of Agriculture announced that the time had come to cease the policy of attempting simply to prevent the spread of Texas fever and to inaugurate a vigorous campaign for its extermination. Since the tick is the only natural agent that carries the disease, the problem resolved itself into destroying the invaders. If the tick could be eradicated the disease would disappear in one generation of cattle, because Nature, in her wisdom, has provided against the infection of newborn calves by their mothers, and each calf born in the infected area comes into being with no protozoa in its veins. Some of the Southern states had been working on the problem through their experiment stations before Congress took any action. Georgia had spent some money for inspectors, but no general plan of attack had been attempted. In 1906 Congress appropriated eighty-two thousand dollars, to be available in the fiscal year 1907 for the work of tick eradication. The next year one hundred and fifty thousand dollars was appropriated; two hundred and fifty thousand dollars was available for use last year, and a like sum has been appropriated for use in the fiscal year 1910. All the infected states together appropriated last year a little more than half the amount expended by the Federal Government.

The problem of eradicating the ticks is comparatively simple. There are two things to be tackled, the field and the animal. If the fields can be freed of ticks none will attach itself to the cattle, of course; and if the cattle can be freed none will drop off on to the ground to give birth to more. The fields are freed of ticks in two ways, and here the vulnerable spot discovered by Curtice is utilized. One method is to exclude all animals from the field until the little seed ticks shall have been starved to death. The other is to permit cattle to remain in the fields, treating them at proper intervals with preparations that destroy the ticks and thus prevent any females from dropping to the ground to lay eggs.

Animals are freed from ticks in two ways. They are sprayed or dipped in oils or other agents that destroy the ticks and they are rotated from one tick-free pasture to another until all the ticks shall have dropped off. The Bureau of Animal Industry has sent agents into every part of the infected territory and worked out the time that it takes the tick to develop in its various stages for each region. With these data, a system of pasture rotation that will free both animals and fields of ticks has been worked out for every section below the dead line. Various sprays and dips for treating cattle have also been worked out. The scheme seems almost too simple to be true.

The greatest obstacle to the eradication of the tick was the ignorance, indifference and even hostility of the Southern cattlemen. The "tick theory" was scoffed at and the farmers of the infected area resented "being shown how to run their farms by high-hats from Washington." But as soon as they learned that the agents of the Department of Agriculture were not "high-hats" but serious, intelligent young men who took off their coats and got down to hard work in the field, they began to show interest, and finally gave intelligent aid to the work of eradication. From that moment the work began to succeed. The cattlemen soon realized the value of an unrestricted market for their beef and they began to form local associations and state organizations to aid in the war.

Wherever state and local authorities have given intelligent coöperation good results have followed almost like magic. The dead line, which had actually begun to advance north before 1906, soon began to recede toward the South. Little islands of tick-free country began to appear in the infected district and these are getting larger. An order issued on the first of April of this year released forty-eight thousand two hundred and fifty-four square miles of territory from the bondage of quarantine as the result of last year's work. This brings the total to one hundred and thirty thousand square miles that have been released from quarantine as free of the Texas fever since the work of tick eradication was begun. California shows the greatest results, sixty-seven thousand nine hundred and seventy-seven square miles having been released in that state since the work began in 1906. This is largely due to the intelligent help given by the state and by the farmers, but it is only fair to say that the ticks did not have such a hold on California as they had on the Gulf States.

The Loss in Dollars and Cents

THE order of the first of April leaves only a small strip of country along the Pacific Ocean and San Diego County in California still below the dead line. So hopeful are the state and national authorities of releasing the entire state from quarantine next year that they have conceived the idea of the barbed-wire fence to fill in the gaps along the Mexican boundary where cattle can be driven over the line; so that there will be no danger of reinfection after the ban is lifted from the Golden State. As the high plateaus of Arizona, New Mexico and the Panhandle have never been included in the quarantined area, this will establish the western boundary of the dead line through Texas, running from Oklahoma to the Rio Grande. Ticks do not live long at high altitudes and the sparse ranges of the plateau region have never offered a breeding place for them. With the western boundary of the quarantined area forced back from the Pacific Ocean to the middle of Texas, a new impetus will be given to the battle on the invaders.

What this means for the cattle industry of the South and therefore for the entire nation can hardly be estimated in dollars and cents. Like all invaders, the tick subsists off the country invaded, and a few figures compiled from the latest available stock-market reports and the statistics gathered by the Department of Agriculture will suffice to show the enormous cost of keeping the tick.

The principal stockyards of the United States, where Southern cattle are received, are located at Chicago, Kansas City, South Omaha, East St. Louis and Cincinnati. Last year 1,141,804 cattle from the infected area were received at these stockyards, including stock, beef, and feeder cattle. None of these cattle received the market price for beef, the average difference ranging from one-quarter to one-half of a cent per pound below the market. The average difference between the market price of cattle and the price paid for Southern cattle at these stockyards last year was $3.62½ a head. This makes a direct loss of over $4,000,000 to the Southern cattlemen last year because of the tick. According to the statistics of the Department of Agriculture there were about 3,502,000 dairy cattle below the dead line on January 1, 1910. The shrinkage in the production of milk caused by the Texas fever and the presence of the tick is very conservatively estimated at one quart of milk a day. Counting 300 milking days in the year for each cow, about 850,000 of that number are milked daily. At three cents a quart for milk, this means a loss of $25,500 a day or $7,650,000 a year.

On January 1 there were in the infected area 13,914,000 cattle of all kinds. At the average shrinkage in value of $3.62½ a head, reported from the stock centers, this means a shrinkage in value of over $50,000,000 for the cattle that were not sent to market.

Improving the Breed of Southern Cattle

ABOUT 4600 cattle are shipped to the South from the North each year by the Southern producer of fine cattle. A great many of these die at once from Texas fever. Ten per cent would be a very conservative estimate. They range in value from $100 to $1000, most of them being pure-breds introduced to improve the breed of Southern cattle. At the lower figure, if 460 die annually, this means a loss of $46,000 a year from this source.

There is also chargeable to the tick a great number of deaths from other diseases and exposure. With its blood impoverished by the tick, the Southern animal falls an easy prey to other diseases that enter through the sores caused by the bites of the ticks and to the rigors of a much milder climate than its Northern brothers endure with ease. No direct tables have been compiled by the Department of Agriculture to compute this loss, but some of the statistics available give a fair idea of its enormity. Last year the average death rate of cattle from all causes in the infected area was eight per cent. Above the dead line it was three per cent. In Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Kansas and Iowa, where the winters are severe, the death rate was a little less than two per cent last year. In New England it was still lower. The death rate from exposure alone in the infected area is more than twice as great as it is in the tick-free region. In the Middle States the death rate from exposure was only about one-half of one per cent. In Connecticut, Massachusetts and Rhode Island it was nothing. In Florida it was more than three per cent, and in Arkansas and Louisiana it was over eight per cent. The astounding fact is revealed that in the South, where the winters are mildest and winter forage most abundant, the death rate of cattle from exposure is the greatest. The negligence of Southern cattlemen in providing shelter for their cattle will only partly explain this. The rest is directly chargeable to the tick. Last year about 800,000 cattle died in the infected area in addition to the deaths at the death rate of the tick-free country. This represents $10,740,000 at the average price for Southern cattle on January 1, 1910.

Other annual losses that must be charged against the invaders are the reduction of the birth rate in cattle and the greater expense of providing extra pasturage and extra

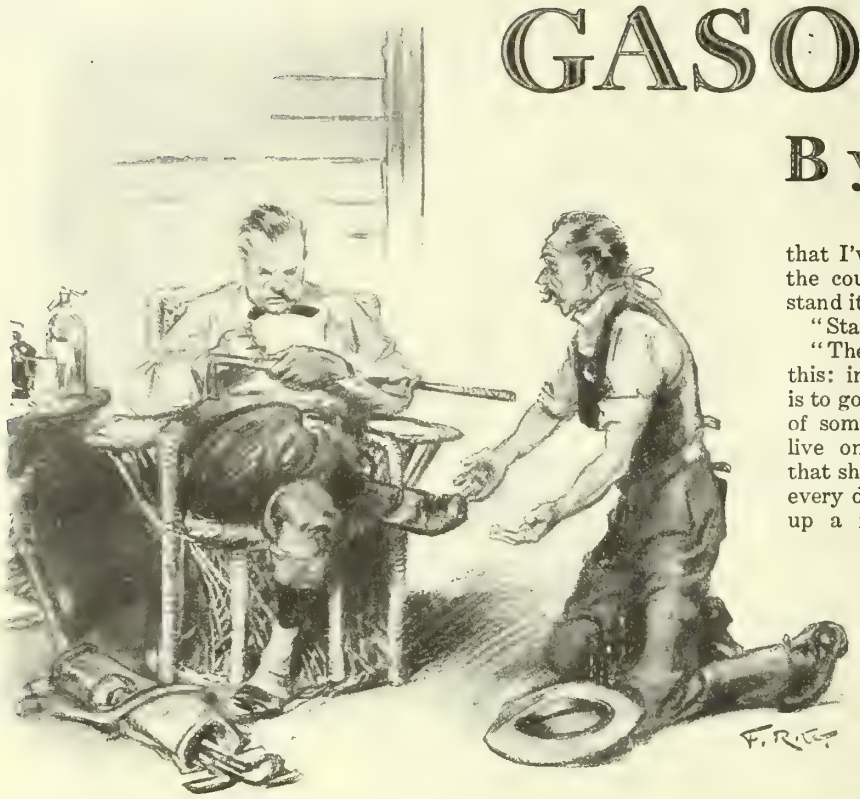
(Concluded on Page 48)

St. Paul Union Stockyards, South St. Paul, Minnesota

GASOLINE GOES UP

By R. W. HOFFLUND

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER



"I Have to Get Down on My Knees Every Time I Want a New Plowshare"

COMING to the foot of the long San Felice grade, Bill Kellar turned his team into the smooth county road. Fretted by the constant holding back of the last hour his broncos broke into a swinging trot, and the tall sagebrush on both sides swept by in a brown haze.

After a mile or so they forded a wide, inch-deep stream. In winter it was often impassable; now the water barely wet the tires. Once on the opposite side they came quickly to civilization: houses close to the road; small, well-kept prune and walnut ranches. Occasionally, on a distant hill above the line of frost, were rows of dark-green orange trees, a silver thread of water between them sparkling in the sun. After the barren grandeur of the mountains it seemed quiet, peaceful, homelike.

At length, at the end of a straight white road, Bill Kellar observed a building with a peaked roof and a tall false front. He drew the broncos to a walk, stood up in the buggy and looked about him.

"That's the place," he said.

His wife leaned forward, frankly puzzled.

"What place, dear?"

Bill Kellar sat down again, laughing at her bewilderment.

"I forgot," he said. "I haven't told you yet. That's the place where we're going into business. Groceries, dry-goods, notions, shoes, hardware; everything from a darning-needle to a reaper. Trade with William H. Kellar and get a square deal. Highest prices paid for eggs, butter and produce. How does it sound?"

He laughed again as the bewildered look on her face deepened.

"Look here, Bess," he went on, "considering that we've been married for two whole weeks you don't really know much about me, do you?"

"I know enough," she answered contentedly, slipping her hand into his.

"Oh, sure!" he said. "You know that I don't drink, that I like coffee strong and eggs fried on both sides, and a few little things like that. But about business; what do you know about the way I get the price of the eggs and coffee?"

"Why, Bill," she remonstrated, "you told me yourself. You're a speculator in stores."

"Of course. You know that I can buy a little rundown store, make a living out of it for a few months, and sell it at a profit. It's the details I was thinking of. They didn't worry you; you were willing to quit the typewriter and take to frying eggs the way I like 'em ——"

"Bill!" she interrupted. "Do you suppose I married you just because I thought you could make a living?"

"Of course not, honey. I'm not forgetting that we like each other a little, but these practical things are important. I suppose most people talk them over a little more than we did. Now, how much actual real cash do you suppose I've got saved up? I've never even told you that."

His wife mused a moment, taking her hand from his to shield her eyes.

"We did go away in something of a hurry, didn't we, dear?" she said finally. "The folks didn't like it very much, but it seemed to me that I got to know you pretty well in the six months you were calling. Have you got bad news to break, Bill? Are we busted already?"

"Great Scott, no!" he exclaimed. "I didn't mean to scare you. But I don't believe I ever happened to tell you that I've always intended to get out in the country. Do you think you could stand it, Bessie?"

"Stand what?"

"The life, dear. You see, it's like this: in town the only way to get money is to go out with a file and scrape it off of somebody else. There are a dozen live ones scrambling for every dollar that shows its face. Take my business: every day some greenhorn who's saved up a few hundred buys a store. He thinks there's nothing to it but to stand behind the counter and punch the cash register. When he finds out his mistake I'm ready to buy him out, build up a trade in the store, and sell it to the next greenhorn. But do you think I'm the only one willing to hold the fort between these merchant princes? Honestly and truly, dear, it grieves me to think of how many kind-hearted speculators there are who look at it the way I do. There are likely to be twenty of us on hand at the first hint. Smolenski—I think you've heard me speak once or twice of Smolenski—is usually there the day before. Smolenski can put his crafty little head in the front door of a grocery and come within eighteen and three-quarter cents of knowing how much the whole blamed stock is worth. He figures so close that he estimates the pickles in the jar on the counter."

"But you've often beaten him," protested his wife proudly.

"I know, dear. But this fierce competition makes it a kind of empty honor. For a fact, on my last deal I was afraid to take a cigar out of the case for fear it would spoil the profit. You see, when I tell a merchant that his stock is composed of stickers and dope that won't pass with the pure-food inspector, and that his location is ridiculous and his fixtures ready for the museum, wherefore it becomes necessary to figure prices with a butcher-knife, these nineteen gentlemen get in the way. They knock my argument by offering more money. He won't believe me. Finally I have to pay pretty near what his stuff is worth."

"But when you sell it again?" she asked. "Then you get more, don't you?"

"More than it's worth?" he laughed. "Yes, I generally do. I add a few hundred for good-will, on account of the choice location and the superior fixtures. But out here in the country, Bess, it's different. You don't need a file out here; you can work with a whisk-broom. I've been keeping my eyes open during this honeymoon trip of ours, and I've opened 'em wider every stop. Do you remember the store up at Rolisande? Not much to look at, but Mr. G. H. Roberts is putting two hundred good dollars in cold storage every month out of that store. They come to him from miles around. Remember San Ramon? On a hot afternoon you could stand on the store platform with a telescope and not find a customer, but that fellow keeps a trotter on the state circuit."

"Keeps a what?"

"A trotter—a racehorse; one of the most expensive habits a man can get. Of course these places are exceptions, but it's only because of the men running them. I know I'd like the work, Bess; and let me tell you, living in the country wouldn't be so bad if a fellow was making money. Better to go to the city once in a while with the price of a theater ticket than to live there all your life and get your fun out of the billboards."

"Of course," she agreed. "How much money have we, Bill?"

"Three thousand one hundred and sixty-five the last time the comptroller issued a call. Not enough for a stock, but the agencies rate me as willing to pay when I have money. I can borrow all right."

"What makes you think this is the place?"

"Look at the country," he explained. "Good houses, fresh paint, ranches well taken care of. Not another store for miles. I don't much like that big sweep of grainfields ahead—there ought to be more small places there. Of course this man may be on to his job; if so we couldn't pry him from the business with a crowbar. But often, in a place like this, there's an ex-farmer who stocks up on calico and sugar, and lets his friends go elsewhere for the fancy, high-priced goods. If that's the case he's not making money and will sell. Shall we try him?"

They were coming close at hand now, and the building seemed even larger than it had from a distance. There were twenty-five or thirty cottages around it; the nearest ranch house was a quarter of a mile away.

"Not much of a village," said Bess.

"The smaller the better," Bill assured her. "And we're miles from the railroad. Everything looks beautiful. We get trade from the prune growers. These cottages help, but don't judge by them. How about it?"

His wife's face was averted; she was looking at the broad, level valley stretching like a green carpet to the distant hills.

"And we would live in one of these cottages with roses all over the porch?" she asked, without turning her head.

"I suppose so, dear."

"And I could keep chickens and have a garden?"

"Yes."

"And a horse and buggy?"

"Of course. We'd have to have one."

"I think I could stand it," said Bess, looking at him with a radiant smile. "Oh Bill, Bill, do you really believe there's a chance for us to do it?"

II

IT WAS not a case that called for Bill's peculiar ability as a buyer, but he could not abandon the method entirely. Merely to walk into a store and ask the proprietor if he wished to sell would have struck him as lacking in professional dignity. One might as well imagine a lawyer accepting as jurors any intelligent veniremen, and notifying the court that he wished to get at the facts in the case without delay. Bill left his wife in the buggy, went inside and called for a cigar, naming a brand that he felt certain was unknown to the dealer.

"Don't keep 'em, eh?" he said good-naturedly. "Well, give me the best you've got. How's trade? Pretty slow, I imagine."

"Why?" asked the merchant, who turned out to be a stoop-shouldered, middle-aged man, with a drooping mustache that added to his drowsy appearance.

"Oh, it's rotten everywhere these days," Bill assured him. "The trusts have got the retailer by the neck; you

"Fresh Chocolates Out Here!" Exclaimed the Dealer Scornfully. "Where Would I Get 'Em?"

can't make a living profit any more. Got any fresh chocolates in pound boxes?"

"Fresh chocolates out here!" exclaimed the dealer scornfully. "Where would I get 'em?"

"Of course—of course," Bill admitted. "I've been looking around the country to see whether I wanted to invest in a business, but most places I've seen are running behind."

The merchant looked up eagerly. "I'd sell this business," he said. "It's a good one too. My health is poor or I wouldn't think of parting with it."

"I've come across a good many storekeepers in poor health lately," said Bill. "No offense, you know; but it makes me think the life might not suit me. Let's have some ice-cold soda water."

"I don't keep ice," returned his victim a trifle sharply; "too far from where it's made."

"That's so," said Bill. "Hard to get good sellers in a place like this, isn't it? I wonder how they ever happened to stick a store out here in the middle of the fields." He looked around at the shelves, his guns spiked early in the battle by the proprietor's abrupt announcement. Bill would have preferred to do a little persuading, which would have enabled him to introduce discouraging slander of the store and of conditions in general. This was now impossible. "What stock do you carry?" he asked.

The wedge thus entered, there followed an hour of conversation that was straight to the point. Bill found that he had slightly underestimated his man. The sleepy look was deceptive: as a matter of fact, he was a fairly wideawake merchant, making a living out of his store and too inexperienced in selling methods to know that there was a great deal more than a living in sight. The stock was in good shape, composed of poorly displayed staples.

When Bill finally went out to his wife he found her waiting impatiently.

"Well?" she demanded.

"I think we can make it go," he said. "I'm coming back tomorrow to look it over again, and we'll drive around a little on the way up. The hotel where we stop is eight miles away. We don't want to jump in blind, but it looks good to me. He's selling more goods now than many a little place in the city where the rent is a lot bigger."

Careful investigation proved that Bill's first impression had been well founded. Careful, hard talking finally got the price down reasonably close to where he thought it ought to be. A trip to the city to arrange for a little more capital and to bring down the few pieces of furniture that Bess had collected, and William H. Kellar was ready to put up the big new sign bearing his name.

One feature he did not like. The building was owned by a large estate managed from the city. It was, in fact, part of a ten-thousand-acre ranch—the big grainfields that Bill had first objected to. The former occupant had held no lease; when Bill applied for one he was told that the estate would not grant it without raising the rent. Improvements on a large scale were planned. The ranch would ultimately be cut up into small farms, with a town at the corners. Surveys had been made some years before. Probably a new brick building would adorn Bill's modest site, and the manager did not want to bind himself to any agreement that would interfere with these plans.

Bill asked for a coat of paint, and met with a firm refusal on the same grounds. However, the rent was certainly low, and the chance small that he would be disturbed. Deciding to remain on friendly terms with the manager, a florid-faced Englishman, who seemed to know very little of the big property and to regard business concerning it as an annoying interruption in a life consecrated to golf, Bill announced that he would continue on existing terms and would paint the building at his own expense. The manager gave him permission to do so, indicated that he regarded the permission as a favor, and departed for his country club.

Bill went back to the store, painted it, brightened up the interior, put in plate-glass showcases, and settled down to a steady pull for business. He got it from the first. As he had seen at a glance, it was there, waiting for the man who knew how to attract it. He added to the stock attractive specialties in groceries, widely advertised articles, the things that the ranchers had formerly brought back from town. He put in tables of five and ten cent goods, kitchen articles and the thousand and one little gimcracks that lighten the labor of the housewife, selling some at cost to attract comment. The hat salesman who produced samples of the antique, broadbrimmed, back-to-the-farm variety was laughed at.

"It seems to be the custom," said Bill, "to load up a country store with male millinery that you couldn't give away with a can of baking-powder. I've got a few dozen in the house now, and I'm going to put 'em on the ten-cent counter. When the boys out here want a new hat they wait till they go to town. Put these back in the hold and dig up the kind you show the big haberdashers. I don't want many, but I want the kind your architect planned for this season."

In short, he applied to his new venture all of his knowledge of merchandise, his experience in buying, and the snappy, clever selling schemes that warlike competition had taught him of old. He kept in mind a rule that he had laid down at the start: "I will run the business as though there was a department store across the street."

"If you do that," argued his wife, "I don't see that it's any advantage to be the only dealer in the place."

"You forget," Bill explained, "that really there is not a store on the other corner. In town I kept prices down, and so did everybody else. Out here, if I treat the people right, I get all the trade there is."

As for Bess, during these first days, her little rose-covered home, her dozen fruit trees and her chicken-yard made up a miniature Garden of Eden. Three years of typewriting in a big office had put her in a frame of mind to enjoy the open spaces, the fresh air, the long, quiet evenings with Bill after he closed the store. Her letters home were full of enthusiastic descriptions of setting hens, flocks of yellow chickens, rosebushes and trailing vines.

After four months of effort Bill found it necessary to add another clerk. The business was getting too big to be handled by himself and the country boy inherited from his predecessor. The increased expense cut deeply into his monthly income, but Bill planned for the future and got a good man.

He had hardly broken him in when he received a letter from the manager of the estate. It was just a line.

Dear Sir: This is to notify you that after the first of June the rent of the store at Portola will be forty dollars a month.

Bill read it several times. Then he spread it out on the desk, backed away and read it again, as if the angle might have some effect.

"Whew!" he whistled. "Right in the solar plexus! Here's where William H. Kellar gets acquainted with R. E. Morse. The old fox!"

Later, when the foreman of the ranch came in for his daily plug of tobacco, Bill went after information.

"Jake," he inquired, "does the boss ask about me and the business when he writes?"

"He sure does," said Jake. "I've been tellin' him how you had things on the jump down here. Why?"

"He's doubled up on me," said Bill. "Just exactly doubled my rent, without a word of explanation."

"Well, now," sympathized Jake, biting off half the plug, "that's sure too bad. Why didn't you tie him down when you first come in? Shucks! The boss has got one idea—to dig up every last cent out of this place and make the estate think he's earning money. I have to get down on my knees every time I want a new plowshare."

"Why didn't I tie him down?" repeated Bill that night, when he was telling Bess about it. "Why didn't I? Because the old boy had me fooled me, the silver-tongued, right-up-to-the-minute, wideawake Johnny Wise! I walked right into his trap and pulled the teeth shut for him. I thought he was so high and mighty that this little corner down here wouldn't buy his cigars. He made me think so! I've found my level, all right; out among the haystacks is where I belong. He said I couldn't have a lease without a raise in rent, and I never even asked him if he'd put on the raise anyhow."

"Never mind, dear. Twenty a month won't put us out of business. But it was a low, dishonorable trick!"

"That isn't what worries me," said Bill. "I don't care how low and dishonorable it was; what I hate is that it worked. I thought I'd got to the place where the low, dishonorable kind would catch me with both eyes open. Well, well! It's never too late to learn."

He wrote a protest, and received a curt reply to the effect that, in view of the increased value of the location, the rent was still low. Bill decided that it was useless to point out that he himself had caused the increase, and requested a three years' lease on the new terms. In answer he received a courteous repetition of the former excuse: improvements on a large scale were planned, a brick building, and so forth.

There was nothing to do but to add twenty dollars to his expense account and go ahead. Bill did so, fretting at the disgrace more than at the loss. In the course of a few more months he got over even this, being too busy to think about it. Steadily, constantly, he won the confidence of the community; steadily the monthly sales-record showed a higher average. Bill began to make big plans: machinery, wagons and buggies, stoves, furniture—all of these things were being bought by his customers; why not from him?

Then came the second note. His rent was to be fifty dollars a month. As he looked at it there flashed into Bill's memory a scrap from a book he had read. The freight agent of a railroad, answering a question from a discouraged farmer as to his method in figuring rates, says laconically, "All that the traffic will bear."

"It's what he's doing to me," sighed Bill. "He watches me with an eagle eye, and as fast as I build up the business he takes his slice. But there's one sure thing: this particular traffic will not bear much more. At the worst I can move the stock up to one of the old stands and hold an anniversary sale. Most of it would go all right in town." His eye brightened, then dulled again. "But, Lord! how Bess would hate to go back!"

Thinking of Bess, he made up his mind to buy the property as the only way out. He could pledge his credit, sweat blood for a few years, and cut off the depressing effect of the eagle eye. He knew the price would be high; when the manager named it he knew that it was prohibitive.

"It's robbery," declared his wife.

"No," said Bill, who knew vaguely that behind the injustice was something bigger than a petty trick, "there's more than that to it. I suppose the old boy is not lying outright about his improvements. The trouble is that in this state every sagebrush desert is a possible city. I've seen it before. A railroad president will pass through a place in his private car, and every lonesome homesteader will swell his chest and wonder where they're going to put the machine-shops. Try to buy him out, and he'll ask what his place would be worth if the shops were already there. Prices are always three years ahead of values Usually the values catch up, and so they stick to the system. The people right here speak of a railroad as though the first train went through tomorrow morning, and

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"It's Merely a Matter of How Much You're Willing to Pay for Gasoline"

A YOUNG MAN NAMED LOEB

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

BILLY YOUNGS lived down Oyster Bay way and was a friend, neighbor of, and hip-hip-hoorayer for, Theodore Roosevelt; so when Roosevelt was elected governor of New York, in 1898, he picked Youngs for secretary.

Youngs wore eyeglasses and a look of preternatural wisdom, which must have welded the new governor to him. He had fussed about in New York state politics, from the Long Island end, for quite a time, and had been general scout and surveyor for Roosevelt during the campaign that made him governor and, eventually, made him president. Youngs was calm, unemotional, and tried to be impressive. He appeared to be weighted down with the confidences of Roosevelt, whereas he never had any; and had an air, when speaking of the Colonel, of knowing so much about what was going on in that great man's mind that the probabilities were he would explode before night and scatter Rooseveltiana all over the place.

After Roosevelt had been inaugurated, on January 1st, 1899, and had gone to the executive offices in the Capitol for the first time as governor he wanted to write or say something. He had a message of some kind for the proletariat, some caution or instruction that was on his chest and had to be put on paper and propelled into the various avenues of publicity.

PHOTO BY CLINEDINST, WASHINGTON, D. C.

He Has Himself in Hand All the Time

Turning a flipflap through the door that admits to the little coop at the extreme end of the suite, which is the only private office the governor of New York has, Roosevelt landed beside the desk where Billy Youngs was distributing awe and said: "Youngs, get me a stenographer."

"Yessir," choked Youngs. "Yessir. Coming, sir. In a moment, sir. Yessir."

Youngs, you see, wasn't a stenographer himself, and he hadn't thought about stenographers much, or hadn't thought the Governor would begin circulating opinions on the very first day in office—which he should have thought of, by the way. So he scrambled to the big reception room outside, where various of the former governors of New York look down from the walls through acres of gold frames in a sort of bored way, as if they thought behind their painted foreheads: "Oh, of course, this new man may be all right; but in my day they had governors who were governors." He saw, sitting in one of the chairs, a tall, pale young fellow whom he had known previously as a stenographer about the legislature and elsewhere.

"Hey," said Youngs, beckoning to the young man, "come on in here. The Governor wants a stenographer."

That summons was exactly what that tall, pale young man was waiting for, and he beat Youngs to the inner room by a rod.

"Here's one," said Youngs to the Governor.

"Is he all right?" asked the Governor.

"Yes," said Youngs, "I have known him for some years. You can rely on him."

The O.K. of Two Distinguished Ones

TWO minutes later the Governor was dictating to the tall, pale young man. The letters or message or sermon or preachment or guide to right living or whatever it was came back to the Governor's desk in due time, well done. There were no mistakes in spelling or punctuation. The transcription was accurate. It was a workmanlike job.

Next day the Governor, being surcharged with more thoughts that needed expression, called on Youngs.

"I want a stenographer."

"Yessir," said Youngs. "Oh, yessir."

"Who was that stenographer I had yesterday?"

"A young man named Loeb."

"Well, I like his work. Get him again."

"Yessir. Coming, sir. Yessir."

Whereupon, Billy Youngs got the young man named Loeb again, and that was the beginning of the association of Theodore Roosevelt and William Loeb, Jr., an association that led to Loeb's becoming secretary to the president, collector of the port of New York and possible candidate for governor of New York this fall on the Republican ticket. Most of all, it led to Loeb's becoming the man in the United States closest to Roosevelt, the man who, when he was secretary to the president, had most influence with the impetuous Colonel, and who turned out to be one of the few really great secretaries to presidents we have had since the days of John Hay's service to Abraham Lincoln.

A job usually is what a man makes it. Thurber and Porter and Halford had as many opportunities to be great secretaries as had Lamont and Cortelyou and Loeb, but they did not realize on them. John Hay finished in style, and Horace Porter got past with some kind applause. Daniel Lamont went into the Cabinet, and so did George B. Cortelyou. It is very probable if President Taft had foreseen some of the rocks that have risen up in the path of his Administration he would have taken Loeb into his Cabinet instead of making him collector of the port of New York. Later he did think of putting Loeb in the Cabinet, but Loeb was well satisfied where he was. Theodore Roosevelt knew more of Taft's needs than Taft did himself, and the Colonel urged the incoming president to make Loeb a Cabinet member. Taft said, rather testily, he didn't want any private secretaries in his Cabinet, and selected his present outfit of legal luminaries who never have, as yet, ceased being legal and become luminous as to what sort of advice, counsel and help a president needs from his ministry.

The first time I ever saw Loeb was at the Republican state convention at Rochester, New York, in September, 1891, when Fassett was nominated for governor. Loeb was there as a stenographer with the old United Press Association, if I remember correctly, and working for P. V. DeGraw, now Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General, who had charge of the United Press crowd. That was the first big political convention I had ever reported, and I was much impressed with the solemnity and superlative importance of the occasion. Julian Ralph was there at the reporters' table, and Jersey Chamberlin and Eddie Riggs and Louis Seibold and Harry Brown and Harry Green and Hugh Hastings and many others of the whales of metropolitan journalism. I was working for a local paper, and my ideas of what was going on and what was to go on were spread before this galaxy of seasoned political writers first thing in the morning.

Naturally I was nervous, and so were my fellow-workers from my paper, none of whom had handled a state convention before. Our seats were next to the United Press space, and early in the proceedings there was considerable excitement when a man, who was delegated to read Andrew D. White's letter of withdrawal as a candidate before the convention, got nervous himself and began to read the wrong letter, the personal letter expressing Andrew D.'s real feelings on the subject of his withdrawal instead of the formal one in which he stood aside for the party's good, et cetera and so forth.

In the midst of the tumult I had a look at Loeb. He was taking it all down in the most matter-of-fact way, calm, unperturbed, unexcited and, apparently, with no nerves at all. I formed an impression of Loeb then that, after opportunities better than the average for observing him at work, especially during his years in Washington, I have never had occasion to change. The keynote of the character of the young man named Loeb is his absolute control of himself, his absolute mastery of his emotions. He has himself in hand all the time. He knows exactly what he is doing every minute in the day.

Not that he cannot let loose if he wants to. There are those who have seen Loeb whooping up and down the hills in Montana, on hunting trips, and whooping at night before the campfire over a game of cribbage, who know his capabilities in these directions. But when he was secretary to the president, and now that he is collector of New York, the general idea conceives him as a suave, silent, self-contained young person, who always has his eye on his number and who is so efficient in his work that it makes your head ache to watch him at times—his mastery of detail and his grasp of essentials are so complete and comprehensive.

When you find a man at the age of forty-four who has been a secretary to a governor, and that governor Theodore Roosevelt, and secretary to a president, and that president Theodore Roosevelt, and collector of the biggest port in this country and one of the biggest in the world, and successful all along the line, it is not much of a stretch to the imagination to think of that man in almost any kind of a job, nor is it any tax on the credulity to set him down as successful wherever he may be. William Loeb, Jr., has a level head. This is a sentiment that has distinguished indorsement. It has been O.K.'d by the only living president and the only living ex-president.

No Full-Grown Rose Was He

LOEB was born in Albany of German parents. His father was a small tradesman. After he had finished high school he learned stenography. When he was twenty-two years old he was stenographer in the New York Assembly. Later he was private secretary to one or two state officials and, between times, he did newspaper stenographic work and took dictation from the correspondents if nothing else was going. He was one of the stenographers to the New York State Constitutional Convention in 1894 and worked for the grand jury and the district attorney until 1898, when, as I have related, he went with Theodore Roosevelt and began his real development.

That real development, by the way, was coincident with the real development of Theodore Roosevelt. The only living ex-president was no full-grown rose when they first picked him.

Roosevelt began to get into his stride when they made him Assistant Secretary of the Navy under McKinley, and he touched a few high places when he went to the war as lieutenant-colonel of the Rough Riders. As the returning hero of that war, or one of them, Thomas C. Platt seized on him as a man he might win with for governor of New York and nominated him. Platt won out with Roosevelt with less than eighteen thousand votes to spare.

The Roosevelt we know now had his beginning when he became governor. Of course all the rest of it had been preparation for the opportunity, and when the opportunity came he was on the spot. Far be it from me to compare Roosevelt and Loeb, or indulge in any similar lese-majesty, but here is what I think: Roosevelt grabbed his opportunity, and so did Loeb. When you come to size it up from beginnings Loeb went farther than Roosevelt—in his way. He was a stenographer willing to take any

job in his line and a most inconspicuous person. Roosevelt was of an old family, reasonably rich, highly educated, and had no other care than to project himself into whatever limelight he could find. Loeb had been to high school, and the only money he had he made himself. There was no sentiment about his employment by Roosevelt originally. The Governor of New York wanted a stenographer who knew his business, and he got one. After that, Roosevelt by successive stages came to be acknowledged as one of the great men of the world; and right alongside with him, in his much humbler way, of course, but none the less creditable way for all that, Loeb kept step and came to be an Assistant President in all that the term implies, and a most efficient, useful public official in one of the biggest jobs, so far as responsibilities of the Government go, in this country or any other.

Loeb served Roosevelt as his private secretary and stenographer—Billy Youngs was his public secretary—until Roosevelt was elected Vice-President on the ticket with President McKinley in 1900. The Vice-President of these great and growing United States is small potatoes and few in the hill when it comes to patronage. He has a gilded room in the Capitol, with some impossible mirrors in it, and is allowed to appoint two persons, a private secretary and a messenger. Mr. Vice-President Roosevelt, after he came into office, availed himself of this privilege immediately. He appointed as his private secretary William Loeb, Jr., and took care of Youngs later. Loeb's service in Washington as private secretary to the vice-president lasted only through the short special session of the Senate, after March 4. I do not know what private arrangements he had with the Vice-President, but he didn't get much salary from the Government at that time.

Presently Mr. McKinley was killed, and Mr. Roosevelt became President. He went to the White House and found there the most efficient Cortelyou, who had been secretary to the president under McKinley, and who himself was a stenographer who had risen far. Mr. Roosevelt's ideas of what he had to do as President were necessarily vague at first, and he grabbed at Cortelyou—able, alert, experienced, faithful and systematic. Loeb went to the White House as the assistant secretary or one of them—first assistant, no doubt, but still assistant. He was, by that time, a part of the Roosevelt machine. He knew his chief thoroughly, and Roosevelt used him in a personal way, while Cortelyou continued as the head secretary. Loeb buckled down to the job. He was quiet, imperturbable, kept to his place, and was so industrious it hurt your eyes to watch him, and he kept accurate tabs on what was happening thereabouts.

He knew Roosevelt so well, in his many phases, that it wasn't long before Loeb was indispensable to the strenuous President. And as Loeb became indispensable Cortelyou became dispensable. That is, Cortelyou had in training beneath him a man who was as valuable as himself and, in a way, more valuable because of his intimate relations with Roosevelt. They passed the bill creating the Department of Commerce and Labor, and Roosevelt immediately appointed Cortelyou as head of it, took him from the secretarial desk and put him at the Cabinet table. Roosevelt did this for two reasons. One was that he wanted to honor Cortelyou and reward him for invaluable service in the early days of the Administration, the almost chaotic days after the murder of President McKinley. The other was that he wanted Loeb to come into his full measure of power and responsibility, and felt that Loeb would be of greater service to him than even Cortelyou had been, now that he was straightened away on his own course.

Afterward President Roosevelt made Cortelyou chairman of the Republican National Committee and, successively, Postmaster-General and Secretary of the Treasury. During the later days of the Roosevelt Administration President Roosevelt and Cortelyou had a falling out over Cortelyou's presidential aspirations, and, although Cortelyou remained in the Cabinet until the end, he was not the fair-haired boy he was at the beginning. In fact, T. R. had pulled out a good deal of that fair hair and the rest of it had become another color.

Learning Politics from a Great Master

WHEN Loeb succeeded to the full rights, titles and increments—not overpowering, those increments, by the way—a few thousand a year and a carriage and span—he didn't have to grow into the job. He had done his growing before he got it. He fitted. That was in 1903, and he remained with his chief until March 4, 1909, when Roosevelt left Washington en route for Africa, and Loeb left Washington en route for the collectorship in New York.

All the time, from his first venture in Albany, Loeb has been learning politics. His chief was a master politician, and Loeb helped him keep at the head of the class. Loeb did as much as anybody, probably more than any individual, to bring about the nomination of President Taft, after Colonel Roosevelt had decided to let his mantle fall on the shoulders of Taft. He was back of the scenes, of course, but he had many of the wires in his hands. Presently he will get into New York state politics. Then a number of people will learn a number of things.

Nobody who knew Loeb was at all surprised at the record he has made as collector of New York. He would have been just as successful in the Cabinet. The reason is that he has a heap of ability, a thorough knowledge of the mechanics of our Government, and is under obligations to nobody. He was set down at the port of New York and ordered to enforce a certain set of laws relating to the customs. Wherefore, he enforced them—not some of them, not half of them, but all of them. Having a job to do, he did it and is doing it in the same level-headed way he did when he was secretary to the president, and without any fuss or flubdub.

The Colonel is a genius, of course, and nothing goes for him that goes for others. He makes his own rules. Loeb is no genius. Hence the rules fit him. Looking him over, therefore, with the accustomed yardstick and microscope and testing-tube at hand, it is my opinion that he will go further than he has gone—a middling distance already—before he starts to go back. He has a natural aptitude for politics and a wide knowledge of that science, game, diversion or pest, whichever you may think it. He has much ability, is honest, straightforward, a great executive and very adaptable to circumstances; being capable, the while, of making circumstances adaptable to him.

A great many people did not like Loeb when he was secretary to the president—Loeb, as I said, being no genius and having distinctly human limitations. For the first year or two or three he was made a sort of a joke, on the theory that he was the pet angora for the Colonel. That joke proposition never got very far, for Loeb proved up so fast the joke sort of rebounded. He had his troubles when he was in the White House, but he kept them to himself. I imagine he had more troubles than he even let himself think he had. He has not been without troubles, either, in the collectorship. When a man comes into that office and lights like a ton of bricks on various gentlemen and ladies who have been beating the customs for years, either in the way of business or in the way of personal smuggling, he naturally makes enemies of those persons he locates definitely with the goods on them, and with those affiliated with them. It girds folks to be caught. It also hurts the business of the business men. And there are protests. However, Loeb is serene about it.

When Colonel Roosevelt got back and jumped into state politics there was talk about nominating Loeb for governor this fall. This being summer and the swimming being very good where I am, I have not looked into that nor inquired about it. My idea is that the Republicans of New York, if they want a candidate for governor this fall, might go further and fare worse, and they probably will.

NO DEFENSE

By Melville Davisson Post

ILLUSTRATED BY EDMUND FREDERICK

Fatality, which on the marble of ancient tragedies bears the name of a god, and on the tattooed brow of the galleys is called "No Luck."—*De Goncourt.*

THERE was no sun. The city sat like a ghost in a shroud of dirty yellow fog. This fog entered the courtroom. The gasjets were lighted. The air, heated by these jets, was tainted with the stench of the janitor's mop. It was early in the morning. The judge, a number of prisoners who had been brought over the arched bridge from the jail, the officials of the court and a little group of young attorneys, awaiting assignments to defend those without counsel, were alone in the courtroom.

There was an atmosphere of silence. The whispering of the attorneys, the scratching of the clerk's pen, the words of the judge, the responses of the prisoners, their breathing, the moving of their feet, the creaking of their chairs as they arose and as they reseated themselves, were all sounds detached and audible in this silence. There was here no one of those things that warm and color life. The heat of passion, moving men to violence; the love of adventure; the lust of gain; the lights, the sounds, the words, the gestures—the infinite stimuli that had urged these men against the law—were absent. There was here only the presence of penalty.

When the clerk called the State versus Johnson a young man arose from the line of seated prisoners. Judging by his dress, the man might have been a bank clerk. He got up slowly and stood with his chin lifted, looking at the judge. There was no interest in his face. There was in its stead a profound unconcern. His white, nimble hands, always moving, fingered his coat-pockets. It was a habit rather than a nervous gesture. The resignation in the man's face, in the lift of his head, in the pose of his figure, precluded anxiety. He knew exactly what was going to happen.

Judging by His Dress, the Man Might Have Been a Bank Clerk

The judge did not look up. He inquired whether the prisoner was represented by counsel, and being told that he was not appointed one of the attorneys to defend him. He continued, addressing the attorney:

"If you wish to talk with the prisoner you can take him into the vacant jury room; I will have a page call you before I adjourn; be ready to plead to the indictment."

The attorney beckoned to the prisoner and the two of them went into the jury room. The attorney sat down and indicated a neighboring chair with his hand.

"Well," he said, "what is it—not guilty?"

The prisoner did not at once reply; he went over to the window and stood a moment, looking idly through the dirty window-panes. Then he answered.

"I don't care," he said.

The attorney was astonished. "Do you want to go to the penitentiary?"

The man turned sharply on his heel.

"No," he said, "I don't want to go; nobody wants to go. . . . Do you know what it's like down there? . . . It's hell down there."

"Then we have got to get busy."

The prisoner shrugged his shoulders. The flash of energy, moving him when he spoke of the penitentiary, was past; he was again listless.

"Come," said the attorney, "we must tell the judge something."

"You can tell him the truth if you want to," replied the prisoner.

"Well," said the attorney, "cut along with the story. If there's anything in it that will do any good I'll put it up to the judge."

The prisoner again shrugged his shoulders.

"It's no use," he said.

The attorney was beginning to be annoyed.

"How do you know it's no use?"

The prisoner sat down in a chair; he put his nervous white hands firmly on his knees. He looked the attorney in the face; a bitter resolution entered his voice.

"I know it very well," he said; "when you hear the story you'll know it too. Listen: I'm what the police call a 'dip'—that is, a pickpocket; and I'm a good one—the cops never pick me up on a job. I know my business." He suddenly flashed his white, nimble hands. "I can go into a jam at a railroad station and get a pocketbook whenever I want to, or I can go into a crowd any time and get a watch. There's no fly cop that can pinch me at it; they have all had a try. I pass them all up. Of course the police know I do it. You can't keep them from knowing that. But they never caught me at a job; they never could catch me."

"They seem to have caught you this time," said the attorney.

"They—the police!" The prisoner made a contemptuous gesture. "It was something bigger than the police. Did you ever hear of Scott, the man who invented the method of sawing through an iron bar with silk thread and emery dust? No? Well, when it came to brains he had us all trimmed. Scott understood it. He used to say: 'Boys, it's not the police. You always have a chance against the police, but when that other Thing gets in the game you haven't got a ghost of a chance.'"

The attorney was puzzled.

"I don't understand," he said.

"Never mind," replied the prisoner; "you'll understand in a minute."

He stopped and sat a moment with the muscles of his mouth drawn, his teeth together; then he continued:

"I thought Scott was dopey; I thought he was talking rot. I laughed. 'All right, young man,' he said; 'you're too little yet for the Thing to notice you; but just you wait until you attract its attention! That Thing's on some big job; it has no time for you until you begin to annoy it. Then look out! Mind, it won't land you with a clean upper cut. That's not its method; its way is to do you with a lot of little, trivial, picayune tricks that you will mistake for a run of hard luck. It's like this: it's like an ant crawling over a man's hand when he's busy; for a good while he doesn't notice it, but when he does he knocks it off into the fire. . . . Only there's this difference: a man, when he finally did notice it, would brush that ant off into the fire at once; but this Thing takes its finger and heads the ant off here, and it heads it off there, and it steers it and turns it until it drops off into the fire of itself; and every one of those turns and twists and head-offs that ant thinks is an accident.'"

He paused a moment, his slender fingers tightening on his knees.

"I thought Scott was giving me a line of hot air. 'Everybody has luck,' I said. 'Sure they do,' said Scott, 'but this Thing's not luck it's intention. Luck's a thing that comes by chance, but there's no chance about this Thing. Luck's an accident here and an accident there, without any connection; but this Thing's a system.'"

"What has all this got to do with your case?" asked the attorney.

"I'm coming to that," replied the prisoner. "Listen: It was in the afternoon; the sun had brought everybody out. The snow was melting and the gutters were running full of dirty slush, but the sidewalks were dry and warm. I was coming along the street. I wasn't out for business. I wasn't looking for anything. Finally I hit a crowd on the corner. A faker had a piece of black carpet laid along the sidewalk, and he was selling a mechanical toy—two little dummy figures. He'd make a speech about the wonders of science, then he'd put his mechanical toy down on this carpet, and the two little figures would begin to dance, and they'd keep on dancing—they'd dance forever. The crowd was wild. The faker was selling this toy for twenty-five cents, put up in a neat box with instructions, and they were going like gold dollars.

"It took me a minute to get on to his game. There was a tiny black thread stretched along this carpet, and out at the other end—on the edge of the crowd—a hobo with his hands in his pockets was working the thread. The faker just hooked his toy on to this thread, and of course it would dance until the hobo's elbow wore out.

"I was standing there watching this bunch of suckers take the hook when, out in the crowd, I noticed a big man with his hat on the back of his head, a cigar in his mouth, a diamond in his shirtfront, and a gold watch-chain, as thick as your little finger, stretched across his waistcoat. The thing was like an invitation. I didn't have a pair of nippers on me, so I didn't go after the diamond, but I moved out into the crowd and lifted the watch. I dropped it into my pocket, edged out of the crowd and sauntered on up the street toward home. The big man never missed the watch; he was standing there spread out, with the cigar in his mouth, when I passed out of sight.

"I went on. As I turned into the street on which I live I met a policeman. I knew him; he was a friend of mine.

"'Hello, Johnson,' he said, 'I was looking for you.'

"'What do you want with me?' I said.

"'Well,' he said, 'I guess I've got to take you along to the station-house.'

"I was astonished, but I kept my nerve.

"'Now, look here, Scally,' I said, 'you haven't got any charge against me.'

"'I know it,' he said.

"I was more astonished now.

"'Then what kind of a bluff are you running?' I said.

"'I'm not running a bluff,' he said; 'the chief has just issued an order for us to round-up all the old suspects and bring them down to the station-house.'

"I understood it then. Whenever a new chief has nothing else to do he takes the census. I tried to get off.

"'Now, look here, Scally,' I said, 'what's the use of taking me down there?'

"'No use,' he said.

"'Then pass me up, old man.'

"'Can't do it, Johnson,' he said; 'you're on my list and I've got to account for you. If you didn't show up they'd say I tipped you off.'

"Then he tried to smooth it over.

"'They've got nothing against you; they'll turn you loose in an hour.'

"'I know that,' I said, 'but I'm tired of the same old questions, and the same old Bertillon measurements, and all that rot—ain't there some way round?'

"He shook his head.

"'Not this time; you're located in my district. I've got to produce you.'

"I saw it was no use, so I tried to get him to permit me to go into my house before we started—so I could get rid of the watch in my pocket. It was only a few doors farther on. I gave him a good excuse and he would have done it, but just then a mounted sergeant came along. He knew us, and we had to start for the station-house.

"We went out to the corner and turned down the street that I had just come up. We walked along until we approached the faker and his bunch of suckers. Then, just as we were coming up to them, that big man out in the crowd suddenly missed his watch, grabbed the man who was standing next to him and began to holler. There was a general mix-up, and some one turned in the patrol alarm. The wagon came in a hurry. They hustled the big fellow and the man he had nailed into it just as we came up. And Scally said to me:

"'It's a mile to the station-house; let's ride.'"

The prisoner stopped. He got up and went over to the window. The fog lying on the city had deepened. The million lights struggling in it seemed about to be extinguished.

There was a knocking on the door.

The attorney replied.

"All right," he said; "in a minute."

Then he turned toward the prisoner leaning on the sill, looking out over the submerged city.

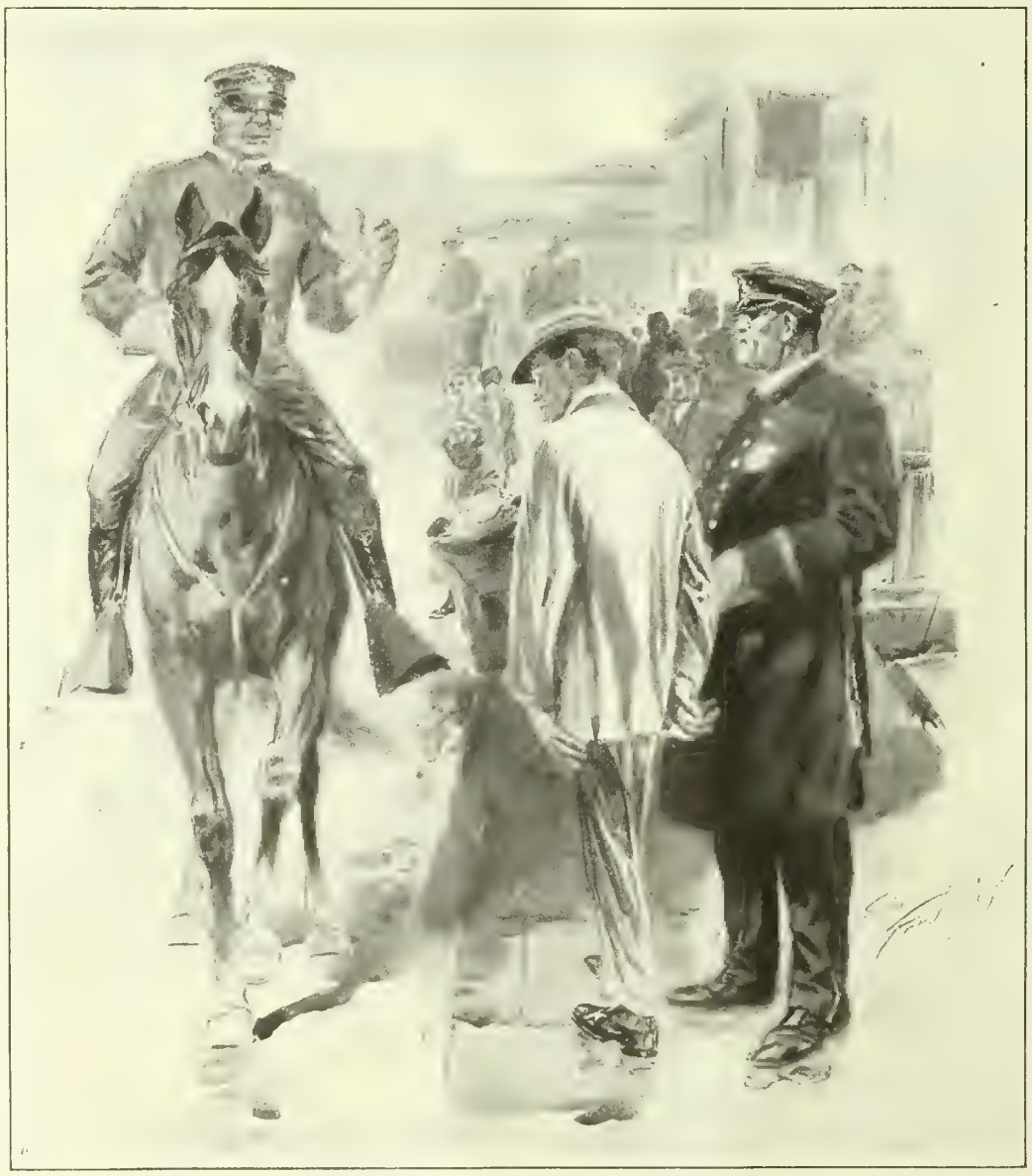
"Well," he said.

The prisoner continued:

"We got in. . . . There's not much more. . . . I had to get rid of that watch. The dirty slush was running deep in the gutters. I determined on a plan. As I got out of the wagon I would make a misstep, put my right foot into the slush and let the watch slip down the leg of my trousers. I worked the watch out of my pocket into my hand, and when we stopped I stepped down, stumbled, lost my balance; my right foot went down into the slush, I caught the rail with my left hand, leaned back and let go of the watch.

"The next minute I knew that I was all in. In catching the band of my trousers between my thumb and finger I caught also the band of my undergarment, and the watch was in my shoe!"

Note—The germinal incident of this story is true. It occurred in a Western court and was related to the writer by one of the ablest criminal prosecutors in America.



He Knew Us, and We Had to Start for the Station-House

The Grazer

"THIS discussion of the middlemen and their place in our scheme of life," said Senator Carter, of Montana, "reminds me of an old rancher who claimed if a man would accustom himself to eating grass, as he might do, it would not be long before the problem of living would be satisfactorily solved."

"What happened?"

"Well," the Senator replied, "he turned himself out on the range and tried his theory. After the third day he came in and asked for some beef and beans. He said that though it had been amply proved, by his experience, that the beef critter is entirely an unnecessary intervention between man and grass, he found that the society of the other grass-eaters wasn't sufficiently interesting to make it an object for him to continue in their company."

AILSA PAIGE

By Robert W. Chambers

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANCIS VAUX WILSON

XVIII

FOR days the fever had its will of him—not entirely, for at intervals he heard cannon, and always the interminable picket-firing; and he heard bugles, too, and recognized the various summons. But it was no use trying to obey them—no use trying to find his legs. He could not get up without his legs—he laughed weakly at the thought; then, drowsy, indifferent, decided that they had been shot away, but could not remember when; and it bothered him a good deal.

Other things bothered him; he was convinced that his mother was in the room. At intervals he was aware of Hallam's handsome face, cut out like a paper picture from Harper's Weekly and pasted flat on the tent wall. Also, there were too many Fire Zouaves around his bed—if it was a bed, this vague, vibrating hammock he occupied. It was much more like a hollow nook inside a gigantic pendulum that swung eternally to and fro until it swung him into senselessness—or aroused him with fierce struggles to escape. But his mother's slender hand sometimes arrested the maddening motion, or—and this was curiously restful—she cleverly transferred him to a cradle which she rocked, leaning close over him. Only, she kept him wrapped up too warmly.

And after an interminably long while there came a day when his face became cooler and his skin grew wet with sweat, and on that day he partly unclosed his eyes and saw Colonel Arran sitting beside him, his gray head propped on his palms, watching him.

Surprised, he attempted to sit up; but not a muscle of his body obeyed him, and he lay there stupid, inert, hollow eyes fixed meaninglessly on his superior, who spoke cautiously:

"Berkley, do you know me?"

His lips twitched a voiceless affirmative.

Colonel Arran said: "You are going to get well now. . . . Get well quickly, because the regiment misses you. . . . What is it you desire to say? Make the effort if you wish."

"Some One Had Better Write to Camilla. I'm Afraid To"

Berkley's sunken eyes remained focused on space; he was trying to consider. Then they turned painfully toward Colonel Arran again.

"Ailsa Paige?" he whispered.

The other said quietly: "She is at the base hospital near Azalea. I have seen her. She is well. . . . I did not tell her you were ill. She could not have left, anyway. . . . Matters are not going well with the army, Berkley."

"Whipped?" His lips barely formed the question.

Colonel Arran's careworn features flushed.

"The army has been withdrawing from the Peninsula. It is the commander-in-chief who has been defeated—not the Army of the Potomac."

"Back?"

"Yes, certainly we shall go back. This rebellion seems to be taking more time to extinguish than the people and the national authorities supposed it would require. But no man must doubt our ultimate success. I do not doubt it. I never shall. You must not. It will all come right in the end."

"Regiment?" whispered Berkley.

"The regiment is in better shape, Berkley. Our remounts have arrived; our wounded are under shelter and comfortable. We need rest, and we're getting it here at Azalea, although they shell us every day. We ought to be in good trim in a couple of weeks. You'll be in the saddle long before that. Your squadron has become very proud of you; all the men in the regiment have inquired about you. Private Burgess spends his time off duty under the oak trees out yonder watching your window like a dog. . . . I—ah—may say to you, Berkley, that you—ah—have become a credit to the regiment. Personally—and as your commanding officer—I wish you to understand that I am gratified by your conduct. I have said so in my official reports."

Berkley's sunken eyes had reverted to the man beside him. After a moment his lips moved again in soundless inquiry.

Colonel Arran replied: "The Zouaves were very badly cut up; Major Lent was wounded by a saber cut. He is nearly well now. Colonel Craig and his son were not hurt. The Zouaves are in cantonment about a mile to the rear. Both Colonel Craig and his son have been here to see you——" He hesitated, rose, stood a moment undecided.

"Mrs. Craig—the wife of Colonel Craig—has been here. Her plantation, Paigecourt, is in this vicinity, I believe. She has requested the medical authorities to send you to her house for your convalescence. Do you wish to go?"

The hollow-eyed, heavily-bandaged face looked up at him from the straw, and Colonel Arran looked down at it, lips aquiver.

"Berkley—if you go there I shall not see you again until you return to the regiment. I——" Suddenly his gray face began to twitch again—and he set his jaw savagely to control it.

"Goodby," he said. . . . "I wish—some day—you could try to think less harshly of me. I am a—very—lonely man."

Berkley closed his eyes, but whether from weakness or sullen resentment the older man could not know. He stood looking down wistfully at the boy for a moment, then turned and went heavily away with blurred eyes that did not recognize the woman in bonnet and light summer gown who was entering the hospital tent. As he stood aside to let her pass he heard his name pronounced in a cold, decisive voice; and, passing his gloved hand across his eyes to clear them, recognized Celia Craig.

"Colonel Arran," she said coolly, "is it necessa'y fo' me to request yo' permission befo' I am allowed to move Philip Berkley to my own house?"

"No, madam. The brigade surgeon is in charge. But I think I can secure for you the necessary authority to do so if you wish."

She thanked him haughtily and passed on; he walked out, impassive, silent, a stoop to his massive shoulders that had already become characteristic.

And that evening Berkley lay at Paigecourt in the chintz-hung chamber where, as a girl, his mother had often slept, dreaming the dreams that haunt young hearts when the jasmine fragrance grows heavier in the stillness, and the magnolia's snowy chalice is offered to the moon, and the thrush sings in the river thickets, and the firefly's lamp drifts through the fairy woods.

Celia told him this on the third day, late in the afternoon - so late that the westering sun was already touching the crests of the oak woods, and all the thickets had turned softly purple like the bloom on a plum; the mounting scent of phlox from the garden was growing sweeter, and the bats fluttered and dipped and soared in the calm evening sky.

She had been talking of his mother when she was Constance Paige and wore a fillet over her dark ringlets and rode to hounds at ten with the hardest riders in all Prince Clarence County.

"And this was her own room, Phil; nothing in it has been moved, nothing changed; this is the same bird-and-garland chintz, matching the same wall paper; this is the same old baid with its fo' ca'ved columns and its faded canopy, the same gilt mirror where she looked and saw reflected there the loveliest face in all the valley. . . . A child's face, Phil—even a child's face when she drew aside her bridal veil to look. . . . Ah—God!"—she sighed, looking down at her clasped hands, "if youth but knew—if youth but knew!"

He lay silent, the interminable rattle of picket-firing in his ears, his face turned toward the window. Through it he could see green grass, a magnolia in bloom, and a long, flawless spray of Cherokee roses pendent from the gallery.

Celia sighed, waited for him to speak, sighed again and picked up the Baltimore newspaper to resume her reading if he desired.

Searching the columns listlessly, she scanned the headings, glanced over the letterpress in silence, then turned the crumpled page. Presently she frowned.

"Listen to this, Philip; they say that there is yellow fever among the Yankee troops in Louisiana. It would be like them to bring that horror into the Ca'linas and Virginia ——"

He turned his head suddenly, partly rose from where he lay; and she caught her breath and bent swiftly over him, placing one hand on his arm and gently forcing him down upon the pillow again. "Fo'give me, dear," she faltered. "I forgot what I was reading ——"

He said thoughtfully: "Did you ever hear exactly how my mother died, Celia? . . . But I know you never did. . . . And I think I had better tell you."

"She died in the fever camp at Silver Bayou, when you were a little lad," whispered Celia.

"No."

"Philip! What are you saying?"

"You don't know how my mother died," he said quietly.

"Phil, we had the papers—and the Governor of Louisiana wrote us himse'f ——"

"I know that what he wrote and what the papers published was not true. I'll tell you how she died. When I was old enough to take care of myself I went to Silver Bayou. . . . Many people in that town had died; some still survived. I found the parish records. I found one of the camp doctors who remembered that accursed year of plague—an old man, withered, indifferent, sleeping his days away on the rotting gallery of his tumbledown house. He knew. . . . And I found some of the militia still surviving; and one among them retained a confused memory of my mother—among the horrors of that poisonous year ——"

He lay silent, considering; then: "I was old enough to remember, but not old enough to understand what I understood later. . . . Do you want to know how my mother died?"

Celia's lips moved in amazed assent.

"Then I will tell you. . . . They had guards north, east and west of us. They had gone mad with fright; the whole land was quarantined against us; musket, flintlock, shotgun, faced us through the smoke of their burning turpentine. I was only a little lad, but the horror of it I have never forgotten, nor my mother's terror—not for herself, for me."

He lay on his side, thin hands clasped, looking not at Celia, but beyond her at the dreadful scene his fancy was painting on the wall of his mother's room.

"Often, at night, we heard the shots along the dead line. Once they murdered a man behind our water garden. Our negroes moaned and sobbed all day, all night, helpless,

utterly demoralized. Two were shot swimming; one came back dying from snakebite. I saw him dead on the porch.

"I saw men fall down in the street with the black vomit—women, also—and once I saw two little children lying dead against a garden wall in St. Catharine's Alley. I was young, but I remember."

A terrible pallor came into his wan face.

"And I remember my mother," he said, "and her pleading with the men who came to the house to let her send me across the river where there was no fever. I remember her saying that it was murder to imprison children there in Silver Bayou; that I was perfectly well so far.

"They refused. Soldiers came and went. Their captain died; others died, we heard. Then my mother's maid, Alice, an octoroon, died on the east gallery. And the quarters went insane that day.

"When night came an old body-servant of my grandfather scratched at mother's door. I heard him. I thought it was Death. I was half dead with terror when mother awoke and whispered to me to dress in the dark and to make no sound.

"I remember it perfectly—remember saying: 'I won't go if you don't, mother. I'd rather be with you.' And I remember her saying: 'You shall not stay here to die when you are perfectly well. Trust mother, darling; Jerry will take you to Sainte Jacqueline in a boat.'

"And after that it is vaguer—the garden, the trench dug under the north wall—and how mother and I, in deadly fear of moccasins, down on all fours, crept after Jerry along the ditch to the water's edge ——"

His face whitened again; he lay silent for a while, crushing his wasted hands together.

"Celia, they fired on us from the levee. After that I don't know; I never knew what happened. But that doctor at Silver Bayou said that I was found a mile below in a boat with the first marks of the plague yellowing my skin. Celia, they never found my mother's body. It is not true that she died of fever at Silver Bayou. She fell under the murderous rifles of the levee guard—gave her life trying to save me from that pest-stricken prison. Jerry's body was found stranded in the mud twenty miles below. He had been shot through the body. . . . And now you know how my mother died."

He raised himself on one elbow, head resting on his hand, watching Celia's shocked white face for a moment or two, then wearily turned toward the window and sank back on his pillows.

In the still twilight, far away through the steady fusillade from the outposts, he heard the dull boom-booming of cannon and the heavy shocks of the great guns aboard the Union gunboats. But it sounded very far off; a mocking-bird sang close under his window; the last rosy bar faded from the fleecy cloudbank in the east. Night came abruptly—the swift Southern darkness quickly emblazoned with stars; and the whippoorwills began their ghostly calling, and the specters of the mist crept stealthily inland.

"Celia?"

Her soft voice answered from the darkness near him.

He said: "I knew this was her room before you told me. I have seen her several times."

"What are you saying?" she faltered.

"I don't know. . . . I saw her the night I came here."

After a long silence Celia rose and lighted a candle. Holding it a little above her pallid face she glided to his bedside and looked down at him. After a moment, bending, she touched his face with her palm; then her cool fingertips brushed the quiet pulse at his wrist.

"Have I any fever?"

"No, Phil."

"I thought not. . . . I saw mother's face a few moments ago in that mirror behind you."

Celia sank down on the bed's edge, the candle trembling in her hand. Then, slowly, she turned her head and looked over her shoulder, moving cautiously, until her fascinated eyes found the glass behind her. The mirror hung there reflecting the flowered wall opposite; a corner of the bed; nothing else.

He said in an even voice:

"From the first hour that you brought me into this room she has been here. I knew it instantly. . . .

"I Found Clean Flannels fo' Them Both in the Attic ——"

The first day she was behind those curtains—was there a long while. I knew she was there; I watched the curtains, expecting her to step out. I waited all day, not understanding that I—that it was better that I should speak. I fell asleep about dusk. She came out then and sat where you are sitting."

"It was a dream, Phil. It was fever. Try to realize what you are saying!"

"I do. The next evening I lay watching, and I saw a figure reflected in the mirror. It was not yet dusk. Celia, in the sunset light I saw her standing by the curtains. But it was starlight before she came to the bed and looked down at me.

"I said very quietly: 'Mother dear!' Then she spoke to me; and I knew she was speaking, but I could not hear her voice. . . . It was that way while she stood beside me—I could not hear her, Celia. I could not hear what she was saying. It was no spirit I saw—no phantom from the dead there by my bed, no ghost—no restless wraith, grave-driven through the night. I believe she is living. She knows I believe it. . . . As you sat here a moment ago, reading to me, I saw her reflected for a moment in the mirror behind you, passing into the room beyond. Her hair is perfectly white, Celia—or," he said vaguely to himself, "was it something she wore?—like the bandeaux of the Sisters of Charity ——"

The lighted candle fell from Celia's nerveless fingers and rolled over and over across the floor, trailing a smoking wick. Berkley's hand steadied her trembling arm.

"Why are you frightened?" he asked calmly. "There is nothing dead about what I saw."

"I c-can't he'p myse'f," stammered Celia; "you say such frightful things to me—you tell me that they happen in my own house—in her own room—— How can I be calm? How can I believe such things of—of Constance Berkley—of yo' daid mother ——"

"I don't know," he said dully.

The starlight sparkled on the silver candlestick where it lay on the floor in a little pool of wax. Quivering all over, Celia stooped to lift, relight it and set it on the table. And, over her shoulder, he saw a slim shape enter the doorway.

"Mother dear?" he whispered.

And Celia turned with a cry and stood swaying there, deathly white in the rays of the candle.

But it was only a Sister of Charity—a slim, childish figure under the wide white headdress—who had halted, startled at Celia's cry. She was looking for the division medical director, and the sentries had misinformed her—and she was very sorry, very deeply distressed to have frightened anybody—but the case was urgent—a Sister shot near the picket-line on Monday; and authority to send her north was what she had come to seek. Because the Sister had lost her mind completely, had gone insane and no longer knew them, knew nobody, not even herself, nor the hospital, nor the doctors, nor even that she lay on a battlefield. And she was saying strange and dreadful things about herself and about people nobody had ever heard of. . . . Could anybody tell her where the division medical director could be found?

. . . . . .

It was not yet daybreak when Berkley awoke in his bed to find lights in the room and medical officers passing swiftly hither and thither, the red flames from their candles blowing smokily in the breezy doorways.

The picket-firing along the river had not ceased. At the same instant he felt the concussion of heavy guns shaking his bed. The lawn outside the drawn curtains resounded with the hurrying clatter of wagons, the noise of pick and spade and crack of hammer and mallet.

He drew himself to a sitting posture. A regimental surgeon passing through the room glanced at him humorously, saying: "You've got a pretty snug berth here, son. How does it feel to sleep in a real bed?" And, extinguishing his candle, he went away through the door without waiting for any answer.

Berkley turned toward the window, striving to reach the drawn curtains. And at length he managed to part them, but it was all dark outside. Yet the grounds were evidently crowded with wagons and men; he recognized sounds which indicated that tents were being erected, drains and sinks dug; the rattle of planks and boards was significant of preparation for the construction of "shebangs."

Farther away on the dark highway he could hear the swift gallop of cavalry and the thudding clank of light batteries, all passing in perfect darkness. Then, leaning closer to the sill, he gazed between the curtains far into the southwest and saw the tall curve of Confederate shells traced in whirling fire far down the river, the awful glare of light as the enormous guns on the Union warships replied.

Celia, her lovely hair over her shoulders, a scarf covering her nightdress, came in, carrying a lighted candle; and instantly a voice from outside the window bade her extinguish the light or draw the curtain.

She looked at Berkley in a startled manner, blew out the flame, and came around between his bed and the window, drawing the curtains entirely aside.

"General Claymore's staff has filled eve'y room in the house except yours and mine," she said in her gentle, bewildered way. "There's a regiment—Curt's Zouaves—encamped befo' the west quarters, and a battery across the drive, and all the garden is full of their horses and caissons."

"Poor little Celia," he said, reaching out to touch her hand and drawing her to the bed's edge, where she sat down helplessly, the candlestick and unlighted candle dangling from one crooked finger.

"The Yankee officers are all over the house," she repeated. "They're up in the cupola with night-glasses now. They are ve'y polite. Curt took off his riding boots and went to sleep on my bed—and oh, he is so dirty!—my darling Curt! my own husband!—too dirty to touch! I could cry just to look at his unifo'm, all black and stained and the gold entirely gone from one sleeve! And Stephen!—oh, Phil, some mise'ble ba'ber has shaved the heads of all the Zouaves, and Steve is perfec'ly disfigured!—the poor, dear boy"—she laughed hysterically—"he had a hot bath and I've been mending the rags that he and Curt call unifo'ms—and I found clean flannels fo' them both in the attic ——"

"What does all this mean—all this camping outside?" he interrupted gently.

"Curt doesn't know. The camps and hospitals west of us have been shelled, and all the river roads are packed full of ambulances and stretchers going east."

"Where is my regiment?"

"The lancers rode away yesterday with General Stoneman—all except haidqua'ters and one squadron—yours, I think—and they are acting escort to General Sykes at the overseer's house beyond the oak grove. Your colonel is on his staff, I believe."

He lay silent, watching the burning fuses of the shells as they soared up into the night, whirling like fiery planets on their axes, higher, higher, mounting through majestic altitudes to the pallid stars, then curving, falling faster, faster, till their swift downward glare split the darkness into broad sheets of light.

"Phil," she whispered, "I think there is a house on fire across the river!"

Far away in the darkness rows of tiny windows in an unseen mansion had suddenly become brilliantly visible.

"It—it must be Mr. Ruffin's house," she said in an awed voice. "Oh, Phil! It is! Look! It's all on fire—it's—oh, see the flames on the roof! This is terrible—terrible ——" She caught her breath.

"Phil! There's another house on fire! Do you see—do you see! It's Ailsa's house—Marye-mead! Oh, how could they set it on fire—how could they have the heart to burn that sweet old place!"

"Is that Marye-mead?" he asked.

"It must be. That's where it ought to stand—and—oh! oh! it's all on fire, Phil—all on fire!"

"Shells from the gunboats," he muttered, watching the entire sky turn crimson as the flames burst into fury, lighting up clumps of trees and outhouses. And, as they looked, the windows of another house began to kindle ominously; little tongues of fire fluttered over a distant cupola, leaped across to a gallery, ran up in vinelike tendrils which flowered into flame, veining everything in a riotous tangle of brilliancy. And through the kindling darkness the sinister boom—boom! of the guns never ceased, and the shells continued to mount, curve and fall, streaking the night with golden incandescence.

Outside the gates, at the end of the cedar-lined avenue, where the highway passes, the tumult was increasing every moment amid shouts, cracking of whips, the jingle and clash of traces and metallic racket of wheels. The house, too, resounded with the heavy, hurried tread of army boots trampling up and down stairs and crossing the floors above in every direction.

In the summer kitchen loud-voiced soldiers were cooking; there came the clatter of plates from the dining-room, the odor of hot bread and frying pork.

"All my negroes except old Peter and a quadroon maid have gone crazy," said Celia hopelessly. "I had them so comfo'tably qua'tered and provided fo'!—Cary, the ove'seer, would have looked after them while the war lasts—but the sight of the blue unifo'ms unbalanced them, and they swa'med to the river, where the contraband boats were taking runaways. . . . Such foolish creatures! They were ve'y happy here and quite safe and well treated. . . . And every one has deserted, old and young!—toting their bundles and baskets on their silly haids—every negro on Paigecourt plantation, every servant in this house except Peter and Sadie has gone with the contrabands. . . . I'm sure I don't know what these soldiers are cooking in the kitchen. I expect they'll end by setting the place afire, and I told Curt so, but he can't he'p it, and I can't. It's ve'y hard to see the house turned out of the windows, and the lawns and garden cut to pieces by hoofs and wheels, but I'm only too thankful that Curt can find shelter under this roof, and nothing matters any mo' as long as he and Stephen are well."

"Haven't you heard from Ailsa yet?" asked Berkley in a low voice.

"Oh, Phil! I'm certainly worried. She was expecting to go on board some hospital boat at the landing the day befo' your regiment arrived. I haven't set eyes on her since. A gunboat was to take one of the Commission's steamers to Fortress Monroe, and all that day the fleet kept on firing at our—at the Confederate batteries over the river"—she corrected herself wearily—"and I was afraid that Ailsa's steamer would try to get out ——"

"Did it?"

"I don't know. There are so many, many boats at the landing, and there's been so much firing, and nobody seems to know what is happening or where anybody is. . . . And I don't know where Ailsa is, and I've been ve'y mise'ble because they say some volunteer nurses have been killed ——"

"What!"

"I didn't want to tell you, Phil—until you were better ——"

"Tell me what?" he managed to say, though a terrible fear was stiffening his lips and throat.

She said dully: "They get shot sometimes. You remember yo'se'f what that Sister of Charity said last night. I heard Ailsa cautioning Letty—the little nurse, Miss Lynden ——"

"Yes, I know. What else?"

Celia's under lip quivered. "Nothing; only Ailsa told me that she was ordered to the field hospital fo' duty befo' she went aboard the Commission boat—and she never came back—and there was a battle all that day ——"

"Is that all?" he demanded, rising on one elbow. "Is there anything else you are concealing?"

"No, Phil. I'd tell you if there was. Perhaps I'm foolish to be so nervous—but I don't know—that Sister of Charity struck by a bullet—and to think of Ailsa out there under fire ——" She closed her eyes and sat shivering in the gray chill of the dawn, the tears silently stealing over her pale cheeks. Berkley stared out of the window at a confused and indistinct mass of wagons and tents and moving men, but the light was still too dim to distinguish uniforms; and presently Celia leaned forward and drew the curtains.

Then she turned and took Berkley's hands in hers.

"Phil, dear," she said softly, "I suspect how it is with you and Ailsa. Am I indiscreet to speak befo' you give me any warrant?"

He said nothing.

"The child certainly is in love with you. A blind woman could divine that," continued Celia wistfully. "I am glad, Phil, because I believe you are as truly devoted to her as she is to you. And when the time comes—if God spare you both ——"

"Letty—Letty! What on Earth Has Happened?"

"You are mistaken," he said; "there is no future for us."

She colored in consternation. "Wh-why, I certainly supposed—believed ——"

"Celia!"

"W-what, dear?"

"Don't you know I cannot marry?"

"Why not, Philip?"

"Could I marry Ailsa Paige unless I first told her about my father and mother?" he said steadily.

"Oh, Philip!" she cried, tears starting to her eyes again, "do you think that would weigh with a girl who is so truly and unselfishly in love with you?"

"You don't understand," he said wearily. "I'd take that chance now. But do you think me disloyal enough to confess to any woman on earth what my mother, if she were living, would sacrifice her very life to conceal?"

He bent his head, supporting it in his hands, speaking as though to himself:

"I believe that the brain is the vehicle, not the origin, of thought. I believe a brain becomes a mind only when an immortality exterior to ourselves animates it. And this is what is called the soul. . . . Whatever it is, it is what I saw—or what that something, exterior to my body, recognized. Perhaps these human eyes of mine did not see her. Something that belongs to me saw the immortal visitor; something that is the vital part of me saw, recognized and was recognized."

For a long while they sat there, silent; the booming guns shook the window; the clatter and uproar of the passing wagon train filled their ears.

Suddenly the house rocked under the stunning crash of a huge gun. Celia sprang to her feet, caught at the curtain as another terrific blast shivered the window-panes and filled the room with acrid dust.

Through the clouds of powdered plaster Colonel Craig entered the room, hastily pulling on his slashed coat.

"There's a fort in the rear of us—don't be frightened, Celia. I think they must be firing at ——"

His voice was drowned in the thunder of another gun; Celia made her way to him, hid her face on his breast as the room shook again and the plaster fell from the ceiling, filling the room with blinding dust.

"Oh, Curt," she gasped, "this is dreadful. Philip cannot stay here ——"

"Better pull the sheets over his head," said her husband, meeting Berkley's eyes with a ghost of a smile. "It won't last long; and there are no rebel batteries that can reach Paigecourt." He kissed her. "How are you feeling, dear? I'm trying to arrange for you to go north on the first decent transport ——"

"I want to stay with you, Curt," she whimpered, tightening her arms around his neck. "Can't I stay as long as my husband and son are here? I don't wish to go ——"

"You can't stay," he said gently. "There is no immediate danger here at Paigecourt, but the army is turning this landing into a vast pesthole. It's deadly unhealthy. I wish you to go home just as soon as I can secure transportation ——"

"And let them burn Paigecourt? Who is there to look after ——"

"We'll have to take such chances, Celia. The main thing is for you to pack up and go home as soon as you possibly can. . . . I've got to go out now. I'll try to come back tonight. The General understands that it's your house and that you are my wife, and there's a guard placed and a Union flag hung out from the gallery ——"

She looked up quickly; a pink flush stained her neck and forehead.

"I would not use that wicked flag to protect myse'f," she said quietly—"nor to save this house, either, Curt. It's only fo' you and Phil that I care what happens to anything now ——"

"Then go north, you bad little rebel!" whispered her husband, drawing her into his arms. "Paige and Marye have been deserted long enough; and you've seen sufficient of this war—plenty to last your lifetime ——"

"I saw Ailsa's house burn," she said.

"Marye-mead? When?"

"This mo'ning, Curt. Phil thinks it was the shells from the gunboats. It can't be he'ped now; it's gone. So is Edmund Ruffin's. And I wish I knew where that child, Ailsa, is. I'm that frightened and mise'ble, Curt ——"

An orderly suddenly appeared at the door; her husband kissed her and hurried away. The outer door swung wide, letting in a brassy clangor of bugles and a roll of drums, which softened when the door closed with a snap.

It opened again abruptly, and a thin, gray-garbed figure came in, hesitated, and Celia turned, staring through her tears.

"Miss Lynden!" she exclaimed. "Is Ailsa here?"

Berkley sat up and leaned forward, looking at her intently from the mass of bandages.

"Letty!" he said, "where is Mrs. Paige?"

Celia had caught the girl's hands in hers, and was searching her thin white face with anxious eyes; and Letty

(Continued on Page 40)

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When a Man Goes Broke

TOO many men are discouraged by the fact that money isn't worth anything to speak of except when nobody has any. In the older portions of the United States the small capitalist's opportunities for profitable investment are comparatively restricted. There is not the same immediate incentive to save up a nest-egg that there was when virtuous Brutus loaned his modest capital in the provinces at forty-eight per cent a year, or when Poor Richard preached his homely doctrine of thrift and prosperity. Saving "the first thousand dollars" doesn't put you on the highroad to wealth as it did various autobiographers who used their first thousand to buy several sections of choice timber land or a farm in what is now the heart of the city. In the savings bank it yields, on an average, only thirty-five dollars a year, which doesn't go far at present prices.

You cannot get rich merely by saving money; but you can get desperately poor by not doing it. The thirty-five dollars a year interest doesn't amount to much; but the command of opportunity and the insurance against humiliation and distress that the thousand dollars gives are worth a great deal. The man who is broke is at the mercy of every wind and the beck of every finger. He has to take what's offered him.

During the Civil War postal clerks employed by the Confederate States at Richmond resigned because they found it impossible to live on their salary of nine thousand dollars a year. Perhaps they were excusable, since it took a pocketful of their money to buy a meal. But it is always very possible to measure your money against your wants in such a way that it is impossible to live on your income, whatever its size. And it is almost always possible, by a more judicious measuring, to live on less than your income. It is as true now as it was in Micawber's day that the one system of measurement leads to trouble and the other to content, irrespective of the amount of the income.

The Trouble With the Banks

FOR more than two years the Aldrich-Vreeland Act permitting banks to issue emergency currency under certain conditions has lain dead and forgotten. That Secretary MacVeagh is trying to revive it means, presumably, that he sees little prospect of better legislation between this time and the next money pinch. But the act, at its best, is merely a makeshift and never pretended to be anything more.

Banks in New York City hold about seven hundred million dollars of deposits of other banks. This is incomparably our most important banking reserve. Roughly, three-quarters of it is held by half a dozen great Gotham institutions. Experience in 1893 and 1907 shows that all that stands between the country and suspension, or restriction, of cash payments is a cash reserve held by these half-dozen great banks, equal to five or six per cent of their deposit liability.

The banks are required by law to hold a cash reserve equal to twenty-five per cent of their deposits. They never hold much more cash than the law requires. They cannot afford to, because they are paying interest on their deposits and if a large portion of the deposits were locked up in idle cash they would lose money. In the fairest weather they carry cash equal to twenty-six or twenty-seven per cent of their deposits. When foul weather appears the country banks at once begin drawing upon their city deposits, calling for currency to strengthen their own reserves. Thus the cash reserve of the city banks at once drops below that twenty-five per cent which law and tradition prescribe. Then the city banks issue clearing-house certificates and entirely suspend full cash payments.

With a cash reserve of twenty-five and a tenth per cent they would meet every obligation; but in 1907, when the reserve dropped to twenty per cent, they suspended full cash payments. In 1893 cash payments were restricted when the banks kept back more than twenty per cent reserve.

In short, the actual reserve that can be depended upon to maintain full cash payments is only five or six per cent, instead of twenty-five. When cash payments are restricted in New York, currency becomes a commodity, selling at a premium, and banks elsewhere begin to lock up their cash.

The country does business with clearing-house certificates, cashiers' checks and other substitutes for money. The Aldrich-Vreeland Act would prevent that substitution by providing currency, indistinguishable from any other, for use in an emergency. But it does not seem probable that it would cure the basic defect, which consists of lack of complete confidence, on the part of the country banks, in the availability of their city reserves.

Why the Bank Reserve Fails

TRUE, the big city banks which, taken together, bear the relationship of a central reserve bank, keep large amounts loaned out on stocks and payable on demand. In fair weather these call loans can be converted into cash at will. But the experience of every financial crisis proves that in an emergency call loans are practically inconvertible. When the stock market is in a panic banks cannot sell the collateral that secures the loans. To do so would be to intensify the panic and destroy the value of the collateral. On the contrary, the banks are compelled to advance great sums for the purpose of supporting the market and staying the panic.

In a crisis, country banks immediately draw cash from the city because experience has taught them that when a certain acute stage is reached the city banks will not pay out cash freely. The city banks are alarmed because they know the country banks will try to drain them of their cash.

On the banking side panic among depositors is a negligible factor. It's the panic among the banks themselves that makes the big trouble. A smaller cash reserve in the hands of a central government bank commanding complete confidence would be more serviceable. For example, during our panic of 1907 the Bank of England's cash reserve shrank twenty-nine per cent in a fortnight and then amounted to less than half the cash reserve of the New York banks. But cash payments in England were not restricted for a moment and nobody dreamed that they would be. Business was practically undisturbed.

The Work of a City

AT THE census of 1900 Los Angeles stood thirty-fifth, according to population, in the list of cities. It has moved up some distance since then; but a considerable space still separates it from the top of the column. This city has gone two hundred and fifty miles into the Sierras to get water. In the Owens Valley it has bought a hundred and twenty square miles of water-shed. By a big concrete aqueduct it is bringing the water down the foothills, across the desolate Mojave Desert, under the Coast Range, through a rock-hewn tunnel five miles long, and so to the San Fernando Valley. It has spent three-quarters of a million dollars simply to build a cement plant, where it employs two hundred and fifty men and from which it sends out daily a thousand barrels of cement for the big bore. The water that it brings down, besides serving its primary purpose, will develop a hundred and twenty thousand horse-power of electrical current and irrigate thousands of acres of land now barren. The city employs five thousand men on the work and has already appropriated twenty-four million dollars for it.

In mentioning this the admirable purpose of booming Los Angeles is secondary. We point to it as a striking illustration of the work of a modern city—work which a majority of American cities carry on under many silly and vexatious restraints imposed by their charters and by state legislatures. We mean it as the text for a sermon on complete home rule for cities.

Uncle Joe as a Spectroscope

MR. CANNON'S pointed refusal in Kansas to announce that he will not be a candidate for the Speakership is said to have placed a number of earnest Republican Congressmen in an excruciating dilemma. Their constituents insist they shall pledge themselves not to vote for Mr. Cannon, and they have well-founded suspicions that they must comply or fail of reëlection. But the party's candidate for Speaker will be selected by a caucus. Perhaps a majority of the caucus will favor Uncle Joe, thereby making him the regular party nominee. Thus the statesmen referred to will be obliged either to bolt the regular party nominee or to repudiate the pledges given their constituents. For a dutiful, brass-colored organization man one could hardly imagine a much more painful situation.

Once upon a time, in a caucus of youngsters, it was decided by an overwhelming vote that Johnnie Smith should not carry to market the basket of apples that his grandmother had intrusted to his warty hands, but should forthwith divide it among the company. Johnnie's conflicting emotions on that occasion were strictly comparable to those of the organization Congressmen in the circumstances above mentioned.

We are heartily glad that Mr. Cannon refused to extinguish himself in order to accommodate gentlemen who lacked the nerve and character to be either for him or against him. His candidacy for the Speakership would at least serve the spectroscopic purpose of showing about how much yellow there is on that side of the House.

Stunning With Numbers

THE point is to prove that herring are a plentiful and prolific fish. Quite a number of years ago Huxley estimated that three billion or so of them were caught every twelve months in North Atlantic waters, and that very many times that number were destroyed annually by other than human enemies; yet the supply of herring, he pointed out, did not decrease.

That was a human sort of statement. But a female herring lays twenty thousand eggs. Starting with one female and assuming that each little fish matures and propagates, you will soon get a theoretical herring population which on paper looks about like the distance to Alpha of Centaur—one of those ridiculous numbers in which a score or so of ciphers more or less make no particular difference.

This ridiculous number means nothing at all. The distance to Alpha of Centaur is greater than to the moon; but it is not what astronomers allege it to be, because there isn't any such distance. There cannot be that many miles, or herring, or anything else; human thought cannot contain so many. Some microbes, no doubt, are exceedingly small, but we occasionally see the statement that a million or so of them could stand on the tiny point of a pin. That, of course, is utter nonsense. A million of anything couldn't stand on the point of a pin—not even of a coupling-pin.

To jolt the mind with prodigious numbers is a rather popular diversion—how much John D. Rockefeller would be worth if he lived a hundred years longer; the population of New York in the year two thousand; exhaustion of our iron and timber supply if consumption per capita increases so and so and population grows at such and such a ratio.

But the numbers have no real meaning. They are merely a maturer manner of popping up beside grandma's chair and shouting "Boo!" at her.

The Most Insulting Words

"UTTERLY *bourgeois*" is the verbal bomb which a distinguished young critic hurls at a famous old author; and we seem to see the author vanishing in one gasp and a puff of smoke, like a balloon struck by a twelve-inch shell.

Naturally this reminds us that Socialism's enormous indebtedness to aristocracy has never been adequately acknowledged. In forwarding any cause a point of the very highest importance is to find an effective name to call the opposition. From the aristocrats Socialism, at the very beginning, borrowed an opprobrious term of terrible power—namely, *bourgeois*.

Loaded with the scorn of aristocracy on the one hand, and of Socialism on the other, this word has become a kind of mad dog or leper of language. Brave men turn pale and tremble at its approach. Indeed, the only other word we can think of that is comparable to it in strength and poignancy of reproach is the word Socialism. Wherever you find a man struggling with an indignation which he is unable to explain rationally he will be pretty sure to call the thing that annoys him either *bourgeois* or socialistic. In fact we have even heard Socialism itself called *bourgeois*—a piece of oral violence comparable to catching a bear by the tail, through the throat, and turning him inside out.

This terrible word means, of course, a workaday, prudent, shopkeeping, selfish sort of person, mainly concerned with making a living and paying the rent and standing well with his shopkeeping neighbors—just the sort of person, that is, that about nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety out of a million are and always have been. But let nobody call us it unless he is ready to fight.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

The Ways of William

I TAKE my orders from my constituents, and not from a former President, President or Governor," said William Barnes, Jr., just before he strode up the gangplank of the giant ocean liner that was to carry him away for a brief survey of foreign parts.

And that, as all will admit, was a fine, flossy bit of political declamation. The only fault that can be found with it—a trivial fault indeed—is that, to those who know the facts, the measured cadences of this declaration of independence seem a trifle more suitable to the large and furry ears of the horse marines than for the auricles of that body of our sturdy citizenry into which such statements are usually projected—to wit, the voting public.

No person cognizant of the activities, tendencies and past performances of William will deny that he refuses to take orders from a former President, President or Governor, although he has taken office from the first two named—there being such a scarcity of former Presidents and Presidents at the present time, it is not necessary to specify further than this—and I shall name no names; but when it comes to taking orders from his constituents, as William seems to imply, it is time to laugh a harsh, grating laugh of scorn—ha-hahaha-ha! I should like to have a front seat and an unobstructed view of the proceedings, to say nothing of the moving-picture privileges, on the afternoon when a constituent of William's strolls in and gives him an order.

That would probably be in the upstairs front room of the Albany Evening Journal office. William would be sitting at his desk trying to think up some new words to express his opinion of Governor Hughes; for, when you come to think of it, there are comparatively few words that can be used to express such emotions as William has concerning the Governor that an arbitrary Postmaster-General will allow to appear in the public prints and go through the mails. The constituent would begin to enunciate the order—orders always are enunciated, are they not?—and William would cease his pondering and listen. An expression of amazement would pass rapidly over those stern features—William's stern features, you understand, not the constituent's; his amazement is coming later—and William would rise to his full height of six feet and an inch.

"What ho, varlet?" William would say. "What ho?" Unless the varlet produced, immediately, a fine, marketable brand of what-ho and handed it to William, it is but the simple truth to say that William would hand something to him—mayhap a chair, or a ruler, or an inkstand, or a hickory club. Presently, the said varlet would find himself turning flipflaps of surprise and grief through the front window and like as not would land in the crowd on the curb watching the baseball returns, from whence, as State Street is reasonably steep, he might roll in a leisurely manner to the Hudson and drop in casually to conceal his chagrin.

Inasmuch as our scholarly psychologists who journeyed to Reno recently were much disappointed, not to say baffled—see advance stuff they sent in—because the eminent Mr. Jeffries did not have the vital spark on that historic occasion, when two hundred and eight pounds of the black race established supremacy over two hundred and twenty pounds of the white race, I commend them to stick around Albany for a time and observe the action of W. Barnes, Jr., at the moment I have humbly attempted to picture. They will discover that he has the vital spark and that it is sparking regularly. William taking orders from his constituents! What a line of persiflage that Barnes boy has, to be sure!

Landing on the Strenuous Slats

FOR, be it known, when it comes to being boss and giving orders to constituents, instead of taking them, William is an air-tight. He doesn't boss a state or a nation, but he bosses a county, and any person who thinks he doesn't is invited to step right up and investigate personally; but he is advised, in all friendliness, to take a little practice first in getting run over by the steam roller. William bosses Albany County all right, and has explicit working relations with the Honorable Packy McCabe, who purports to do the bossing for the other side. Hence, when it comes to New York state affairs, William is a good deal of a man as things political have fallen out.

Platt bossed the whole state, so far as the Republican party was concerned, and Odell tried to, but presently the machine came into the control of a conglobulation of smaller bosses, one of which William is whom. Having more brains and more courage than most of the other bosses, or bosslets, in the association, William naturally dominated some. Thurlow Weed, who was a good deal of a boss himself in the days of the Albany Regency, was William's grandfather, and William came naturally by both the instinct and the ambition, for so soon as William can get them to take him seriously enough it is likely he will be the real boss himself.

After Barnes finished at Harvard, in 1888, he got married and settled down in Albany at the head of his grandfather's paper, the Evening Journal. He fussed around in local politics for three or four years and then branched out a bit by getting on the Republican State Committee. He has been on the committee ever since, and for a number of years was, and perhaps is yet, the chairman of the executive committee of that organization. He fought his fights in Albany County and got control, served under Platt and under Odell, helped out with expenses a bit by getting the appointment of surveyor of customs at the port of Albany in 1899, a most arduous position, but with some compensatory salary—I reckon those duties as surveyor of customs in Albany must keep Barnes busy a few minutes every month—and hanging to the same from that time to this.

Barnes had his political education under Platt, whose creed was the organization. The only precept Platt ever had was: Stand by! Barnes got that by heart. He stood by the organization. He is standing by it yet, and probably will continue to stand by so long as he is in politics. Moreover, he has plenty of nerve, which makes his standing-by of some consequence when compared with the seesawing of some of his colleagues who have to do with the state organization of the Republicans in New York.

Barnes has had his differences, but he has always been regular. He didn't like Hughes the first time he was nominated, but had to take him. He liked Hughes even less the second time, but had to take him again. However, he was not alone among the men who had to do with the naming of Hughes who didn't like him. None of the regulars liked him. When it came to a showdown Barnes walked up on the platform and said he didn't like Hughes—never would like him; that he was disrupting the organization or had disrupted it; and that, so far as William Barnes, Jr., was concerned, Mr. Hughes could go and climb a tree—that is, Barnes had the nerve to come out in the open.

He fought Hughes in Albany, being the brains of the opposition to much of the legislation Hughes wanted. Then, after the Governor had called the legislature into session to pass a direct-primaries law it had refused to pass during the regular session, Barnes was the leader of the opposition, with Speaker Wadsworth, and he didn't quail any when Colonel Roosevelt fired that message in demanding that the Governor's primary law should pass. Instead, Barnes told the former President to shinny in his own alley, and helped hand the Colonel as distinct a rebuff as he has had of late years.

Now perish the thought that any discussion of the rights and wrongs of the positions of the Governor and of Barnes and his associates should enter into this peaceful disquisition on Barnes, and none shall. They can fight that out themselves, aided and directed by the large number of publicists who have deep feelings on the subjects in dispute. The point is that, whether Barnes is right or whether Barnes is wrong, he is right with both fists or he is wrong with both fists. He doesn't shuffle and stammer and gurgle and squeak and trim and teeter. He takes an axe and wades in. A big, broad-shouldered, keen-witted, fearless chap, he speaks out in meeting. He is a large, intense, fighting person, with the courage of his conversation. He is only forty-four years old.

When he told T. R. where to get off he meant it. Of course T. R., who got off temporarily, is pretty certain to get back on again along about convention time in New York next September. Wherefore, about those days, look out for ructions, and do not overlook W. Barnes, Jr., who surely will be in the forefront of the van, having it in mind to land one on the revered slats of our only living ex-President, and being the boy who will not be awed by the sanctity of said slats.

PHOTO. BY GUSTAVE LOREY, ALBANY, N. Y.

He has the Vital Spark and It is Sparking Regularly

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

A Bucolic Economist

FORMER Senator J. C. S. Blackburn, of Kentucky, tells many stories of his political experiences, but the one he likes best concerns a father and son who went to a political meeting to hear free silver discussed. Before the meeting a Republican came around and began asking the people in the crowd, "Why are you a Democrat?"

He asked a young man who stood on the edge of the crowd. "Because," the young man replied, "dad's a Dimmycrat, and the Dimmycrats is the friends of labor, and the 'Publicans want to fo'ce gold on us, an' that would he'p the Yankees, an' I ain't never goin' to do nothin' that would he'p the Yankees."

"Yep," piped up the young man's father; "an' I'm a Dimmycrat because what we need is more money, an' we're goin' to get it with Bryan. Stands to sense that sixteen silver dollars is better nor one gold dollar."

"But you will not get any more money," asserted the inquiring Republican. "Have you never heard of the law of supply and demand?"

"In co'se I has," replied the farmer, "but that ain't nothin' to worry 'bout. That law'll be repealed soon's Bryan's 'lected an' Joe Blackburn gits a good hack at it."

A Priceless Dinner

MARSE HENRY WATTERSON tells of a dinner he attended in Washington long ago at which two of the guests were Roscoe Conkling and a mathematician named Price, who was most expert with figures, but much given to long speeches about himself and his skill.

Price made one of his speeches and was followed by Conkling, who began:

"The pleasures of life in Washington are manifold. Now, take a dinner such as this. My idea of complete happiness would be to attend a dinner like this every night in the year, where one could enjoy himself without money and without Price."

The Hall of Fame

℄ Bolton Hall, who wants the land given back to the people, got part of his education in Dublin.

℄ Carter Glass, who represents the Sixth Virginia District in Congress, owns and edits a morning and an afternoon newspaper in Lynchburg.

℄ Representative Alexander, of Buffalo, New York, has written a jaunty little history of politics in New York, comprising three volumes weighing about seven pounds.

℄ Bill Phelps, the author of the immortal Missouri saying, "Bill Stone (meaning Senator Stone) and I suck eggs, but Bill, he hides the shells," is running for the Missouri legislature.

℄ Your Uncle, Joseph Gurney Cannon, made three speeches, went to two banquets, presided over the House of Representatives and danced a jig on his seventy-fourth birthday, not long ago.

In good company

WHEREVER you go, afloat or ashore, you find Campbell's Tomato Soup in the best company.

On a big yacht of the "floating palace" type, supplied with the best the market affords, there is nothing better or more acceptable served at the owner's table than

Campbell's
Tomato Soup

How could there be? There is no way to produce finer soup.

With the choicest variety of tomatoes, picked in faultless condition, prepared and blended by our perfectly-balanced formula, and put up the same day—the perfect result is as certain as the multiplication table.

If you don't think so after trying this soup—or any Campbell's Soup—the grocer returns the price.

21 kinds 10c a can

Asparagus	Julienne
Beef	Mock Turtle
Bouillon	Mulligatawny
Celery	Mutton Broth
Chicken	Ox Tail
Chicken Gumbo (Okra)	Pea
Clam Bouillon	Pepper Pot
Clam Chowder	Printanier
Consommé	Tomato
Vegetable	Tomato-Okra
Vermicelli-Tomato	

Just add hot water, bring to a boil, and serve.

Look for the red-and-white label

Don't forget to write for Campbell's Menu Book—Free.

JOSEPH CAMPBELL COMPANY
CAMDEN N J

Silly bees to bumble
All around my head
Why not take a tumble
To *Campbell's Soups* instead?

YOUR SAVINGS

Investing the First Thousand Dollars

FIVE men sat talking one day in a New York club and the subject turned to their first investments. One of them said:

"I'll wager that every man in this crowd lost his first thousand dollars."

When a poll was taken his statement was found to be correct. One had lost his first savings in an oil venture; two had dumped theirs in mining stocks; the fourth had buried his in lots in a "boom" town, while the fifth had helped to back a mechanical device that "was as good as the telephone."

Here was a typical group of experiences, and this sort of financial history is repeating itself every day in every community. So wide has become the belief that a man must lose his first thousand dollars that many persons regard the experience very much as they look upon the measles or the whooping-cough. They want to have it over with as soon as possible.

As a matter of fact, there is no reason why this tradition should hold. The only excuse for it in the days when the costly precedent was established was a lack of accessible investment facilities for the average man and woman. Today, when the big investment bankers are scouring the country for the small investor, and when the very best investment opportunities are brought to your doorsteps, no one should lose his or her first thousand dollars, and this week's article will be devoted to some of the ways of investing it profitably.

A peculiar and distinct interest is attached by most people to the first thousand dollars saved. Russell Sage used to say that after a man had saved a thousand dollars the hardest part of his financial battle was over, and that the accumulation of the rest was comparatively easy. Although the piling up of additional thousands is not quite so childish a task as Uncle Russell would have had you believe, there is no doubt that the first thousand, safely and securely planted where it will steadily earn more money, is a constant and cheerful incentive to more saving and further investment of the same kind.

Putting Your Money Beyond Reach

You hear men who believe firmly in the "losing-the-first-thousand theory" say that it is good but costly experience, and that the unfortunate investor, like the burnt child, will stay away from the fire of speculation. This is only partially true. Many men who have lost their first thousand in speculation—and that's the way it usually goes—likewise sacrifice their second thousand by the same process, because they want to break even; and they have the universal instinct that they will "win the next time, sure." They are caught in the dragnet of high yields; they forget that high yields mean high risks.

Therefore, the first thousand should not be put into any form of speculation, but into something that forms the unshakable basis of all future investment. How then should it be invested? Though the matter of locality, as you shall see later, sometimes enters into the answering of this important question, one very simple and general rule may be laid down at the outset, and it is this: never, under any circumstances, take any chances with it. This means that you should be willing to sacrifice appreciation of principal and even income to absolute safety. It should be placed where it is immune against panic and as safe as possible from all those fluctuations of trade that so shake the security markets.

The second rule is that it should have ample tangible security behind it. If it is a bond it should be secured by a first mortgage or a good mortgage on the property; if it is a mortgage on land, then the value of the land should be at least one-third more than the amount of money loaned; if it is improved property, then the improvements should be income-producing that is, bring in rents. Never employ that first thousand where it depends for its safety upon the good-will of a firm, on a patent that is likely to be duplicated or improved, or on the stock of an industry that is a luxury and may be dispensed with in hard times.

Another good rule to remember in casting about for employment of the first thousand is to put it where you cannot get at it. If the money is left in a bank it is always accessible. It is easy to say, "Why, I've got that much in bank"; and the first thing you know it is out of the bank. But, if the money happens to be tied up in a bond or a mortgage, some days must elapse before it can be converted into cash, and by that time the temptation or the impulse to use it may have passed away.

Since the most widely accessible medium for the investment of the first thousand dollars is a bond, let us see what the ideal kind is. One of the most important considerations is that it should be for a long term. The value of this precaution is quite obvious. If the money is put into a bond or a note that matures soon the investor must face anew the problem of reinvestment. The bond may come due during a great era of speculation and the owner of it would find it difficult to resist the fever. He therefore runs the risk of putting the money received from the bond into something highly undesirable. On the other hand, if his savings are bound up for some time he will turn to accumulating more savings to buy a second bond.

Bonds to be Desired

The most desirable bonds for first investment are, in the main, railroad or municipal bonds of the highest type. Since marketability should always form part of the consideration of any investment, the railroad bond has the advantage, and for the purpose of illustration a small group will be cited merely to show what should guide the investor at this most critical period in his financing. The bonds, with prices at the time this article is written, are as follows:

Atchison, Topeka & Sante Fe Transcontinental Short Line first 4s, due July, 1958. Interest is payable January and July. At the present price of 92½ the yield would be about 4⅜ per cent.

Chicago, Burlington & Quincy joint guaranteed gold 4s, due July, 1921. Interest dates are January and July. At the present price of 94¾ the yield would be about 4⅝ per cent.

Delaware & Hudson first and refunding 4s, due May, 1943. The interest is payable May and November. The price is 98, which would make a yield of about 4.10 per cent.

Southern Pacific first refunding guaranteed 4s, due January, 1955. The interest is payable January and July. At the present price of 93 the yield would be about 4½ per cent.

Baltimore & Ohio first 4s, due July, 1948. Interest dates are April and October. The price is 98, which would make the yield about 4.10 per cent.

Central Pacific first refunding guaranteed 4s, due August, 1949. Interest dates are February and August. At the present price of 96 the yield would be about 4.20 per cent.

Northern Pacific prior lien 4s, due January, 1997. Interest is paid quarterly, beginning January 1. The price is par, which would make a yield of 4 per cent.

Colorado & Southern first 4s, due 1929. Interest is payable February and August. The price is 94½, which would make the yield about 4.35 per cent.

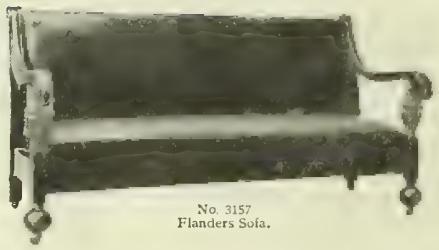
Lake Shore & Michigan Southern general 4s, due 1931. Interest dates are May and November. The price is 92½, which would make the yield about 4½ per cent.

Louisville & Nashville unified 4s, due 1940. The interest is payable January and July. The price is 97½, which would make the yield about 4⅛ per cent.

Reading general mortgage 4s, due 1997. Interest dates are January and July. The price is 97, which would return a yield of about 4.10 per cent.

New York Central debenture 4s, due 1934. Interest dates are May and November. The price of 92½ would make a yield of about 4½ per cent.

It will be observed that these bonds are all in standard railroads and are 4s. This means that they pay forty dollars interest a year, which is as high as the highest interest paid by banks in those states that have the most rigid safeguards around the deposits of the people's savings.



No. 3157
Flanders Sofa.

The Test of Furniture Value Is Years of Use

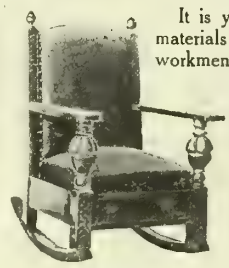
In furniture all sentiment and pride of possession are lost unless you surround yourself with articles of true worth.

Hence, when you buy a piece of Karpen Upholstered Furniture you have made a lifetime investment. It becomes more valuable with years of association. It is an index of your good taste in furnishing. It lasts for generations.

No. 4304
Old English
Arm Chair.

The House of Karpen has for years fixed the standard of furniture value. The name is the symbol of the utmost in furniture. Karpen designs insure ease and luxury. They embrace replicas of the best from the various decorative style periods and their modern modifications, as well as designs of our own creation. Yet the cost is no more than that of the ordinary unnamed, unknown kinds.

Every Piece Bears The Karpen Trade-Mark



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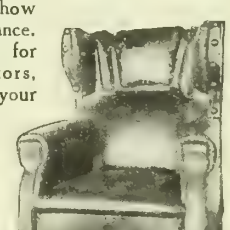
Flanders Rocker.

It is your guaranty of the best materials put together by master workmen. It means Karpen Genuine Leather, not leather imitations, nor spongy split leather. It means Karpen spring construction of best oil tempered springs, the kind specified by the United States Government. It means cushions filled with real hair.

Karpen Style Book I is Free to You

It gives you furniture facts that the public generally does not know. Tells you how Karpen Upholstered Furniture is made, so that it lasts for generations. 500 illustrations of Karpen pieces, all from actual photos, show you its style and elegance. Artistic interiors, drawn for us by leading decorators, suggest arrangements for your own home.



No. 3983
Karpen Modern
Arm Chair.

This style book shows Karpen Genuine Leather in actual colors—as well as the different woods and their finishes. Our book is a guide to safe furniture buying—makes you a furniture expert—protects you against impositions. Send for it today. With it we give you the name of a dealer authorized to make you a special discount. Do not buy upholstered furniture that does not bear our trade-mark.

S. Karpen & Bros.
Karpen Building, Chicago
Karpen Building, New York
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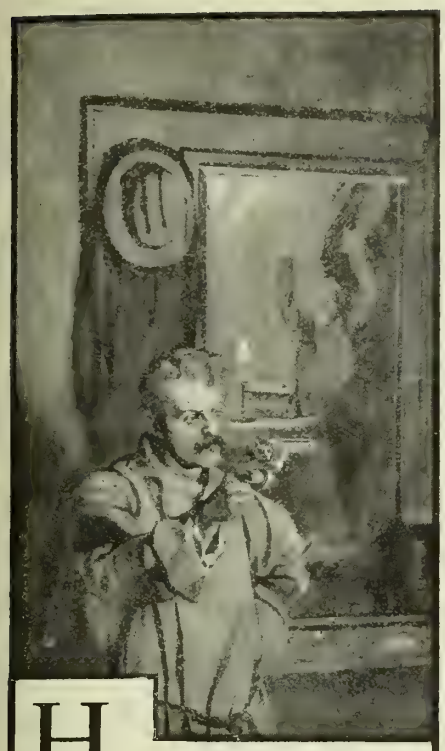
TRADE-MARK

1,829 Karpen pieces have been used in furnishing the United States Senate office building throughout. Karpen Furniture was specified in competition with manufacturers everywhere. (42)

No. 1449—Luxurious Karpen Bed.

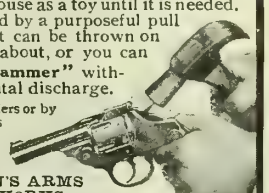


HAVE you tried your old revolver lately?—the springs may be dead—a flat spring weakens day by day and sooner or later, perhaps when life is threatened, fails to work. There is one revolver that will never fail. It has coil springs—springs of drawn tempered piano wire such as are used in U. S. army rifles. Their tension never weakens. No other revolver is so equipped. This famous

IVER-JOHNSON
SAFETY AUTOMATIC REVOLVER

is absolutely dependable for generations. It is the finest revolver in the world. And above all, it is *safe*.

Safe about the house as a toy until it is needed. It can only be fired by a purposeful pull on the trigger. It can be thrown on the floor, kicked about, or you can **"Hammer the Hammer"** without fear of accidental discharge.



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John Muir & Co.
SPECIALISTS IN
Odd Lots

If you consider stocks cheap, but are uncertain about speculative raids, you can buy now with indifference to temporary fluctuations and with confidence in your ability to hold for the brighter future. A credit plan—monthly payments—no margin calls.

Send for Circular A, "Odd Lot Investment"
Members New York Stock Exchange
71 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Hay Fever
and Asthma

Sufferers from these two afflictions can be greatly relieved by the use of a little device which we will send to any address to be tested 7 days before you decide to keep it.

This device filters the air. The dust, pollen and other foreign matter, which produce irritation that causes Hay Fever and the paroxysms of Asthma, are eliminated. Relief is immediate. The delicate membranes of the nasal cavities are rested and protected so that the affected parts have an opportunity to regain their normal powers of resistance. This device is not a cure, but it gives relief instantly. Thousands are in use. They are not annoying and cannot be seen when worn.

Send name and address so that we may let you have a 7 days' test of this little device.—The Nasal-filter Company, 430 Globe Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Many persons, especially men, like some effective combinations of stocks and bonds. This is achieved by purchasing a five-hundred-dollar bond and a few shares of standard stocks, bought for income purposes only.

A man, for example, can buy a $500 Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe general 4, due 1995, with interest payable April and October, for 98, which would mean $490; and also five shares of Pennsylvania stock. These shares have a par value of $50 and at 130 would cost $325. The total investment in this case would aggregate, with commissions, about $817, which would leave a cash margin of $183 as a nest-egg for the second thousand. The bond would pay $20 a year and the five shares of stock $15.

Another combination would be a $500 Baltimore & Ohio first 4, due July, 1948, with interest payments in April and October, which would cost 99, or $495, and five shares of Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe preferred at 98, which would be $490, or a total of $985. The bond would pay $20 a year, and the stock, at the present dividend rate, $25, or $45 for the combined investment.

Still another combination would be a $500 Central Pacific first and guaranteed 4, due 1949, at 96, or $480, and five shares of Baltimore & Ohio common, which would be about $525. The bond would pay $20 a year and the stock $30.

The great advantage of such a combination is that the stock is likely to increase in value and it may be sold at a profit.

The Mortgage on Land

But bonds and high-class standard stocks are not the only opportunities available for the man or woman who seeks safe employment for the first thousand. The real-estate mortgage is another medium, for it may be had in small pieces. No security is better than well-selected land; therefore the mortgage on it, when properly safeguarded, is a stable investment. The principal advantages of the real-estate mortgage are: it neither rises nor falls in value, and is therefore not speculative; it permits a revision of interest rate at stated periods—with a bond the rate is fixed; it is an investment that you can see with your own eyes.

It is not difficult for the dweller in the small town or in the country to get a small mortgage for his first thousand; but what is the city man or woman to do? Mortgages in large communities are for many thousands of dollars. The title companies have come to the rescue of the small investor by issuing mortgage certificates. They are certificates issued against a group of big mortgages. They pay four and a half per cent interest a year and run for ten years. They may not only be had in thousand-dollar pieces but also in denominations of two hundred dollars and five hundred dollars. If one of the mortgages comprising the group behind the certificates should mature and be paid off during the life of the certificate, another is put into its place. Thus the security remains intact. Many of these certificates are guaranteed both as to principal and interest, and the issuing company mails the interest checks to the investor. This same method has been employed in farm mortgages, and thus a highly desirable form of investment has been made available to people who live outside the farm centers.

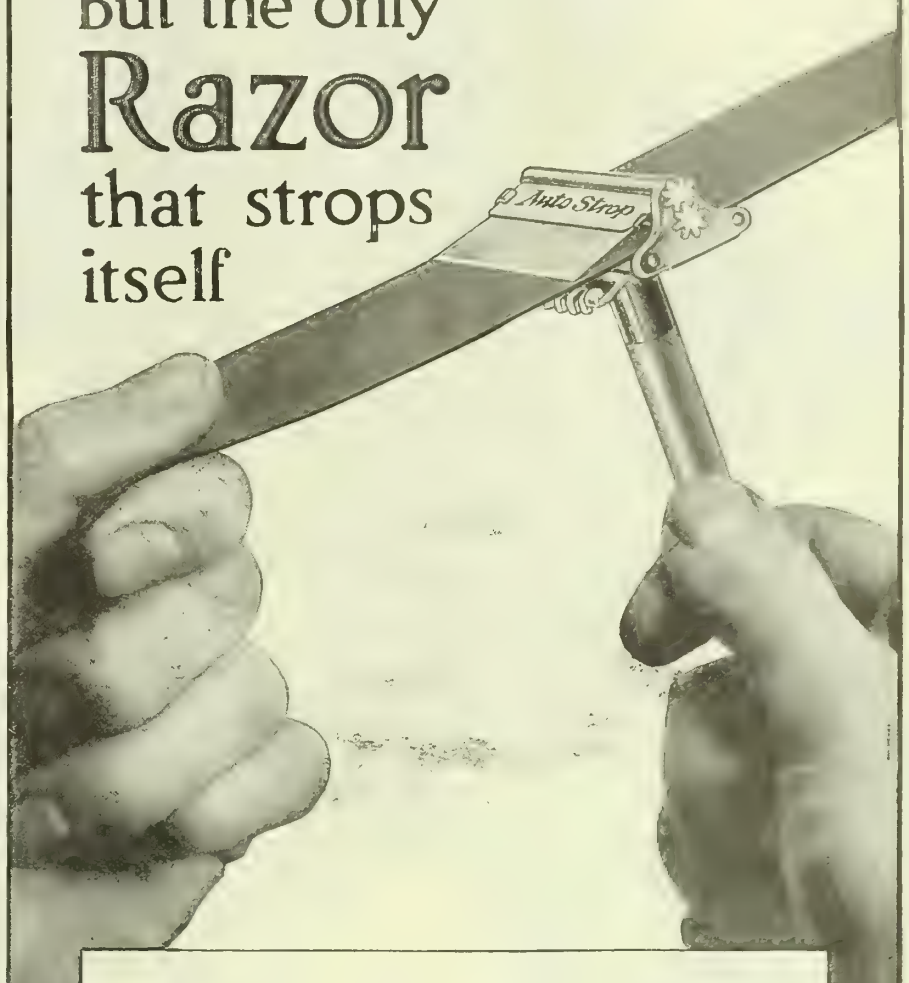
There is no safer employment of the first thousand than in a home. Of course you can't buy a house for this sum, but you can make a first payment on property with it and then, by executing a mortgage, have an incentive to keep on saving, and eventually own your place free from debt.

Many people, however, make the mistake of buying improved property as an investment with their first savings, quite forgetful of the fact that there is always the hazard of having no tenants, of fire and other kinds of loss. Besides the fixed charges, such as insurance and taxes, keep on.

One final word of caution remains to be said about the first thousand. It may be summed up in a single sentence: "Never lend it to a friend who has a 'sure thing.'" More money has been lost through a mistaken sense of sentiment than in almost any other way.

At this point the question comes, How is a man to get that first thousand? There is usually only one way, and that is to save. No amount is too small to begin with and it is never too late to start.

No! not a Stropping Machine
But the only
Razor
that strops itself



THOMAS EDISON says that eventually nothing will be done by hand, and men will be employed only to watch machines.

The time has already come when hand-stropping is destined to become obsolete, for the AutoStrop Safety Razor can automatically strop onto itself a shaving edge, and do it as handily, quickly and expertly as any head barber. You merely move the handle and it gives you the head barber's edge.

Nothing wonderful about it. It is simply the mechanical supplanting the hand as Edison predicts.

Do you see why the AutoStrop Safety Razor gets the head barber's edge?

The AutoStrop Safety Razor strops itself *automatically*. No other razor does this. And you don't have to remove blade to strop or clean.

Consists of one self-stropping razor, heavily silver plated, 12 fine blades and horsehide strop in handsome leather case. Price $5, which is your total shaving expense for years, as one blade often lasts six months to a year.

A TRIAL OFFER (Dealers Please Note)

Your dealer will gladly sell you an AutoStrop Safety on 30 days' free trial, for if you take it back we exchange it or refund him his cost.

Will you keep on your doubt and daily shaving torment, or will you get an AutoStrop Safety Razor on trial today?

"THE SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS"

By not sending for "The Slaughter of the Innocents" Booklet, you can probably succeed in keeping your shaving just as bad as it is. Free. And by not sending for it now you can probably succeed in forgetting to send for it.

AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., 327 Fifth Ave., New York;
233 Coristine Bldg., Montreal; 61 New Oxford Street, London

AutoStrop SAFETY RAZOR

STROPS, SHAVES, CLEANS, WITHOUT DETACHING BLADE

The "Squ
In A

FOR nineteen weeks we have end
Corner" in THE SATURDAY EVEN
of America certain principles in me
importance not only to them, but t

The power of THE POST as an influ
better proved than in the nation-wide

The trade, both wholesale and retail, is comin
merchandising is good service to the public.
on the public must go—that imitations are in
well as inequality among distributors—and th

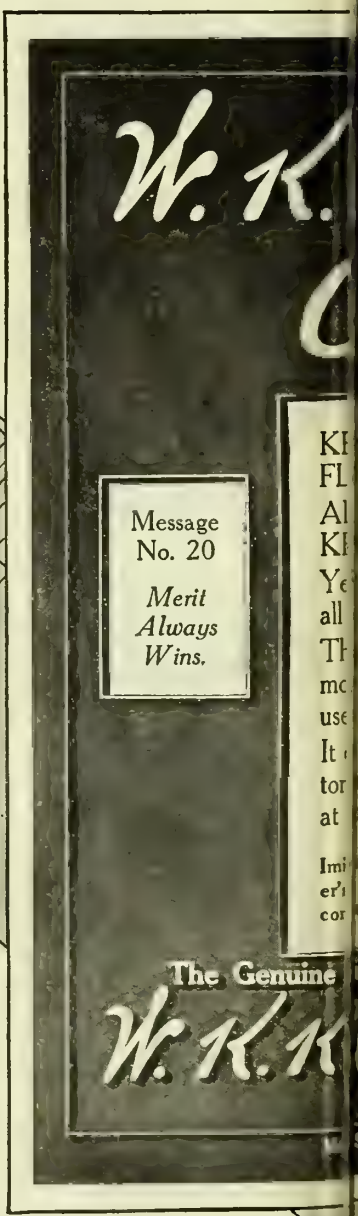
No Square Deal Policy

Some time ago I assisted in adjusting a fire loss for a grocer. Among the stuff set aside for adjustment of loss sustained was a lot of breakfast food supposed to be damaged by smoke. I opened several packages and found them not damaged by smoke—but decidedly stale, and refused to make any allowance whatever on these. We also found a lot of packages containing a biscuit—popular and well known. Upon examination I found these decidedly rancid and unfit for food. I learned later that all these goods had been bought in large quantities in order to get the price, and as is often the case the quantity could not be disposed of while fresh and salable. Age does not improve anything edible. There is a limit even to aging Limburger and Roquefort cheese—where loud smell gives some class in the nostril of the epicure, but I have yet to find the first cereal or package foods, or foods sold in any form, that improve by age, and the sooner manufacturers of food-stuffs change their system of quantity price and follow the "Square Deal" policy of a Battle Creek cereal the better for themselves, the reputation of their product, and the better for the grocer. I just want to add here that among the Cereals put out as damaged by smoke, none of which had the least trace of smoke, were "Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes," three other advertised brands,* and others, not one of them crisp and fresh but Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes. Why? Kellogg's was the only Cereal there not bought in quantity. Single case purchases kept it on the shelf fresh, crisp, wholesome and appetizing. From every standpoint, considering quality, capital or warehouse room, the square deal policy is the best and only policy for the Grocer.

**Names given on application to Kellogg Toasted Corn Flake Co.*

This clipping is from the July issue of "Up To Date," a magazine devoted to the interest of the Retail Merchant.

While it is from the pen of J. W. Rittenhouse, Pennsylvania State Organizer of Retail Grocers, it carries a more important message to the public than it does to the grocer.



re Deal"
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l through the "W. K. Kellogg's
ST to present to the retail grocers
sing which we consider of vital
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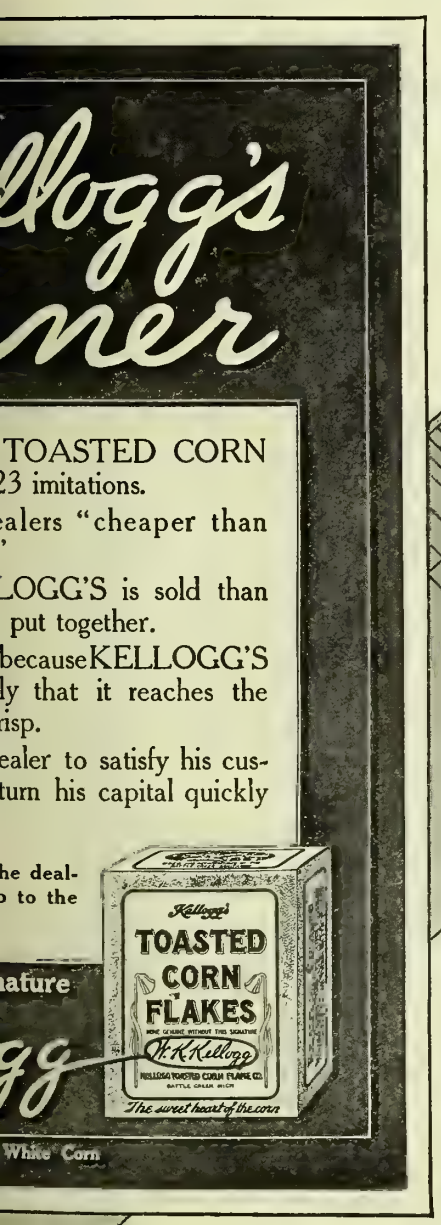
higher ethics in merchandising was never
ion these Kellogg Corners have awakened.

ization that in the final analysis the last word in good
that free deals and other schemes to foist cheap goods
that quantity prices mean stale goods for the public as
-price system on food products is the only fair system.



A Special Word to Grocers

The article by Mr. Rittenhouse in the lower left hand corner of this page shows in action the "Square Deal" founded on the principles explained in the "Kellogg Corners." These principles are worthy of careful consideration—and, we believe, adoption by every grocer in America. In order that they may receive the study they deserve, we have issued the Kellogg Corners in booklet form and will be glad to send a copy free. The booklet also contains a more extended exploitation of ideas on correct merchandising which it was impossible to present in the restricted space of the "Corner." We have had many expressions from grocers all over the country on the value of these messages. If you have not already written us, we will be very glad to hear from you.

To
Kellogg
Toasted
Corn Flake
Co.
Battle Creek, Mich.

Please send me a copy of "The Square Deal" containing the Kellogg Corners without cost to me.

Name

Address

Town State

Sense and Nonsense

The New Swinging A Foreman

WHEN Dad Mullen, for twelve years foreman of the Swinging A Ranch, at Engle, New Mexico, decided to take a vacation and look over New York, the California office of the big cattle company that owned the Swinging A sent out a young highbrow, with the euphoniously perfect name of F. Harrington Whittmore, to take charge during Dad's absence.

F. Harrington Whittmore had read the reports that Dad occasionally sent in to the California office, and judging from the language in which these same reports were couched he had come to the conclusion the old foreman was hopelessly out of date. Running a ranch of nearly half a million acres is not child's play, however, and young Whittmore was a child, or very close to one. He was only twenty-seven, and that is deplorably young if we are to consider the fact that many of the cowmen in and about Engle had spent more years in the cattle business than he was old.

As has already been stated, young Whittmore was of the opinion that Dad Mullen and his methods were past their period of usefulness, and when he drove out over the ranch and discovered that all the gates were fastened with horseshoes and baling-wire he was absolutely sure that his opinion was correct. So, when Hobo drove up to Peraje Well a few days later with the company supply wagon, he carried among other things a note to old Dan Kelly.

SWINGING A CATTLE COMPANY,
ENGLE, NEW MEXICO,

June 6, 1909.

Mr. DANIEL KELLY,
Peraje Well.

Dear Sir: The driver of the supply wagon will deliver to you an up-to-date fastener which is to be put on your corral gate. The antediluvian horseshoe, with its hay baling-wire, must be removed at once.

Yours truly,
F. HARRINGTON WHITTMORE,
Foreman.

Dan Kelly finished his perusal of this astonishing document, and his comment was both laconic and forcible. "Hell!" he said. "Ain't that a name?"

Later, unpacking the new fastener long after Hobo had gone, he found that it required a screwdriver to put it up; so he rode over to Peraje the next day and sent a letter to the foreman from the little Mexican town, which had but one mail a week.

F. HARRINGTON WHITTMORE.

Dear Sir: Your letter received. How can I be after puttin' up that thar fastener without a screwdriver? Thankin' you in advance, I am Yures respectfully,
DAN KELLY.

In ten days Dan found a screwdriver in the mail and he hastened back to the Well to put up the new fastener. He hunted around a while and finally sat down laboriously to write another letter to the foreman.

F. HARRINGTON WHITTMORE.

Dear Sir: I am tickled to death with me ine new screwdriver, but sure and I have bin so dam rushed lately I have lost the blessed screws. Now, fer me complaints No. 1, you sint me thim dam eight-day matches that no self-respectin' man can stay in the same house with after they're it. Nixt you sint me some tomaties in cans, with a orange picter on the outside of the can. I am a loyal Irishman and I don't want nothin' like that at all. Sure and I have bin havin' Colton tomaties fer nineteen years, and that's the kind I do be wantin'. Sind me some at wance. Tomaties is red. Why do they be havin' a orange picter on the can? 'Tis an intinsional insult. Take 'em away, and don't be fergittin' thim screws aither.

Yures respectfully,
DAN KELLY.

SWINGING A CATTLE COMPANY,
ENGLE, NEW MEXICO,

June 24, 1909.

Mr. DANIEL KELLY,
Peraje, New Mexico.

Dear Sir: Your impertinent letter is at hand. The new administration does not propose to be dictated to by its employees. Both the matches and the tomatoes which were sent you are a better grade than those which the company has been furnishing heretofore. The screws have been sent you under separate cover. You will put on the fastener and avoid further comments as to your provisions in the future, or you will be discharged.

Yours truly,
F. HARRINGTON WHITTMORE,
Foreman.

F. HARRINGTON WHITTMORE.

Dear Sir: Yure sassy letter is at hand. You can't buffalo me at all wuth yure impertinint ways, and I would not be after writin' you agin, only by the divil's own luck—bad cess to 'im!—I have mislaid me screwdriver. Sind me another wan at wance. The balin'-wire on the Missouri gate-fastener is almost wore out, and I don't want to go to the labor of changin' up before me new fastener is put on; so plase hurry up with that screwdriver. Concernin' thim tomaties, I positively rayfuse to ate thim; and anuther thing, me lad: don't be talkin' foolish about dischargin' me. You can't do ut; I rayfuse to resign. Thankin' you in advance, I still remain Yures respectfully,
DAN KELLY.

BILL FIELDS.

Dear Sir: Fer why did you sind sich a sassy y'ung man here to run this ranch? Take him back, plase, to California, and sind fer Dad agin. Sure, Bill, and this lad has already bin threatenin' to discharge me, and me with the company fer nineteen years! I laid down the law to you manny years ago, when I was yure wagon-boss on the old H, and I can lick you now; so pay attention to what I say. Anuther thing, I won't be after atin' the dam chuck he sinds me, fer it ain't fit fer an honest man. What fer does this here new manager want to be dischargin' me fer? I ain't done nothin'. He sinds me a fastener fer me gate, but no screwdriver, and sure, be the time he sinds me a screwdriver, begorry the dom screws is lost, niver to be recovered. He sinds me some more screws, and I find I have bin after mislayin' the screwdriver. Is the company so poor it can't buy anuther screwdriver? I lost a horse and wagon fer Dad Mullen wance and he niver hollered, and it took 'im six weeks to git 'em back agin. There ain't no call to git excited over a screwdriver, and it don't excite me none; but he is y'ung and aisily scared. Give me love to the kiddies. I am after sendin' one of the boys a cute little horny toad I caught the other day, and may the Lord watch over 'im till he gits to California. Thankin' you in advance, I am Yures respectfully,
DAN KELLY.

WESTERN LAND AND CATTLE COMPANY,
HIGHLAND, CALIFORNIA.
Capital $40,000,000.

July 3, 1909.

DAN KELLY,
Peraje, New Mexico.

Dear Dan: Your favor of the twenty-fifth inst. is at hand. You need not worry about your position with the company; it is for life. Dad Mullen will be back in a few days to take charge again. The boy is very much pleased with the horned toad, which arrived in good condition, and he will probably write you soon himself.

Yours sincerely,
WILLIAM H. FIELDS.

The next day Dad Mullen drove up to Peraje Well and climbed out of his buggy.

"Hello, Dan! Have a cigar. How's everything?"

"Rotten. The sand is all over me ingine; I have got to have wan of these here canvas covers."

"Put on some grain-sacks. Anything else?"

"Yis; the fastener on me gate is broke beyond repair, and it won't stay shut."

"Get a horseshoe and some baling-wire. Have another cigar. See you next month. So-long."

Dan Kelly looked after Dad with a happy smile on his wrinkled old face.

"Sure and he's an ould divil; he's a foine man!"

The Secret of Success in Home Pickling

Fruits and vegetables contain a large proportion of water. To preserve them requires a vinegar of sufficient strength to neutralize the water and prevent decay.

It is advisable to buy the best vinegar you can for pickling or preserving. If an inferior vinegar fails to keep the fruit or vegetables, you lose not only its cost but their value and your labor.

The flavor and quality which have made Heinz Pickles successful for 40 years have been due largely to the making of good vinegars in which to preserve them.

HEINZ White Pickling Vinegar

is an absolutely pure and healthful white vinegar, which we recommend for all pickling purposes. It has ample strength and a fine delicate flavor and aroma, which it imparts to fruits and vegetables preserved in it.

It is also desirable for table use and especially for mayonnaise dressing.

All vinegars improve with age. Heinz storage capacity of millions of gallons makes possible the ageing of Heinz Vinegars for a year or more until they are fully matured, smooth and mellow. The

57 Varieties

also include

Heinz Pure Malt Vinegar

made from selected barley malt. Finest of all vinegars for table use.

Heinz Pure Apple Cider Vinegar

possessing the highest degree of cider vinegar quality.

All are sold in sealed glass bottles, sealed half-gallon jugs, and by measure from barrels—but, when buying in this way, be certain you are getting the Heinz brand.

Heinz Tarragon Vinegar and Heinz Spiced Salad Vinegar

are sold only in glass bottles.

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Distributing Branches and Agencies Throughout the World.

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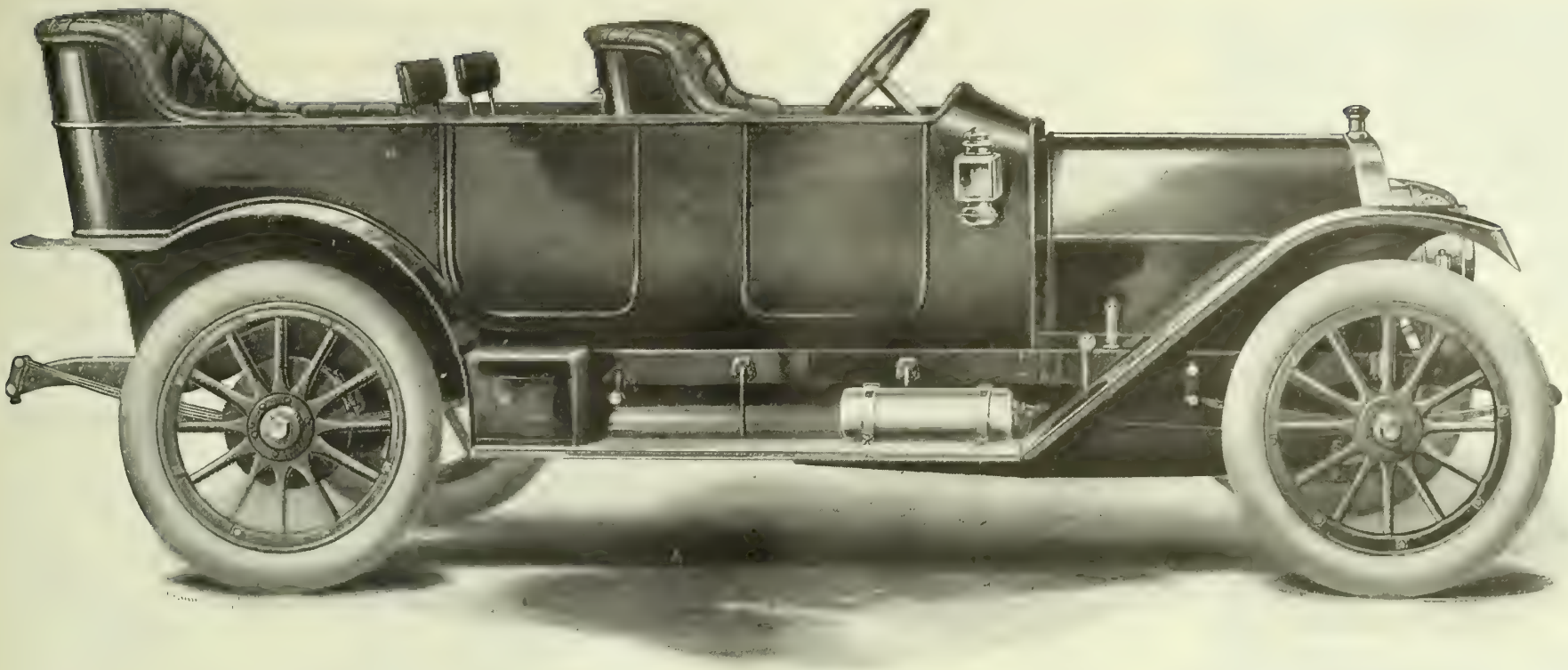

Model F Special—Seven Passenger Touring Car, fore doors—$2900

Speedwell

1911 has in store for you no motor car more interesting than this. It is stamped with the characteristics that distinguish the *super*-car from the moderately good. It is a fine and a finished product. It will disappoint you in no single particular. A dignified and a beautiful car which realizes every expectation aroused by its distinguished appearance.

SPEEDWELL MODELS FOR 1911

Model H—2-passenger Roadster . . .	$2500	Model D Special—5-passenger Touring Car, Fore Doors	$2750
Model C—4-passenger Toy Tonneau .	2625		
Model D—5-passenger Touring Car . .	2650	Model F—7-passenger Touring Car . .	2800
Model K—5-passenger Close Coupled .	2650	Model F Special—7-passenger Touring Car, Fore Doors	2900
Model G—4-passenger Torpedo . . .	2700		
Model H Special—4-passenger Roadster	2700	Model E—7-passenger Limousine . . .	3850

All 4-Cylinder, 50 H. P.

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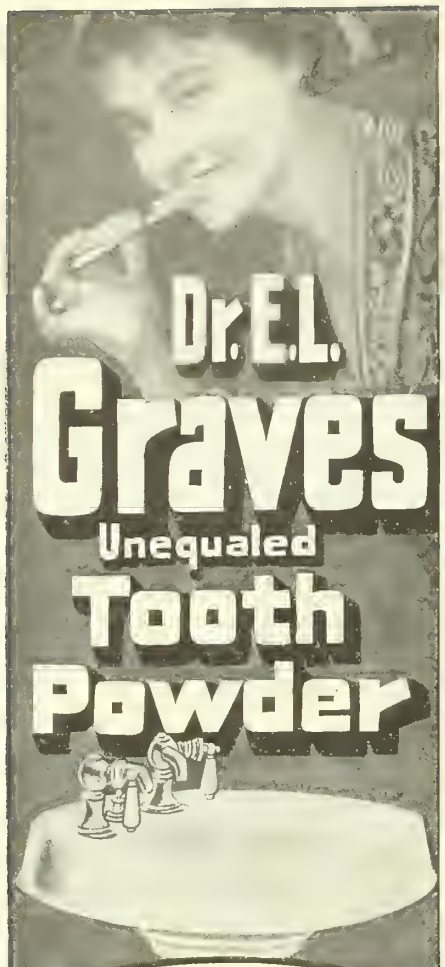
Licensed Under Selden Patent



Well cared for teeth add to your attractiveness—brush them carefully every morning and evening with this famous dentifrice—it is delightful to use—its antiseptic, cleansing power penetrates every crevice, cleansing and beautifying the teeth, preventing tartar, giving a wholesome, fragrant breath.

In it there is neither acid, soap, potash, charcoal, cuttle-bone, pumice stone, nor any other hard or injurious ingredients to scratch; or wear the enamel of the teeth; or irritate and disease the gums.

25c—All Druggists—50c

THE LINE OF LEAST RESISTANCE

(Continued from Page 5)

"Me? Oh, no!" said Don, horrified at this idea. "Not for worlds. Whatever put such a thought in your mind, Hiram?"

"Sure?"

"Sure. Cross my heart and hope to die!"

So Hiram pulled him up.

III

THE well was covered, the sprucing-up accomplished, the bed rolled and tied, the outfit piled upon the boulder in a canvas-topped pyramid and weighted down with small rocks; and the two friends, arrayed in the best their war sacks afforded, paced soberly on their way, with Doubting Thomas in tow. They threaded the low, winding hills and ridges, and came to the broad level on the plain by the dead crater of Nine Mile. Caballo Mountain, which had bulked large and dominant in the narrowed horizon of the foothills, was now a detail in the mighty expanse of desert crossed and rimmed by crowding ranges, some wave-edged, some keen-angled, knife-sharp. White Dundee gleamed to the northeast, tiny sails on a gray sea.

They were not to reach Dundee so soon. A bunch of antelope tempted them westward. They loosed the led horse and left him to his own devices, knowing that he would go to town for water, and made a wide détour to try for a shot under cover of a friendly ridge. This, too, was not to be. On their way they spied a far-off bunch of wild cattle making for broken country, gave chase, and so, far to riverward, plucked therefrom a ripe maverick.

While the iron was heating they proceeded to the selection of a brand—as yet they had adopted neither brand nor cattle. F A T was discussed and rejected. "Every time anybody tells a man to kill a fat beef he'll go and get one of ours, just for a joke," said Hiram. "It's too temptin'. K Y would be the very thing, if that Aleman outfit didn't already give it. Why not try I O U?"

"And sometimes W and Y?" suggested Don; further pointing out that this could be too readily modified to read 700 or T O M. They finally decided to inclose it in a box—I O U

This was an auspicious beginning, but Hiram was not satisfied. "We're down pretty well toward the ferry," said he as his newly labeled property plunged madly away. "Le's go over through the breaks to McRae Creek and see if we can't get us another one. We got a home now, all right, but it don't seem hardly proper to call one measly brockle-faced heifer a herd."

"Just as you say," assented Kennedy. "I'm thirsty anyway, and McRae's the nearest water. D'you suppose we'll ever learn to carry our canteens? We ought to, following the line of least resistance the way we do. The place we start for has precious little to do with where we land at night. You keep down this ridge, Marse Hi, and I'll bear to the left and go down the draw. That way we'll get 'em going and coming."

"These long-horns ain't so snaky as them in Lower Mescal," observed Hiram.

"The Mescal cattle are pretty wild, all right," agreed Don, doing up his rope. "But I've figured out an easy way to get 'em. Just wait till they go to water and catch 'em backing out! Well, so long!"

He trotted away. Hiram rode slowly down the backbone, humming a gay and lilting saddle song:

Over the hills and down to the water,
Some old man's goin' to lose his daughter!

But he did not "jump" any stock. Cattle were scarce on the Jornada side of the rim. There were only three outfits of less than a thousand head each—the K I M, the K Y, and Touissant's H B T. The "wild bunch" was mainly composed of spirited strays from the west side.

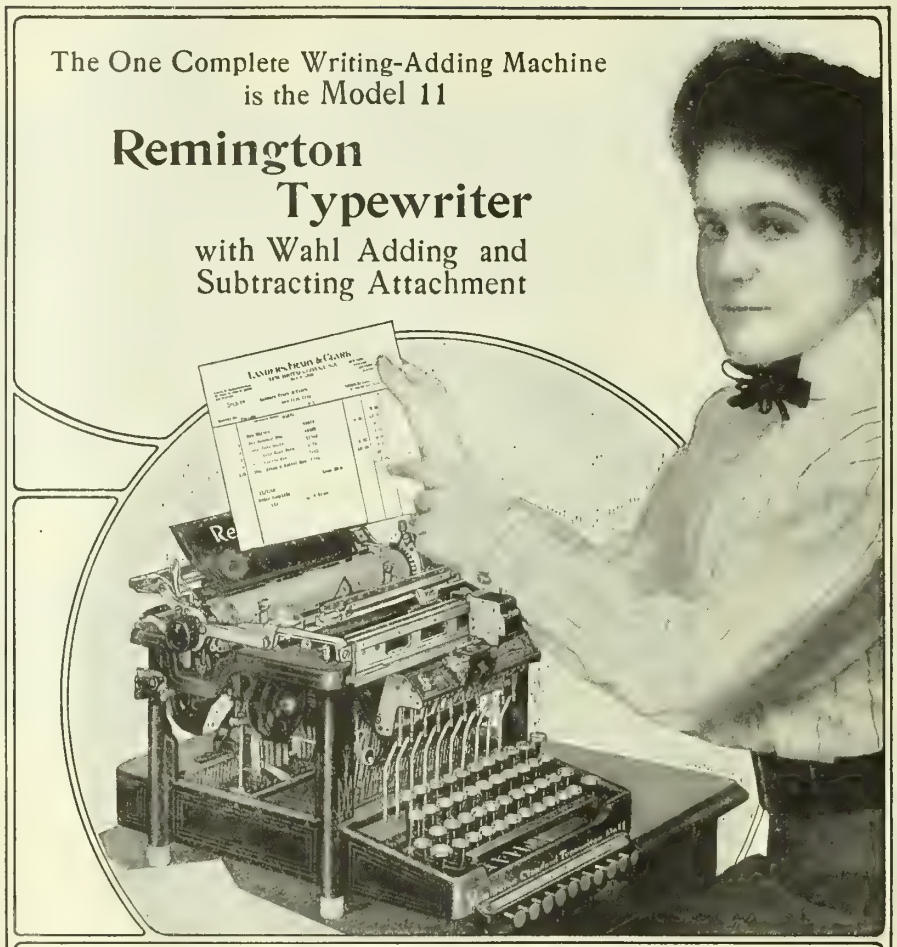
From a bend in the deep cañon to his left a saddled horse burst suddenly and vanished round the next curve. As he passed at top speed Hiram had barely time to note that it was a side-saddle. He dug Blackie with the spurs. "That horse'll be winded at the rate he's going and Don'll drop the twine on him," he thought. "Me to see who's hurt."

Sure-footed Blackie fell away down the steep slope in a cloud of dust. Striking the

The One Complete Writing-Adding Machine is the Model 11

Remington Typewriter

with Wahl Adding and Subtracting Attachment



It writes the headings; it writes the items; it writes the amounts; it adds the amounts; it makes subtractions from the amounts; it gives the totals; it writes the totals; it proves the totals; it writes as many copies as you want; *it does everything.*

REMINGTON TYPEWRITER COMPANY
(INCORPORATED)
NEW YORK AND EVERYWHERE

We Can Save Money for the User of Small Machinery

In thousands of business houses the world over, where machinery requiring up to 15 h. p. is in use, the Robbins & Myers way is saving many dollars a year in cost of production. For with a motor drive there is none of the waste of power sure to follow the use of shafting and belting. And a motor, unlike practically every other means of developing power, consumes energy only when *actually at work.*

A few of the general lines in which Robbins & Myers Standard Motors are used:

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Robbins & Myers "STANDARD" Motors

represent years of specialization in the small-motor field, and in operative economy and all-'round satisfaction they stand unrivalled. They are rated from 1-30 to 15 h. p., direct current only.

If you are using small machinery and have power connection, we can prove to you conclusively that Robbins & Myers Standard Motors will mean a lessening of operating cost and a greater efficiency that will represent a big yearly saving.

We ask an opportunity to demonstrate this, without cost to you and without obligation on your part.

Simply write us and tell us what work you have to do. Our consulting engineers will analyze your problem and tell you, also, full details of the type and power of motor you require to do your work most economically. But you are in no way obligated. We rest our case on your own judgment of the showing we make.

We also issue a number of booklets and bulletins covering every phase of motor application, all of which are at your service. Write today.

The Robbins & Myers Co. 1305 Lagonda Ave. Springfield, Ohio

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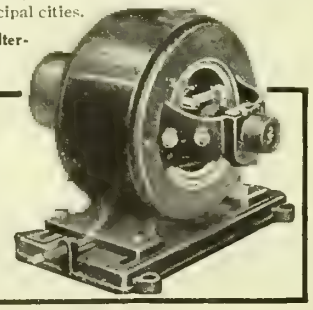


Keep in Tune

A piano "jangles" when the strings are "run down."

The body "jangles" when the nerves are out of tune.

The delicate nerve fibres of the body may be compared to the strings of a musical instrument only they are a thousand times more wonderful and delicate.

Irritability, sleeplessness and other signs of "unstrung nerves" are frequently due to improper food and drink—lack of healthful nerve nourishment.

A cup of well-made

POSTUM

will help powerfully to put the nerves in natural tune again.

A ten days' trial tells. Postum contains the pure vitalizing elements of the field grains without drugs of any kind. Its pleasant nourishment is quickly assimilated and the rebuilding processes of health show distinct gain.

Postum must be well boiled according to directions upon pkg.—15 minutes at least.

This develops its rich snappy flavour, full food value, and when served with good cream, it at once wins favor.

"There's a Reason"

—

POSTUM CEREAL CO., LTD.,
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

trail of the runaway in the broad valley of McRae Creek, Hiram followed the back track at a gallop; the shod feet had gashed deeply in the loose, sandy soil.

He was speeding by, intent on the "sign," when a voice reached him, soft, melodious and startlingly near. It said in a mocking drawl:

"Do you happen to be looking for me?"

Close above him on the steep hillside sat a culpably well-favored young woman in a black riding-habit, leaning at ease and smiling at her rescuer in frank amusement. Blackie scrambled up the hill; Hiram swung down, hat in hand.

"You're not hurt, Miss Mallory?"

"Not a bit," said the young woman with the utmost composure. "Did you see my horse? I got down to gather these"—indicating a small heap of agate pebbles—"and very stupidly forgot to drop the reins. So he ran away. Then I came up here to watch him, saw you coming and waited for you. And, if you please, how do you know that I am Miss Mallory?"

"Yes, I saw your horse drifting up the cañon," said Hiram. "But he seemed to be goin' somewhere and I was afraid whoever you were was in trouble, so I came along."

"I should say you did!" said the girl admiringly. "How can you ride that way? Aren't you afraid you'll break your neck, or ruin your horse at the least? General Putnam's famous ride was nothing to that. But you didn't tell me how you knew my name?"

"Shucks!" said Hiram disdainfully. "That ain't nothin'! You ought to see the boys after a wild bunch in the brush. Ride? Why, the steeper it is the faster they go! They'd lose old Isr'l so quick he couldn't follow their dust. Hurt? Naw! Men nor horses either. We're used to it. That's our game. Isn't there any one with you?"

At the disapproval of his tone the young lady tossed her head with spirit. "Oh, you men think we mustn't go anywhere alone! But I didn't really mean to come so far. First I went to the lake and then to see the prairie-dog town."

"Lots o' them agates there," said Hiram, shrewdly designing to divert his questioner from a certain yet unanswered query. At this the girl contracted her brows to a slight frown, which might have been displeasure, but was really an intent effort to recall that same sidetracked query. Hiram thought this frown fascinating. She had frank, steady eyes, warm and big and brown, a piquant nose, a mouth humorous, expressive and capable, rather large than otherwise, but eminently provocative and alluring.

She wrinkled her nose resentfully. Evidently she did not approve of masculine dictation. "Thank you, I saw them. And then I rode up the pipe-line to the reservoir on top of the hill. Then I thought I would go back a different way and see some new country. Why shouldn't I?"

Hiram almost cast a significant look to that quarter whence he came, checked himself, and turned his gaze admiringly to the blue zenith, resolutely compressing his lips in most provoking fashion.

"Don't say it!" warned Miss Mallory; then inconsistently abandoned this position and took to the defense. "Anyway, all I had to do was to walk over to the pumphouse and wait for the stage. But you haven't answered my question. How do you know what my name is?"

"I guess your people would be pretty uneasy before the stage came. But I can easy see how you came to drift so far," said Hiram tolerantly. "It's natural. As Don, my pardner, is always saying, you follow the line of least resistance. We—I did the same thing. I'm supposed to be in Dundee town right this very now—yes, and long before now. But then, I'm a man."

But Miss Mallory was not to be taunted into retort. "Will you kindly tell me how you know my name?" she said in ominously slow and measured tones.

There was no evading this. "I saw you when you went to Hot Springs with Kim Ki Rogers. So I asked him."

"When I went to Hot Springs? Why-y!" Miss Mallory's admirable composure was not proof against this implied candor. Swift, dainty rose-color fluttered on her rounded cheek. "But, dear me, there were ten of us!"

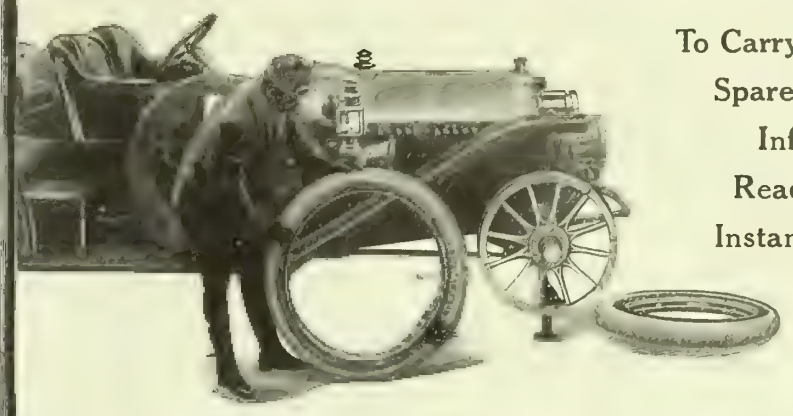
"I didn't see the others," Hiram explained. It was outrageous. But she forgave him. To forgive is admirable. It is rather a feminine quality. A ruddier and stronger tide swept to her brow. Then

The Equipment of America's Best Cars

The following automobile manufacturers *permit us to announce* that they are using

"Firestone"

Quick-Detachable Demountable Rims



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The Acme Motor Car Co.
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—and most of the other progressive manufacturers, realizing the great advantages of this equipment, are large users of the up-to-date Firestone rims.

You need not wait for your new car, before enjoying the advantages of Firestone Quick-Detachable Demountable Rims. You can have them equipped to your present car **right now** as we explain a little further on.

WHY *YOU* SHOULD HAVE THEM

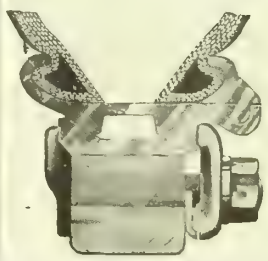
They equip you to make quick tire-changes right on the spot, without loss of time, hard work or even pumping-up. You merely substitute an already inflated tire for the injured one, rim and all, and resume your trip.

The number of tire-changes you can make per trip is not restricted to the number of spare inflated tires you carry. Additional changes can be made without removing rim from wheel, using only the quick-detachable rims in the regular way, without reference to the demountable feature.

There are no lugs or staybolts of any kind to bother with in the up-to-date Firestone Rims. It's easy to substitute an inflated tire on the road, and easy to change and repair the damaged tire on the spare rim when you get back.

No matter where you live, you can have the Firestone Quick-Detachable Demountable Rims put on your present car **right now.** They cost from $65 to $90 per complete set applied to your car, according to size of tire used. You will save this amount in tire bills alone in a very short time, as they remove all temptation to run your injured tires for even a short distance and so ruin them.

Think of the saving in tire delay, tire work and tire expense. Send the attached coupon and we will give you full information and name of your nearest demonstrating dealer.



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Akron, Ohio and all principal cities.

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Send me full information and the name of nearest dealer demonstrating your Demountable Rim.
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the brown eyes crinkled to warm mirth; dimpling adorably, she broke forth into frank, full-throated laughter. "That was very nice of you," she declared, dabbing at her brimming eyes with a dainty kerchief.

"Well, you wanted to know," said Hiram, unabashed, "and I told you. Now, hadn't we better be going? Blackie's plumb gentle, and I'll rig you up a stirrup with my gun strap."

Miss Mallory regarded him curiously and seemed about to give way to a fresh outburst of mirth. "But what a shame for you to walk so far!" she said hesitatingly. "And what will become of my horse?"

"Oh, we'll get him on the fall roundup," said Hiram lightly. Whereat they both laughed.

"I don't see how you can walk at all in those absurd high-heeled boots," she said in deeply sympathetic tones. "You'll turn your ankles. I don't understand why you wear them."

"Yes, that's always the way," grumbled the pedestrian. "Folks seem to think we wear boots for looks. We got to have 'em. When we rope horse afoot we dig the heels in the ground, else we couldn't hold 'em. And when we ride wild horses—look at this stirrup!" He held the stirrup up for examination. "If it wasn't for the 'silly heels' our feet'd go through the stirrups and we'd be wasted. If we made the stirrups smaller we'd never get our feet in 'em at all with a horse whirlin' and plungin' and buckin' seven ways for Sunday while we was tryin' to get on. And if they was smaller our feet'd hang every time a horse fell with us, wild or gentle, and we'd be mashed or dragged to death regular once every day. No, sir-ee! Can't run cattle at all without high heels."

"That reminds me," said Miss Mallory with a dazzling smile, "that I know your name, too. You're Mr. Yoast—Mr. Hiram Yoast. I saw you riding a wild horse across the track the other day. So I asked who you were. I didn't see the man with you!"

"Huh! Wild horse! That horse wasn't wild. Just skittish. That was my pardner, Don Kennedy. Talk about ridin'! You ought to just see him ride! I tell you, there's one man that's strictly on the job any place you put him. When he don't get what he goes after there's no use sendin' any one else! He's got brains, too, Don has—and schoolin'."

"Dear me!" quoth Miss Mallory. "Is—is he in town now?"

"No-o. But he'll be in soon."

"When did you see him last?"

Hiram recurred to his evasive tactics. "You ain't at all like what I expected you would be," he said, looking up in open admiration. "I don't understand it. First, your wanting to go back the other way. And you're as friendly—why, you're just like folks! Boston people are supposed to be sorter stand-offish. Like they was—well, someway ——"

"Made of finer clay?" suggested Miss Mallory. "Oh, they are! Decidedly! But then, you see, I'm from Omaha. Omaha girls are not made of clay at all, but 'sugar and spice and everything nice.'"

"But Kim Ki said ——"

"Guardy—my guardian is a New Yorker. But that's not quite Boston. But we're forgetting. When did you see your Mr. Kennedy last?"

"Well, you see," said the wretched Hiram in a last desperate attempt to change the subject, "we were out in the hills so long we lost track of the day of the month. Someway we got from two to four days apart in our reckoning. So when I thought it was the tenth or twelfth Don was sure it was the thirteenth or fourteenth."

"And yet you didn't strike me as being at all a backward young man," mused Miss Mallory. "You ought to cut notches in a stick, like Robinson Crusoe."

"I will!" said Hiram promptly. "Beginning from today!" At this impertinence Miss Mallory frowned again. It was time to let this resourceful young man know that he could not have matters all his own way. Casting about for an advantageous attack, she noted her companion's agonized limp.

"Your poor feet must pain you dreadfully. I declare, it's too bad," she purred deceitfully.

Hiram heroically ceased to limp. "Oh, that's all right," he declared stoutly, rejoiced to have diverted this direct and persevering young person from further chronological research. "We'll soon be up to the head of the draw where we can see town, and, as English says, then-we-shan't-be-long."

"There! That's one of the things I wanted to ask you!" said the girl in the jubilant tones of one who recalls a fugitive topic of interest. "How am I to know the difference between an arroyo, a cañon, a ravine, a draw and a creek bed?"

"Why—let's see. A creek bed is gravelly, and there may or may not be gravel in any of the others. Then a cañon is a big arroyo, an arroyo's a small cañon, a ravine—I'm not sure, but I think a ravine is a gulch, and a gulch is a steep-sided ravine, and a draw is not so steep—gentle slopes, more like a valley. The head of a cañon is generally a draw till it begins to get rough. But really, we use the words higgledy-piggledy."

"Thank you. I see!" said the girl thoughtfully. "And a divide? Why, of course, it's the higher land dividing any two watercourses, whatever they are called. Mr. Yoast, don't you think we ought to go to the divide between this—draw"—she hesitated, with a questioning look aslant, to see if she had used the right word. Hiram nodded encouragingly—"between this draw and the next one south, and wave your friend to come on with my horse?"

At this swift and unexpected onslaught the disconcerted Mr. Yoast sat down abruptly on a forked soapweed and looked at her in wide-eyed reproach. With sighing caution he took his ankle in his hand and solicitously worked it to and fro, bending his head to listen intently. "Suffering humanity! hear it creak!" he murmured, and gently put it down. "I'll have to send 'em to a cheer-up-odist."

"I'm sure your feet have been punished enough," said Miss Mallory sympathetically. "After all, it wasn't their fault. If it was your deceitful tongue that was being blistered, now——" She set her red lips to a straight, stern line, but there was a traitorous quiver at the corners.

Hiram raised his downcast eyes. "I didn't deceive you ——" he began.

"Indeed you did not!" said Miss Mallory, dimpling. "But you tried to! I saw him when he dodged back behind the hill. He must be a very discreet person."

"I mean, I didn't tell you any—whoppers."

"Lies," said Miss Mallory vindictively. "No, you didn't. And you were just as careful not to tell the truth. You squirmed." She leveled an accusing finger and wrinkled her nose in derision. "Shame-y, shame-y! How you did squirm!"

Hiram squirmed again, most unhappily. He broke a flower stalk from the soapweed and trimmed it with his knife.

"But I suppose I'll have to forgive you—the compliment was so obviously sincere. You do compliments very nicely, Mr. Yoast. It bespeaks long practice."

"It don't!" said this exasperated and goaded young man rudely. "You're the first girl I ever ——"

"Walked for? Oh, I can believe that," she said maliciously. "But the first one was a—whopper. Of course you saw the others."

"I didn't!"

"Mr. Yoast, it is very rude to contradict."

Mr. Yoast might well have made the plea that the contradicted statement was a question in all but form, but cleverly did no such untactful thing. He was—unprofessionally—singularly honest and wise.

"But I didn't—not really see 'em. Of course I knew they were there, but there isn't one I'd know again if I met her in the big middle of the road."

"Women are so credulous!" she mocked. "But I'd dearly love to believe that if I could." She sighed hypocritically, not ill pleased for all that. "What are you making of that stick, Mr. Yoast?"

Hiram had shaped and rounded the head of the soapweed stalk and, at this query, he cut a deep, emphatic notch almost through the thickest part of it and got to his feet with groaning alacrity. "All ready! Let's hobble along and find Don. This, Miss Mallory, is my combined cane and calendar."

Miss Mallory blushed furiously at the significant notch.

"Oh, you silly boy!" she said. "Do get along with you!"

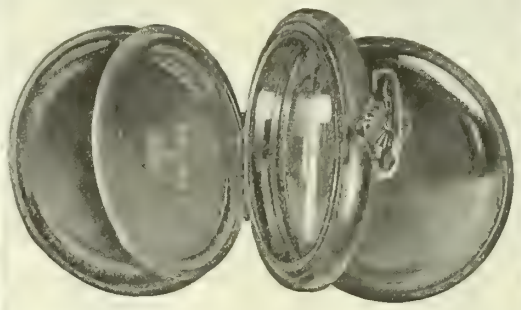
Hiram's dancing eyes looked the obvious and blissful retort: "Oh, you dear old lady!" But he did not say it. After all, it was not necessary.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

KEYSTONE
14 K
TRADE MARK
KEYSTONE
SOLID GOLD

TRADE MARK
JAS. BOSS
GOLD FILLED

TRADE MARK
CRESCENT
GOLD FILLED



The Marks of a Good Watch Case

When men and women buy watches they think of the movement—the "works" as they call it—but rarely of the watch *case*.

Your jeweler buys watch cases and movements separately and combines them to make a complete watch.

You are particular about the "works" of your watch—you know the maker's name; do you know the name of your watch case? There is room there for adulteration—for low standards—for the cheapening process that creeps in wherever folks pay for *anything* without *knowing* about it.

The trade marks illustrated on this page are standard with the fine jewelry trade, and have been for 50 years. They mean absolute integrity in bullion value, in assay, in construction of a watch case.

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Prof. Anderson's Story

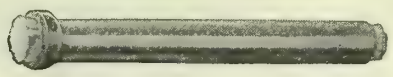
About Foods Shot from Guns

One night on the train—after the final perfection of Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice—Prof. Anderson told the writer this story.

When I was a professor in Columbia University I sought for a method to break up starch granules in grain.

The methods in use were entirely inadequate. Cooking, baking or toasting left millions of the granules unbroken. And the digestion of those granules was hard or impossible.

I knew that all grains contained moisture, which permeated every iota of starch. So I conceived this idea: Why not turn that moisture to steam, and explode it? Why not literally blast those starch granules to pieces?



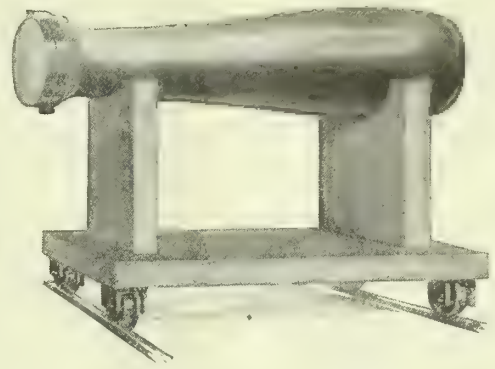
The Original Gun

I first made the attempt by using pieces of gas pipe, securely sealed at both ends. I would put wheat or rice kernels into the pipe and apply a terrific heat. In one of these attempts the piece of gas pipe exploded.

Then I met a surprise. I expected a result somewhat such as we get from the popping of corn. But these grains– though puffed to eight times natural size—were shaped like the original kernels. The coats of the grain were unbroken.

The terrific explosion had done what I wanted. Every starch granule was blasted to pieces. I had what I aimed at—the most digestible cereal that was ever created.

But I had more than I dreamed. I had whole-grain foods that were crisp and enticing—four times as porous as bread. I had the most delicious foods in existence as well as the most digestible. And I knew then—as we all know now—that millions of folks would delight in them.



One of the Guns Used Today

But I had to make these foods commercially practicable, and it took years to solve that problem.

I had to build guns to withstand a fierce heat, and also tremendous pressure. I finally built them of bronze and steel.

I had to build ovens in which to revolve them in a heat of 550 degrees. I had to seal the guns as tight as a boiler, until the moment came for the explosion. Then I had to arrange to explode them.

In working out this problem there were several accidents which came pretty near to ending all the experiments.

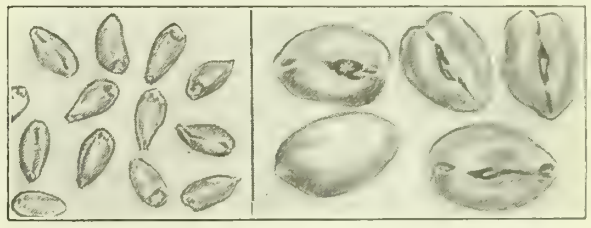
I built guns finally to hold 75 pounds of grain. I found that I created sufficient steam pressure by revolving them for an hour in a heat of 550 degrees.

I devised a steel carriage to take the gun from the oven and hold it while I shot the charge.

I built a long room with a wire screen at the end, against which to shoot the grain. Then I worked out a way by which the guns could be suddenly unsealed and exploded.

You saw the result today. The terrific explosion shoots the grain out in a cloud of steam. The grain is stopped by the screen, and it falls into the hopper just as it goes to the table.

They look like raw grains magnified. The coats are not broken, the shapes are not altered.



Actual size of the wheat and rice kernels before and after explosion

But the grains are made nut-like and porous and crisp. Every starch granule is blasted to pieces, so digestion begins before the food reaches the stomach.

I deliberately planned to make foods that were good for us. But their deliciousness was purely an accident.

Puffed Wheat 10c

Except in Extreme West

Puffed Rice 15c

Except in Extreme West

Serve Them With Fruit

Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice blend deliciously with any sort of fruit. Mix them with berries and note how much their nut-like flavor adds.

Or serve them alone, with sugar and cream. But first crisp the grains in a warming oven.

Or serve them in a bowl of milk. Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are crisper than crackers, and four times as porous as bread. And they supply the whole grain, while crackers and bread do not.

People are eating—in these hot days—fifteen million dishes per mo th. You will eat them, too—for breakfast, luncheon and supper—when you find them out. Don't wait another day. Telephone your grocer now.

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(58)

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It is made of specially tough fibre, specially treated. It outlasts several ordinary mantles and does not shrink with use. It gives a powerful light, yet soft and pleasant to the eye.

At thirty cents, it is the cheapest mantle made. We say this though we ourselves make the best mantles possible at the price to retail at fifteen, twenty and twenty-five cents.

You can easily prove its worth by buying one mantle from your dealer for a test.

Save the Box Lids

When you have twelve lids from Lindsay Tungsten Mantle boxes, send them to us with ten cents for postage and packing, and we will forward the beautiful premium light prepaid.

Many people are buying the mantles in dozen lots so as to get their first light at once. Look for the name Lindsay, which represents *quality* in gas lights and gas mantles, and the lavender-colored mantle.

If your dealer can't supply you, send your order direct, mentioning his name.

Lindsay Light Company
NEW YORK CHICAGO

DEALERS: If unprepared to supply Lindsay goods, write us at once. You are missing trade without them. (20)

THE NEXT VACANCY

(Continued from Page 11)

"Right," said Proctor. "Jove! This coaldust is beastly. How's the loading getting along?"

He was a man of thirty, tall, serious and carelessly agreeable. The captains and officers in the firm's employ liked him for his mere humanity. "You can say what you mean to Proctor, and he'll tell you to go to blazes yourself," they said of him.

"Coal doesn't come very quick," Gowan told him. "There's forty trucks due now. Did you want to see the captain himself or is it something I can handle for you?"

Proctor had taken a seat on the lockers. "Oh, I didn't want anything," he said. "The lock's open and I couldn't get back, so I thought I'd look him up; but you'll do instead."

The coffee arrived at that moment, and they sat talking idly while they drank it, till Gowan put his cup down and sat up.

"Was that some one shouting to us?" he said.

He rose and went forth to the bridge and scanned the littered quay. Proctor, behind him, lit a cigar and yawned.

"Chandos ahoy!"

"Why!" said Gowan; "it's from the other side. Must be a boat."

Proctor followed him across the bridge and stood at his side.

"Might be the captain," he suggested. "The lock's open; so he might have taken a boat."

Gowan nodded. "Listen!" he said.

They listened. The noise of coal-loading from a big steamer across the basin traveled over the water to them. On a bark, moored in the middle of the dock, a man was singing.

"Yes, it's a boat," said Gowan. "I can hear the oars." They were plainly to be heard a minute later—an irregular clacking that made Proctor frown. He had been a rowing man at Cambridge.

"His boatman seems to be drunk," he said. "Listen how he pulls."

The boat came out from a bank of shadows to the lighted water; there were three or four people in it. Their voices were suddenly audible; there seemed to be the makings of a quarrel among them. Some one was talking in a high, passionate quaver; the two men on the bridge of the Chandos could make out some of the words and hear the short, guttural bark of the man who answered. The man at the sculls rowed jerkily, but without ceasing.

"Captain Sleeman can't be there," said Proctor decisively.

There was an interval of a moment before Gowan replied. His lifelong habit of loyalty to his shipmates was too strong for him. He longed for Proctor to know the truth. His eyes, habituated to staring through the darkness, had recognized the narrow shoulders of the captain in the man who was rowing. This was a festive evening closing with a visit to the ship. But he turned to Proctor quietly.

"No, sir," he agreed. "Some clerks from the dock offices. You don't want to see 'em. If you'll go into the chartroom I'll attend to them all right."

"No," said Proctor shortly.

It was not possible for Gowan to urge him further. At that moment the voice of the man who complained tailed off to a scream, and he leaned forward and struck. The other man rose and they clinched. Their figures were black against the lighted water as they swayed.

"Look out, there!" roared Gowan, but it was too late. One of them thrust the other back; they lurched together, there were shouts and the stamping of feet on the bottom-boards of the boat, and she was overturned. It was as brief a piece of violence as one could witness. In an instant the boat was floating bottom-up and a head was bobbing near it. Of the others there was no sign.

Gowan made a trumpet of his hands. The salt-sea roar woke the echoes along the dock. "Man overboard!" it sounded, reverberating along the quays. "Boat wanted! Man overboard!"

Behind him Proctor made sounds like whimpering. "They won't be in time," he was crying. "They won't be in time."

Gowan jerked him away with a sweep of his arm. "Out of the road!" he cried, and his coat, as he flung it off, took the younger man in the face. He had not time for his

Victrola

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It was to depend upon no authors' names for its popularity.
It was to publish stories simply for their merit, even were they the first production of the writer.
It was to publish a complete novel in each number.
It was to have no serial or continued stories.
It was to give the purchaser **160** pages of text, the brightest and cleverest things that its editors could discover.
Contrary to the current idea of that day—the cheap ten-cent magazine—it was to sell for twenty-five cents.
Its founder believed that if its contents were of sufficiently high order the reading public would cheerfully pay that price.

IT SUCCEEDED

From its first number it was accorded a first place in the current literature purchased by the cultured world.
It quickly attained an exceptionally large circulation.
Its popularity caused a great number of imitations, or attempts at imitation, in fiction magazines at low price.
A decade has now passed, and the intelligent and discriminating readers of America and Europe have so steadily grown in appreciation of what the editors of **SMART SET** have given them that it holds to-day far and away the very first place in current fiction.
It now proposes a new departure.

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to 176 pages

It has been suggested that there are many readers who, while highly appreciating our magazine with its completed stories, would find an added interest in a long novel published serially. To test the strength of this sentiment, and at the same time in no way curtail the ample assemblage of short stories on which the magazine's wide popularity has rested, the management of **SMART SET** has decided to add to the present size of the magazine **16** text pages, and use them in giving serially long novels by the most notable authors. This enlargement will begin with the

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Out August 15th

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E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

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It will run through seven of the numbers following September.

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Subscriptions **at the regular annual rate —$3.00**—beginning with the opening of the Oppenheim story, will run to the end of **1911.**

THE SMART SET, 454 Fifth Ave., New York

inarticulate protest before Gowan went overboard, head first, from the wing of the bridge.

He struck the water awkwardly and the impact drove the breath out of him. He came up gasping and struck out for the overturned boat, tearing his way through the water with all the wasted energy of an unaccustomed swimmer. The bobbing head went down just before he reached it; he raised his arms and let himself sink after it. Cold gripped him and wrung him, and he felt of a sudden lost and helpless. Then a hand touched his face, clawed for a hold and slipped off; he reached violently, found an arm and came up with it. The drowning man clutched him with his legs about the body, and he had but one glimpse of the light before he was dragged down again. There was water in his mouth and the sour taste of fear; he set himself to fight loose. In the depths he could not strike, could not thrust; it was a battle of some oppressive nightmare. He heard a clangor in his ears; he ceased to struggle, and then he was up in the air again and some one had hold of his collar. He was still gripping the arm of the man he had saved. Men were leaning above him from a boat; he could hear their voices as though through a closed door. He never remembered how he was lifted aboard the boat and taken ashore to the little office where the brisk fire kept somebody's coffee hot.

"As plucky a thing as you'd want to see," some one was saying, as Gowan lay on his back and slowly returned to mastery of himself.

"He'll do all right," said another voice.

He opened his eyes. A man in a black coat, palpably a doctor, nodded to him with a smile. Near by was Proctor, still white and shaking. A couple of others were talking to them. One of them had a notebook.

Gowan sat up. Everybody turned to him.

"Didn't I save him, then?" he demanded of Proctor. "Didn't I save him?"

Proctor made motions with his hands as if he were hushing a child.

"It's all right," he said. "It's all right. You did all you could."

But Gowan was determined to know; and so they moved asunder, that he might see upon the table, from which the teacups had been removed, the still form shrouded under a sheet. He gazed at it with uncomprehending eyes, into which there crept a quick light of horror. He lay back with a sigh.

The man with the notebook nudged Proctor.

"Gowan's the name, I think you said, Mr. Proctor? Yes. Mate of the Chandos, isn't he?"

Proctor coughed. "No," he said. "Not now. Put him down Captain."

From the Portuguese

When I lived in the village of youth
There were lilies in all the orchards,
Flowers in the orange gardens
For brides to wear in their hair.
It was always sunshine and summer,
Roses at every lattice;
Dreams in the eyes of maidens,
Love in the eyes of men.

When I lived in the village of youth
The doors—all the doors—stood open;
We went in and out of them laughing—
Laughing and calling each other
To show each other our fairings—
The new shawl, the new comb, the new fan,
The new rose, the new lover.

Now I live in the town of age
Where are no orchards, no gardens.
Here, too, all the doors stand open,
But no one goes in or goes out.
We sit alone by the hearthstone
Where memories lie like ashes
Upon a hearth that is cold;
And they from the village of youth
Run by our doorsteps laughing,
Calling, to show each other
The new shawl, the new comb, the new fan,
The new rose, and new lover.

Once we had all these things—
We kept them from the old people;
And now the young people have them
And will not show them to us—
To us who are old and have nothing
But the white, still, heaped-up ashes
On the hearth, where the fire went out
A very long time ago. —*E. Nesbit.*

Huge Profits in Ice Cream!

You Can Now Manufacture 30 to 200 Gallons per Hour with this Wonderful Continuous Freezer

A Business Proposition Worthy of Immediate Investigation!

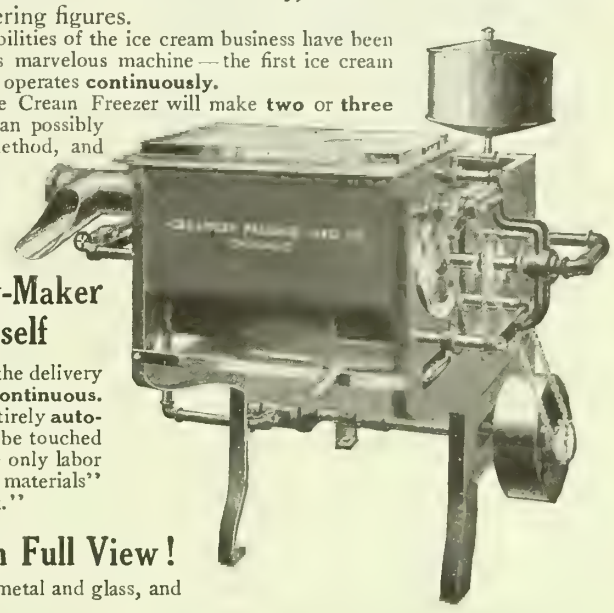
Be an Ice Cream Manufacturer—the **profits** are as delicious as the **product.**

The public is prodigal in its expenditures for ice cream.

Mountains of frozen cream are consumed daily, and the nation's annual ice cream bill runs into staggering figures.

The money-making possibilities of the ice cream business have been tremendously increased by this marvelous machine—the first ice cream freezer in the world that really operates **continuously.**

The Disc Continuous Ice Cream Freezer will make **two** or **three times** more ice cream than can possibly be produced by any other method, and saves 50 per cent of the **labor cost.** It makes a smoother, better grade of cream than ordinary freezers.



A Continuous Money-Maker —Complete in Itself

The inflow of "mix" and the delivery of frozen cream are absolutely **continuous.**

The freezing process is entirely **automatic.** The cream need not be touched by human hands. About the only labor required is to supply the "raw materials" and pack the "finished product."

Ice Cream Frozen in Full View!

The machine is made of metal and glass, and is of very pleasing design.

Through the plate glass top you actually see the ice cream frozen!

The novelty of the method makes the freezer a great attraction. The Disc Continuous Freezer can be operated in a show window or the front part of the finest store—none of the muss and disorder of ordinary freezers.

The Disc Continuous Ice Cream Freezer
Brings Delicious Profits to Its Owner

A Highly Profitable Business on a Small Investment

We build these Continuous Freezers in various sizes, to cover all requirements, from the largest wholesale establishment down to the modest soda fountain or ice cream parlor.

If there is a market for as little as 20 gallons of ice cream per day in your locality, you can make money with this machine.

A little investigating will open your eyes to the profits in the manufacture of ice cream with this new type of freezer.

It's a Revolutionary Improvement in Ice Cream Freezers

The Disc Continuous Ice Cream Freezer is different in design from all other freezers. It **reverses** the usual order—freezing from the center **outward.**

The brine circulates in a continuous current through a coil of rapidly revolving hollow discs immersed in the cream.

No loss of refrigeration, as is the case with the ordinary freezer, in which the brine **surrounds** the cream.

This means a saving of ice and salt. The cream is poured in the feed pan and the frozen cream is discharged directly into the packer.

Write for Free Literature and Proofs of Profits

In addition to our regular catalog, we have issued a book in storyette form entitled "HOW JOHN MADE GOOD." Gives the actual experience of a man who built up a big business which pays him many hundred per cent on the amount invested. The book not only tells how to conduct the manufacturing and wholesaling business, but also describes the way to conduct an ideal ice cream parlor or to make the sale of ice cream a profitable feature of a drug store or confectionery establishment. Ask for the book.

Investigate the money-making possibilities of this ideal manufacturing business. Learn how little it takes to become an ice cream manufacturer.

Wouldn't you like to hear the whole story? Send today for catalog and other literature. (1)

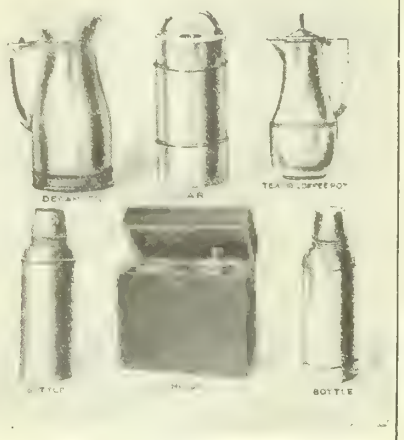
The Creamery Package Mfg. Co., 71 W. Kinzie St., Chicago, Ill.

Important to Ice Cream Manufacturers

You can easily double or triple your output by installing Disc Continuous Ice Cream Freezers, and cut the labor cost at least 50 per cent.

The "Continuous" saves space, ice, power, time and labor; increases your "overrun," and produces a better quality of cream.

Every ice cream maker should investigate the advantage of this remarkable profit producer.



Presidents, Kings, Queens and the World's Leaders use

THERMOS

Why not you?

THERMOS in the hands of Lieutenant Peary was carried to the top of the World; it accompanied Lieutenant Shackleton to within 111 miles of the South Pole; the Colonel Roosevelt Expedition to Mombassa; the Richard Harding Davis Expedition to the Equator, in the heart of the African Congo; the Wright Brothers, Count Zeppelin, and Curtiss through Cloudland; is in the White House with President Taft; a good servant to the crowned heads of all Europe; and best of all, is contributing to the comfort of millions of people throughout the thirty civilized countries of the globe.

Every need of the family, from infancy to old age, has been provided for in THERMOS. Every home that shelters small children has requirements that can be met in no other way—save through THERMOS. For the health of young children, THERMOS is a necessity—for THERMOS is sanitary. Liquids fed to infants from THERMOS are germ-free. THERMOS not only saves sickness, but saves labor. In the night time, hot or cold beverages are always ready—without loss of sleep. In the sickroom THERMOS proves a blessing and affords hot chocolate, broths or cold drinks at the exact moment wanted. THERMOS tea or coffee pots are a real necessity in any household where various members breakfast or lunch at different hours. There is no longer any need for reheating tea or coffee for each member of the family. With a THERMOS tea or coffee pot each member may have the same excellent tea or coffee whenever they are ready for it. A THERMOS BOTTLE in your husband's lunch box or the children's means hot tea, coffee or chocolate whenever they want it. With a THERMOS decanter you can serve your favorite beverages just as wanted, when wanted. With a THERMOS jar your roasts or solid foods, ice-cream and ices, can be served at any temperature desired. The THERMOS humidor preserves the moisture, the flavor of the leaf and the original strength and aroma of cigars or tobacco. Made in silver trimmed mahogany or Circassian walnut. THERMOS is indispensable for Automobiling, Yachting, Hunting, Fishing, Golfing, Boating, Sick-room, Nursery, Office, Factory, Home or Travel. THERMOS keeps contents hot 24 hours or cold 3 days. Works both ways. Lasts a life time. No chemicals used. Please be cautious. Look for the name THERMOS on every genuine article. Prices from $3.00 up. Sold the world over.

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Thermos Building, 243-247 West 17th Street, New York

"No one who smokes

SURBRUG'S ARCADIA MIXTURE

could ever attempt to describe its delights."

The Tobaccos are all aged. Age improves flavor; adds mildness; prevents biting. In the blending, seven different tobaccos are used. Surbrug's "Arcadia" is in a class by itself—nothing so rich in flavor—so exhilarating in quality. A mild stimulant.

At Your Dealer's.

SEND 10 CENTS for sample which will convince.

THE SURBRUG COMPANY

81 Dey Street New York

Acme Folding Canvas Boat Co., Miamisburg, Ohio

GASOLINE GOES UP

(Continued from Page 15)

they've been doing it for five years. I believe, myself, it's coming. Probably the store lot will be worth what he's asking some day; but, Great Scott! I can't sell goods to the people until they get here."

A careful survey of possible courses of procedure served merely to point out the hopelessness of the situation. The estate owned everything in the hamlet, and all the land to the east. On the other side were the orchards, far too large to be purchased merely as the site of a store. Moreover, to move would be to invite competition in the building vacated. Bill decided to stand the raise, but to stop short if he met with further trouble.

Six weeks later the manager came down in his big automobile. For a few days Bill did not see him; he was busy inspecting the stock, the property, and the work of his foreman. When he walked into the store Bill received his cordial greeting with a coolness that was not unnatural.

"Mr. Kellar," he said, looking around at the well-stocked shelves, "you have worked a wonderful transformation here—positively wonderful. I used to tell Mr. McWilliams that he was overlooking much business; but he was slow—far too slow to be a successful merchant."

"He was a wise guy," said Bill grimly.

"Now," the manager went on, "I suppose you are referring to the rent. Probably you think I have been using you a trifle roughly—eh?"

"Not at all," said Bill. "I'm afraid of savings banks; I'd hate to have you leave me any surplus."

"Oh, it's not as bad as that!" The manager laughed good-naturedly. "Here's the point: I've got a store here that ought to bring in seventy-five dollars a month rent. I've always felt that it should. Now a capable young fellow like you takes hold of it and makes a big thing for himself, and why shouldn't I get what it's worth?"

"Seventy-five a month," ejaculated Bill, "for a building that cost about two thousand to put up?"

"It's not the building," insisted his landlord. "It's the value of the location. Look at the desirable corners in a city; they bring in a fortune in rents. Try to see my side of the case, and I'm sure we'll get along."

"I'll try," said Bill; "but I'm afraid I won't live long enough."

"At any rate, I want to talk it over with you. It's one of the things I came down for. I have mentioned to you the improvements that we plan for this place."

"Several times," said Bill.

"Well, they are now coming to a head. We are going to put the ranch on the market in small tracts. Hundreds of settlers will be attracted. Lots here in the town site will be worth a great deal of money. The railroad is an undoubted fact; of course we could not go ahead otherwise."

"In view of which," said Bill, "we feel that we must ask you to come up once more with a slight increase. Is that it?"

"Exactly. You see ——"

"Nothing doing," said Bill. "I've reached the limit. Every time you speak of a brick building it costs me dollars. I don't want to hear about the railroad—I can't afford to."

"Nonsense! You have an ideal ——"

"Positively nothing doing," Bill interrupted firmly. "I quit right here. I have to pay for prosperity too long before it reaches me. Back to the asphalt pavements—stock, fixtures and good-will. And I'll sell 'em all off in a month. I'm not tied down half as tight as you think."

In the back of the store the telephone rang and Bill went to answer it. The station agent of the little local road, eight miles away, had a telegram for Portola. It was his custom to telephone the telegrams to Bill, who would dispatch a clerk on a bicycle to finish the delivery. The agent called monotonously:

"Mr. F. Herbert Saunders, Portola. Offered twenty-five thousand delivery Coalinga Friday return ——"

"Wait a minute," shouted Bill. "Mr. Saunders is in the store. I'll call him."

The manager took the receiver, got the message, and without hanging up gave the agent a reply. Bill heard part of it:

"Hold them. Back today's train."

He came out looking at his watch.

"I have an hour and thirty-five minutes to do twenty-two miles," he said. "Plenty

Treat Your Family

to a case (48 large glasses) of this delicious ginger ale. It will be delivered anywhere east of Mississippi River for

$2.50 Per Case

(24 full pints; 48 generous glassfuls)

West of Mississippi to Rocky Mts., $3.00 per case. West of Rockies, price on application to Los Angeles office.

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Clicquot Club Ginger Ale

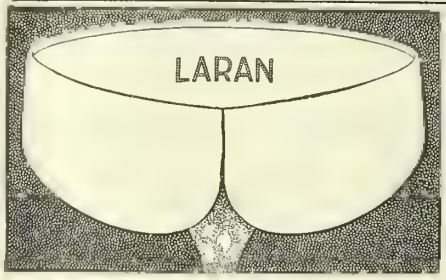
Pronounced Kleek-O Club

NO OTHER drink is so acceptable in summer or so healthful and good. Clicquot Club, made under the supervision of an expert chemist, from the finest ginger, confectioner's sugar and pure citric fruit flavors, combined with the famous Clicquot spring water, lacks the sting and burn of ordinary ginger ale and is grateful, healthful and refreshing. Its great sale and popularity (among millions of people) are eloquent proof of its fineness and purity. If your grocer has it order from him; but if he hasn't do not fail to order a case from us, as it will give your family a delicious and unusual treat.

Write for Complimentary Booklet, illustrating and describing springs and factory.

The Clicquot Club Co., Millis, Mass.

West of Rockies—The Clicquot Club Co., 111 Winston St., Los Angeles.



A low close-fitting

ARROW COLLAR

for Summer

15c. each, 2 for 25c. In Canada, 20c. each, 3 for 50c.

ARROW CUFFS, 25c.

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It's surprising how close the towns are when you ride an **R. S. Motorcycle.** It brings work nearer home, fun while you ride and the country just a minute away. The **R. S.** embodies every proved motorcycle improvement, and has enough exclusive features to put it in a class by itself. Write for catalog and name of nearest agent. Agents wanted where we are not represented.

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After Twenty Years—Where Opportunity Lies

RETURNING as a modern Rip Van Winkle to the land of the Ozarks in Arkansas, **Opie Read,** the famous author, sees a remarkable industrial development, which he tells about in **The National Magazine** for September. **W. R. Lighton,** author of "An Arkansas Farm," rings the bell in a pithy sketch of its resources. And **Editor Joe Mitchell Chapple,** who personally visited drainage projects, rice farms and peach orchards, carries the reader on an intimate excursion into every section of Arkansas. From these carefully written and conclusive articles you will be able to accurately judge for yourself of the opportunity for profit that exists in Arkansas today for the farmer, the business man, the manufacturer and the horticulturist. How $5.00 land can produce $50.00 will interest you. Get the facts and sound conclusions reached in these authoritative articles on where opportunity lies—**"The Awakening of Arkansas"** will tell you.

Send 15 two-cent stamps for 3 months' subscription, which includes all above, together with a correct 3 color map of Arkansas. Copy of "Dear Old Songs"—eighty selections—given free with this offer.

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE, Boston, Massachusetts

WHEREVER vacation days may find you, look for the Store that shows this Sign

AGENCY Whitman's CHOCOLATES CONFECTIONS

It is connected by telegraph and express with the Whitman headquarters in Philadelphia and has a fresh and perfect supply of the famous **Fussy Package** Chocolates, Honey White Nougat, Chocolate Peppermint Marshmallows and a hundred other distinctive Whitman packages.

Should you fail to find an agency convenient we will send by mail prepaid a Fussy Package at $1.00 a pound; White Nougat in 50c packages; Chocolate Peppermint Marshmallows in 50c packages; or Chocolate-covered Maraschino Cherries in 50c packages.

If you don't find the sign, send to us direct. Ask for a copy of our booklet, "*Suggestions.*"

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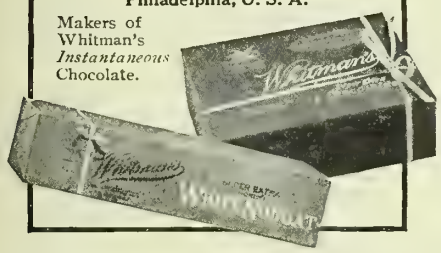
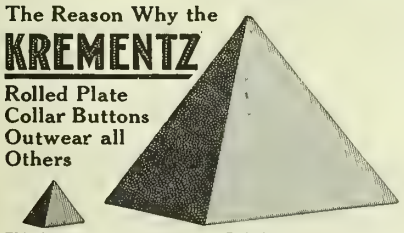
Established 1842
Philadelphia, U. S. A.

Makers of Whitman's *Instantaneous* Chocolate.



The Reason Why the **KREMENTZ** Rolled Plate Collar Buttons Outwear all Others



This Diagram Illustrates Quantity of Gold in **Imitation Buttons**

This Illustrates Quantity of Gold in the **Krementz Button**

Every dealer authorized to give a new

Krementz Collar Button

in exchange for an old one that is broken from any cause, and ask no questions.

We make this offer because Krementz Buttons are made for hard service, of honest materials, with no solder joints.

The quality is stamped on the back and guaranteed. Shape is just right.

Easy to button and unbutton.

Look for the name "KREMENTZ" on the back and be sure to get the genuine.

At all dealers. Solid gold and rolled plate.

When dealer fails to supply you write us, giving dealer's name.

Booklet showing shapes and sizes free.

Krementz & Co., 40 Chestnut St., Newark, N. J.

A Big $1 Offer—"KEITH'S"

for six months and a copy of my new book.

100 PLANS
Bungalows Cottages
$400. to $3000.

No. 85. $2300. One of the 100.

Keith's monthly magazine is the recognized authority on planning and Decorating Homes. $1.50 year. News-stands 15c copy. Each 80-page issue gives 8 to 10 designs by leading architects.

My other books for home-builders are:

100 designs for Attractive Homes, $2,000 to $4,000 .... $1.00
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M. L. KEITH, 526 Lumber Ex., Minneapolis, Minn.

Old Appliance **LAME PEOPLE** Our Appliance

The Perfection Extension Shoe for any person with one short limb. Worn with any style of ready-made shoes with perfect ease and comfort. Shipped on trial. Write for booklet

HENRY S. LOTZ, 313 Third Avenue, NEW YORK

of time, but it's a lucky thing I was here. I've got to catch the train up this afternoon. Well, Mr. Kellar, we will leave things where they are for the present. I'll be back in a week or so, as there are several things I'm leaving undone. Meantime, think it over."

Bill was thinking it over very bitterly when the manager reappeared. He and Jake and two teamsters were pushing the automobile. Leaving the machine to the others, Mr. Saunders dashed into the store.

"All out of gasoline," he panted. "I must have finished on the last drop. Fill her up in a hurry, will you?"

The clerk started for the back door. All his life Bill had been accustomed to decide things quickly; to buy or sell at the drop of a hat; to seize opportunities before they quite reached him. In a flash he saw a chance and took it.

"Just a minute, Morgan," he called, and the clerk turned around. "I'll wait on Mr. Saunders myself."

"Do it, then," snapped the manager. "I've got to be starting."

"Of course," said Bill slowly. "You are in a hurry. And you need gasoline. Now, it's unfortunate, but I have no gasoline to sell."

"What!" exclaimed the other. "Of all the cursed luck! Why the devil don't you keep a supply on hand?"

"I have plenty on hand," said Bill, "but none to sell."

For a minute they glared at each other.

"Why?" asked the manager.

"You have something that I want to buy," said Bill, "and I have something you want to buy. So far we're even. You won't sell—therefore, neither will I!"

"Gad!" shouted Mr. Saunders. "Are you crazy? You mean the store? Of course I'll sell. I told you so. Six thou——"

"Man, man!" said Bill sorrowfully. "Let's pretend that the aeroplane has busted all to smash and that we're back on earth again. Shall we? You haven't got time to crawl all the way from that price down to what this little corner is worth. Forget the brick building and the settlers—remember that we're still out in the rural districts—talk business."

"Jake," the manager asked his foreman, "is there a drop of gasoline on the ranch? How about the engine? Think fast!"

Taken by surprise, Jake nearly swallowed his tobacco.

"The engine is plumb dry," he reported. "We haven't used it since last—let me see—I reckon it was ——"

"None at the house?"

"I got a quart bottle that I was usin' to clean my pants."

Mr. Saunders silenced him by swinging around again to Bill.

"What is your idea of the value of the store?" he asked.

"Twenty-five hundred dollars," said Bill promptly. "You know what it would cost to duplicate the building, and it's old. My estimate of the lot may be modest; but you've been gouging me lately, and my best offer is twenty-five hundred. Any amount over that will be equalized by the price of gasoline. Pay me one hundred dollars a gallon for ten gallons of the gas and I'll raise my offer to thirty-five hundred. That's how it works. I don't know how badly you want to get back to town, but if it's a case where you positively have to make it I have blank deeds in the desk. I'll pay one hundred down and the rest in three yearly payments. If you can't sign a deed I can knock out a contract on the typewriter that will do just as well. These gentlemen will be witnesses. I don't want to use any compulsion, you understand; it's merely a matter of how much you're willing to pay for gasoline. It will take me fifteen minutes to make out the papers; that leaves one hour for the trip, less what time you need to think it over."

. . . . . .

Bess was on the porch, pruning the roses.

"You're early, dear," she said as Bill came up the walk. "What is it? Tell me, Bill. Did Mr. Saunders come in?"

"Yes."

"What did he say?"

"He wants seventy-five a month."

Instinctively she rushed to comfort him. "Bill, dear, you positively must not feel like that. What's the use of getting discouraged? What do we care about this old place? We can go back. It will be fun to live in town again, Bill."

Bill felt a lump rising in his throat. He put his arm around her waist.

"We're not going back," he said.

YOUR scales, Mr. Retailer, are the most important store equipment you possess.

A slow acting, common beam scale can cost you several times more in overweight every year, than the price of a computing scale.

The Angldile quickly buys itself by preventing inaccuracies of weight and computation; it continues to save you money every day thereafter.

The Angldile is the only successful scale showing *A Plain Figure For Every Penny's Value*—an improvement made possible by its patented, cone-shaped chart.

The scale computes—the dealer reads the figures in type larger than you are now reading. *He doesn't have to guess at dots and dashes or count hair lines.*

The Angldile takes its name from the 45 degree inclination of its computing chart—the natural angle at which you are now holding this magazine.

The open-faced dial—the largest on any counter scale, shows the customer the pound and ounce indication in clear, easily read figures.

The man in front as well as the man behind the counter, is never in doubt as to the exact weight of every purchase.

The Angldile has no springs; hot or cold weather does not affect its accuracy.

Use the coupon and learn the easy terms on which **the Angldile** can be placed on your counter—where its accuracy will safeguard your interests, and at the same time prove your store's honest-weight policy.

Angldile Computing Scale Co.
110 Franklin St., Elkhart, Ind., U.S.A.

Angldile Computing Scale Co. P-2
Elkhart, Ind.

Gentlemen:

Please send me the **Free** Angldile book.

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DES MOINES DOES THINGS

Des Moines, Certainty Talk No. 4

MATTERS of chance elsewhere are *Certainties* in Des Moines. 2,500,000 people in Iowa—so prosperous that they average $200 deposited in the savings banks, and that their per capita wealth is $1,828—want to buy things from Des Moines.

PRACTICALLY every great trunk line in the middle west reaches Des Moines. Nineteen railway lines make Des Moines the distributing point of the Mississippi Valley.

Des Moines today supplies but one-third of the demand of its trade territory. That makes Des Moines the City of Certainties for the man who establishes himself here, whether he begins in business, locates a branch house or brings his industry bodily.

* * *

HERE'S an instance: 150 car loads of bottles are used annually by the large medical and pharmaceutical houses of Des Moines. There is no large bottle factory supplying this demand.

Kitchen utensils could be made and sold from Des Moines to the whole state. 25,000 farm wagons are used annually in Iowa. They might as well be made in Des Moines.

* * *

THE only way to make money is to go where it is. Iowa is rich. Iowa people want to buy things made in Iowa. Iowa is the state of success and Des Moines is the City of Certainties. Iowa's farms produced last year over one-half more wealth than all the gold mines in the world.

DES MOINES is the best-known city of its size in America today. Men who see the Certainties of today as well as those of five years hence are choosing Des Moines. The Greater Des Moines Committee wants to discuss all this with you. It is an organization of successful business men. From them you get the benefit of their experience. They keep you from making mistakes; they go over your plans with you and with their knowledge of the field show you the course to Certainty.

* * *

"Wealth"—a little magazine of big facts, will be sent you for the asking. Clip your Certainty Coupon, fill it and mail it today, and get started to Des Moines.

THE GREATER DES MOINES COMMITTEE
Des Moines, Iowa

Clip your Certainty Coupon.

Certainty Coupon

GREATER DES MOINES COMMITTEE
Des Moines, Iowa

Send me WEALTH.

My business is

WHY THEY GO

(Concluded from Page 7)

In front of one booth three reformed Pullman porters
Stood forth in disguises of Moslem exhorters,
A Darktown brigade in Arabian Nightwear.
People came flocking in loose wear and tight wear
Eager to see
Something New, something Free.
Ali ben Johnson stepped forth from the three,
Crying, "Somebod' lend a reeng, pliz, to me!"
"Say, what's a reeng?" the Boy Humorist cried.
"Reeng for da feenger," the Moslem replied.
So a pretty gold band
From the pretty white hand
Of a Keokuk bride was sent up to the stand.
Next Ali ben Smudge
Took the ring with a nudge.
"Heer ees da majick—I leave you to judge!"
In a cotton bandanner
The ring he enwrapped;
With mystical manner
The bundle he tapped,
Thrice three times repeating this rhythmical rune,
"Hi-ree-ra, hi-lee-ra, mazooma-matzoon!"
He held out the kerchief for people to feel—
The ring still reposed in its cryptical seal.
Next Picayune Pasha, his tan-browed assistant,
Circles twice two
Round the audience drew,
Crying, "Bishmallah!
Allah il allah!"
And all eyes were fixed on the ring, when—behold!
A Yankee-nosed Spieler stepped forth calm and cold,
Exclaimed, "While you wait to find out what's became
Of the ring, just step in to the Real Show inside.
It's a London Success, as you'll see by its name,
Which is Nellie McGinty, the Murderer's Bride."

But the crowd melts away till it's awfully thin,
For they've seen what is Free and the rest they can guess—
Which proves what experienced Spielers confess:
It takes more than Magic to gather 'em in.

V

(Waltz Song, written in a Coney Dancing Pavilion—all orchestra, symphony, harmonica, phonograph, grand-opera, steam-piano and moving-picture rights reserved by the Management.)

Sure, I wouldn't swap jobs wit' them Tux-e-do snobs,
For I feel that I'm getting my share
When my forearm is placed round the seven-inch waist
Of the girl wit' the candy-gold hair.
Ah, her soft chin is laid on my right shoulder-blade
As she lisps wit' an accent of bliss,
"Waltz on, Mister Jack, plum to Heaven and back,
For I feel I could die doin' this!"

(So I answer polite
To her Dreamland delight:)

"Come, shake your toe with your Dreamland beau,
Beautiful Coney Queen (ta-ra-loo),
To the dopey lay of the orchestray—
Ain't it the stylish and flashy scene?
Oh, your eyes they shine and your hat's divine—
Now place your chewing-gum next to mine,
And we'll slide, glide to mat-ri-mony,
My Con-
ey
Queen!

"There are Fellers galore who have jobs in a store,
And they think they are better than me;
But I'd do fer 'em right if they crossed me tonight
When I'm waltzing, sweet Lulu, with thee.
There are lots of Swell Screams who will buy you ice creams,
But I'll give you this loving advice:
On your Wedding Day—gee!—don't you fail to pick me
As the Guy that they Hit with the Rice!"

(Tonight is the night,
O' my Dreamland delight!)

"Come, shake your toe with your Dreamland beau,
Beautiful Coney Queen (ta-ra-loo),
While the Rubes all cheer with a 'See who's here!'
Maybe they're glad, but their eyes look green.
Oh, brush my cheek wit' your golden hair
And play that I was a millionaire,
And we'll slide, glide to mat-ri-mony,
My Con-
ey
Queen!"
(Repeat until the band gets peevish.)

VI

Round and round the Dreamland Tower
The crowd goes wandering hour by hour,
With Dreamland air and Dreamland stare
They gaze into the Dreamland glare.

Mrs. Harriet Van Gilt
And pretty Alice Toodlebilt
And Percy Pierrepont Bonnybeau
Have motored down
From Tarrytown
To see the Other Half, you know.
Mrs. Van's o'ercultured gaze
Travels round the madding maze
As she cries, "How very queer
All their pleasures are, my dear!
See them ride that jiggly thing,
Hear the way they shout and sing!
How they travel round and round—
Such a band!—the awful sound!
My!" (she sniffs), "how can they slide
Down that horrid Great Divide?
Don't do anything, my dear—
Some one might observe us here."
Near the Glaciers' jaggly crags
Pretty Alice rather lags,
Gazing on its caves of ice,
Whispers, "Don't you think it's nice?"

Round and round the Dreamland Tower
The crowd goes wandering hour by hour.

"Seeing Venice" claims them next.
Mrs. Van, though rather vexed,
Joins a mixed and motley crew
Riding in a "gondoloo."
Down the fake Canals they go
Packed with folks they scarcely know.
Past St. Mark's in pasteboard state,
Past the painted Pitti Palace
Tranquilly they circulate.
(Percy's holding hands with Alice.)

Mrs. Van, still unenthused,
Says, "They're easily amused.
Candidly, I can't endure
Such close crowding, to be sure.
Don't you think we'd better go?"
Alice balks, remarking, "Oh,
Come, let's do another show."

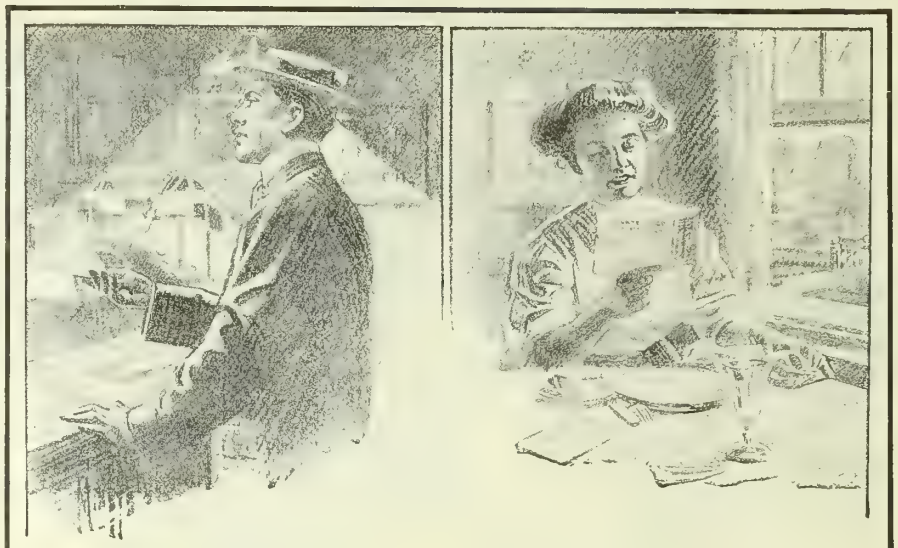
Round and round the Dreamland Tower
The crowd goes by another hour.

Look! adown the slippery chutes
The reckless-riding Scooter shoots!
Who is that within the bow
Shrieking like the wildest now,
Holding on to Bill MacPherson
(Plainly quite a Common Person)
As the speeding boat—kersmash!—
Hits the lake a mighty splash?
Why, by all that's soaked or spilt,
It is Mrs. H. Van Gilt!
"Man!" she shouts to Bill MacP.,
"How can such things ever be?
Thrown together thus—and yet
We have never even met!"
Bill replies, in accents quaint,
"I ain't shocked, ma'am, if you ain't."

Round and round the Dreamland Tower
The crowd goes wandering hour by hour,
And Mrs. Van and Percy B.
And Alice T., a lordly three,
Are looking for a lively show—
Another thrill before they go.

VII

Some one murmurs in the dark,
"Say, let's go to Loony Park."
Answers back a soft-voiced coo,
"Oh, you kid, I'm crazy to!"
I and old Diogenes
Through the Tube are shot like peas
In a car jammed Coney-style,
Couples sleeping,
Babies weeping,
Back to hot Manhattan Isle.
Tired Diogenes, he mused:
"Life is fair when not abused;
Sorrow has its comforts wide,
Poverty its brighter side;
Even Illness ain't so bad
Only Pleasure makes me sad."



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ITHACA GUN COMPANY Dept. A ITHACA, N. Y.

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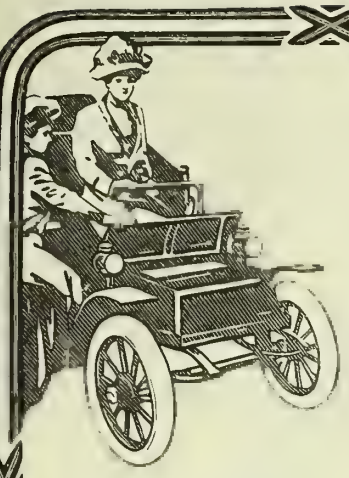

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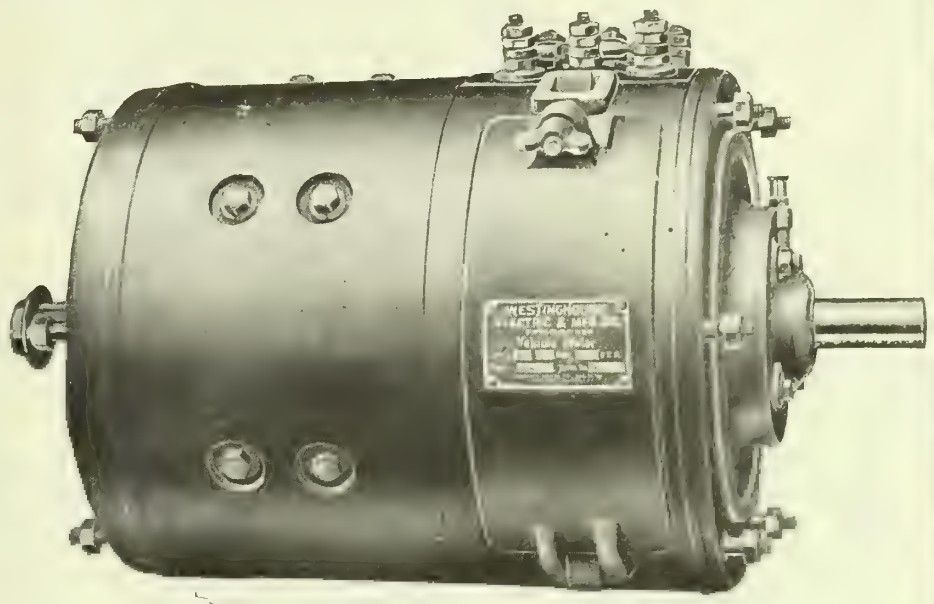

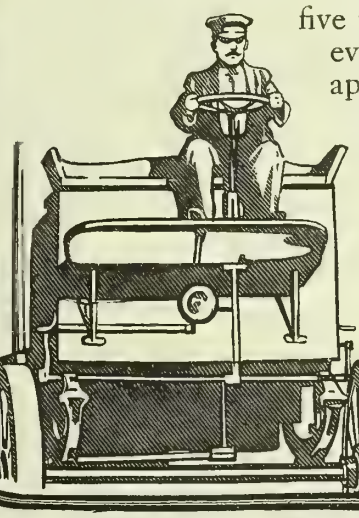

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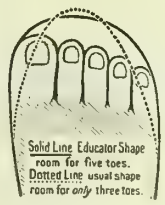

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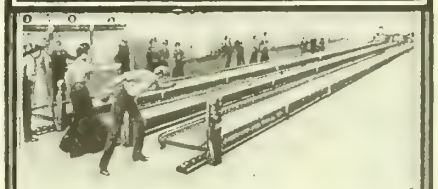

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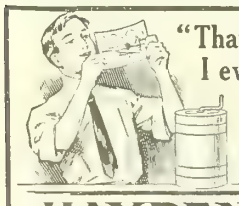

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AILSA PAIGE

(Continued from Page 21)

shook her head and looked wonderingly at Berkley. "Nothing has happened to her," she said. "A Sister of Mercy was wounded in the field hospital near Azalea, and they sent for Mrs. Paige to fill her place temporarily. And"—looking from Celia to Berkley—"she is well and unhurt. The fighting is farther west now. Mrs. Paige heard yesterday that the Eighth Lancers were encamped near Paigecourt and asked me to find Mr. Berkley—and deliver a letter ——" She smiled, drew from her satchel a letter, and, disengaging her other hand from Celia's, went over to the bed and placed it in Berkley's hands.

"She is quite well," repeated Letty reassuringly; and, to Celia: "She sends her love to you and to your husband and son, and wishes to know how they are and where their regiment is stationed."

"You sweet little thing!" said Celia, impulsively taking her into her arms and kissing her pale face. "My husband and my son are safe and well, thank God, and my cousin, Phil Berkley, is convalescent, and you may tell my sister-in-law that weall were worried most to death at not hearing from her. And now I'm going to get you a cup of broth—you poor little white-faced child! How in the world did you ever get here?"

"Our ambulance brought me. We had sick men to send North. Ailsa couldn't leave, so she asked me to come."

She accepted a chair near the bed. Celia went away to prepare some breakfast with the aid of old Peter and Sadie, her maid. And as soon as she left the room Letty sprang to her feet and went straight to Berkley.

"I did not tell the entire truth," she said in a low, excited voice. "I heard your regiment was here; Ailsa learned it from me. I was coming anyway to see you."

"To see me, Letty?" he repeated, surprised and smiling.

"Yes," she said, losing what little color remained in her cheeks. "I am in—in much—anxiety—to know—what to do."

"Can I help you?"

She looked wistfully at him; the tears rushed into her eyes; she dropped on her knees at his bedside and hid her face on his hands.

"Letty—Letty!" he said in astonishment, "what on earth has happened?"

She looked up, lips quivering, striving to meet his gaze through her tears.

"Doctor Benton is here. . . . He—he has asked me to—marry him."

Berkley lay silent, watching her intently.

"Oh, I know—I know," she sobbed. "I can't, can I? I would have to tell him—and he would never speak to me again, never write to me—never be what he has been all these months!—I know I cannot marry him. I came to tell you—to ask—but it's no use—no use. I knew what you would say ——"

"Letty! Wait a moment ——"

She rose, controlling herself with a desperate effort.

"Forgive me, Mr. Berkley—I didn't mean to break down; but I'm so tired—and—I wanted you—I needed to hear you tell me what was right. . . . But I knew already. Even if I were—were treacherous enough to marry him—I know he would find me out. . . . I can't get away from it—I can't seem to get away. Yesterday, in camp, the Twentieth Cavalry halted—and there was John Casson!—And I nearly dropped dead beside Doctor Benton—oh, the punishment for what I did!—the awful punishment!—and Casson stared at me and said: 'My Lord, Letty! is that you?'"

She buried her burning cheeks in her hands.

"I did not lie to him. I offered him my hand; and perhaps he saw the agony in my face, for he didn't say anything about the Canterbury, but he took off his forage-cap and was pleasant and kind. And he and Doctor Benton spoke to each other until the bugles sounded for the regiment to mount."

She flung her slender arm out in a tragic gesture toward the horizon. "The world is not wide enough to hide in," she said in a heart-breaking voice. "I thought it was—but there is no shelter—no place—no place in all the earth!"

"Letty," he said slowly, "if your Doctor Benton is the man I think he is—and I

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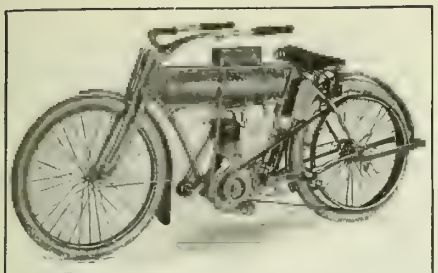

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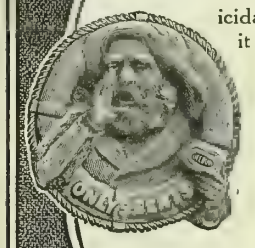

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once knew him well enough to judge—he is the only man on earth fit to hear the confession you have made this day to me. And I'm going to tell you that I wouldn't hesitate to marry you if I loved you."

"W-what!"

He laughed. "Not one second! It's a good partnership for any man. Don't be afraid that you can't meet men on their own level. You're above most of us now, and you're mounting steadily. There, that's my opinion of you—that you're a good woman and a charming one, and Benton is devilish lucky to get you. . . . Come here, Letty."

She went to him as though dazed, and he took both her hands in his.

"Don't you know," he said, "that I have seen you, day after day, intimately associated with the woman I love? Can you understand now that I am telling the truth when I say, Let the dead past bury its ghosts, and go on living as you have lived from the moment that your chance came to live nobly? I know what you have made of yourself. I know what the chances were against you. You are a better woman today than many who will die untempted. And you shall not doubt it, Letty. What a soul is born into is often fine and noble; what a soul makes of itself is beyond all praise. Choose your own way, but if you love him give yourself to him. He will want you—as I would—as any man would. . . . Now you must smile at me, Letty."

She turned toward him a face pallid, enraptured, transfigured with an inward radiance that left him silent—graver after that swift glimpse of a soul exalted.

She said slowly: "You and Ailsa have been God's own messengers to me. . . . I shall tell Doctor Benton. . . . If he still wishes it I will marry him. It will be for him to ask—after he knows all."

Celia entered, carrying the breakfast on a tray.

"Curt's Zouaves have stolen ev'y pig, but I found bacon and po'k in the cellar," she said smilingly. "Oh, dear! the flo' is in such a mess of plaster! Will you sit on the aidge of the bed, Miss Lynden, and he'p my cousin eat this hot co'n pone?"

A napkin was spread over the sheets, and pillows tucked behind Berkley; and Celia and Letty fed him, and Letty drank her coffee and thankfully ate her bacon and corn pone, telling them both, between bites, how it had been with her and with Ailsa.

"It was dreadful," she said. "We could hear the firing for miles and miles, and nobody knew what was happening. But all the Northern papers said it was one great victory after another, and we believed them. All the regimental bands at the landing played and everybody was so excited. We all expected to hear that our army was in Richmond.

"Everybody was so cheerful and happy in the hospital—all those poor sick soldiers," she said; "and everybody was beginning to plan to go home, thinking the war had nearly ended. I thought so too, and I was so glad. And then, somehow, people began to get uneasy, and the first stragglers appeared. . . . Oh, it did seem incredible at first; we wouldn't believe that the siege of Richmond had been abandoned."

She smiled drearily. "I've found out that it is very easy to believe what you want to believe in this world. . . . Will you have some more broth, Mr. Berkley?"

Before he could answer, the door opened and a red Zouave came in, carrying his rifle and knapsack.

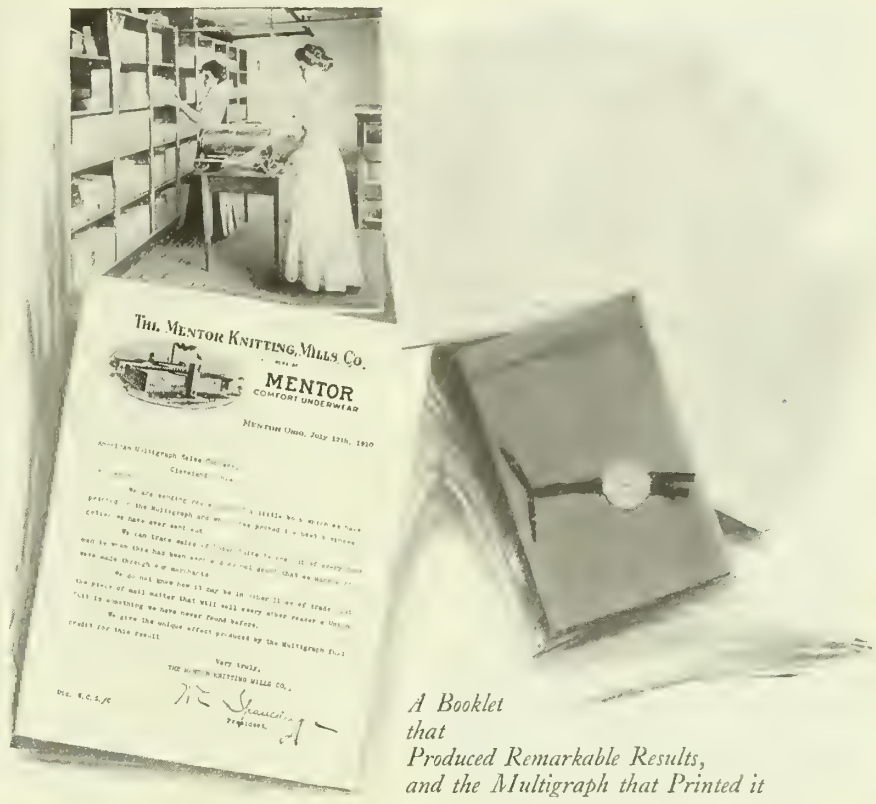
"Mother," he said in an awed voice, "Jimmy Lent is dead!"

"What!"

He looked stupidly around the room, resting his eyes on Letty and Berkley, then dropped heavily on to a chair.

"Jim's dead," he repeated vacantly. "He only arrived here yesterday—transferred from his militia to McDunn's battery. And now he's dead. Some one had better write to Camilla. I'm afraid to. . . . A shell hit him last night—oh, he's all torn to pieces—and Major Lent doesn't know it either. . . . Father let me come; we're ordered across the river. Goodby, Mother ——" He rose and put his arms around her.

"You'll write to Camilla, won't you?" he said. "Tell her I love her. I didn't know it until just a few minutes ago. But I do, Mother. I'd like to marry her. Tell her not to cry too much. Jimmy was playing cards, they say, and a big shell fell inside the redoubt. Philip—I think you knew Harry Sayre? Transferred from the



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"We do not know how it may be in other lines of trade, but the piece of mail matter that will sell every other reader a Union Suit is something we have never found before.

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THE Multigraph offers you the most direct, economical and effective method of extending your business. It enables you to hold and increase profitable relations with your present trade; to develop new prospects, where and how you choose; to meet competition; to build up any department of your business; to get the *right kind of inquiries that mean sales.*

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It means booklets, circulars, envelope-stuffers, folders (and every conceivable form of advertising material), that would do credit to any master printer.

It means either cutting your advertising cost in two, or doing twice as much for the same cost.

It means results like those shown in the report at the head of this page from The Mentor Knitting Mills Co.

You can double your saving by adding our Universal Folding-Machine to your Multigraph Equipment. It makes all ordinary folds in letters, circulars, booklets, etc., at a cost of 2 or 3 cents a thousand as against printers', binders' or hand-folding cost of 10 cents to 45 cents.

Write for free booklet, "More Profit with the Multigraph"

You *can't* buy the Multigraph until we know that you have a real money-making need for it in your business. If you are interested to know just how and why this is so, and what the Multigraph means to you personally, write today, using the letterhead of your firm or corporation.

THE AMERICAN MULTIGRAPH SALES CO.

Fifty Branch Offices Executive Office, 1800 East 40th St., Cleveland

"Before using Eskay's, my boys were sick nearly all the time," writes Mrs. Rich. J. Lyons, Des Moines, Ia., mother of these handsome prize-winning twins, "but they began to improve when put on Eskay's and never had a sick day afterwards."

ESKAY'S FOOD

added to fresh cow's milk makes the perfect substitute for breast milk.

Eskay's Food supplies the necessary elements that plain cow's milk lacks—and renders it digestible by the most delicate stomach.

If *your* baby is not thriving let us send you today enough Eskay's to prove it is *the* food for him.

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Gentlemen: Please send me free, ten feedings of Eskay's and your book for mothers, "How to Care for the Baby."

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Street and Number _____

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TRADE MARK REGISTERED

NO METAL can touch you

YEAR ROUND COMFORT

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Dealers or direct upon receipt of price.

Sample Pair and Booklet for 4 Cents in Stamps. Name Size and Color.

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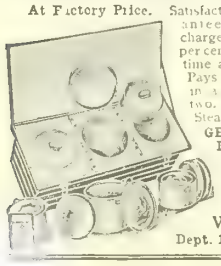

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On 30 Days' Trial

GENUINE ALUMINUM COOKING UTENSILS FREE. Also metal composition Heat Radiators; can't break or crack. Send for free book and 125 splendid recipes to-day.

WM. CAMPBELL CO.
Dept. 14 Detroit, Mich.

Seventh to the Zouaves as lieutenant in the fifth company?"

"Yes. Was he killed?"

"Oh, Lord, yes! Everybody in the shebang except Arthur Wye was all torn to pieces. Tommy Atherton, too; you knew him, of course—Fifth Zouaves. He happened in—just visiting Arthur Wye. They were all playing cards in a half-finished bomb-proof. . . . Mother, you will write to Camilla, won't you, dear? Goodby—goodby, Phil—and Miss Lynden!" He caught his mother in his arms for a last hug, wrenched himself free, and ran back across the hall.

"Oh, why are they sending Curt's regiment across the river?" wailed Celia, following to the window. "Look at them, Phil! Can you see? The road is full of Zouaves—there's a whole regiment of them in blue too. The batteries are all harnessed up; do you think there's going to be another battle? I don't know why they want to fight any mo'!" she exclaimed in sudden wrath and anguish. "I don't understand why they are not willing to leave the South alone. My husband will be killed, and my only son—like Jimmy Lent—if they don't ever stop this wicked fighting ——"

The roar of a heavy gun buried the room in plaster dust. Letty calmly lifted the tray from the bed and set it on a table. Then very sweetly and with absolute composure she took leave of Celia and of Berkley. They saw her climb into an ambulance which was drawn up on the grass.

Then Berkley opened the letter that Letty had brought him:

"This is just a hurried line to ask you a few questions. Do you know a soldier named Arthur Wye? He is serving now as artilleryman in the Tenth New York Flying Battery, Captain McDunn. Are you acquainted with a lieutenant in the Fifth Zouaves named Cortlandt? I believe he is known to his intimates as Billy or 'Pop' Cortlandt. Are they trustworthy and reliable men? Where did you meet Miss Lynden and how long have you known her? Please answer immediately.

"AILSA PAIGE."

Wondering, vaguely uneasy, he read and reread this note, so unlike Ailsa, so brief, so disturbing in its direct coupling of the people in whose company he had first met Letty Lynden. . . . Yet, on reflection, he dismissed apprehension. Ailsa was too fine a character to permit any change in her manner to humiliate Letty, even if by hazard knowledge of the unhappy past had come to her concerning the pretty, pallid nurse of Sainte Ursula.

As for Arthur Wye and Billy Cortlandt, they were incapable of anything contemptible or malicious.

He asked Celia for a pencil and paper, and, propped on his pillows, wrote:

"My darling, I don't exactly understand your message, but I guess it's all right. To answer it:

"Billy Cortlandt and Arthur Wye are old New York friends of mine. Their words are better than other people's bonds. Letty Lynden is a sweet, charming girl. I regret that I have not known her years longer than I have. I am sending this in haste to catch Letty's ambulance just departing, though still blocked by artillery passing the main road. Can you come? I love you. PHILIP BERKLEY."

Celia sent her colored man running after the ambulance. He caught it just as it started on. Berkley, from his window, saw the servant deliver his note to Letty.

He had not answered the two questions concerning Letty. He could not. So he had evaded them.

An enormous cloud of white smoke rose curling from the river—another, another; and boom! boom! boom! came the solid thunder of cannon. The gunboats at the landing were opening fire; cavalry were leading their horses aboard transports; and far down the road the sun glistened on a long column of scarlet, where the Third Zouaves were marching to their boats.

The sharpshooters had already begun to trouble them. Their officers ordered them to lie down while awaiting their turn to embark. After a while many of the men sat up on the ground to stretch and look about them, Stephen among the others. And a moment later a conoidal bullet struck him square in the chest and knocked him flat in the dirt among his comrades.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

John Deere Plow Works, Moline, Ill.—Largest in the World—Covered with **THE CAREY ROOF STANDARD**

BECAUSE of its **standardized construction,** Carey's Flexible Cement Roofing has been preferred for the greatest and best known industrial plants and mercantile buildings in America. Let us send you a free sample and booklet explaining the unequalled, intrinsic value found in

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BIRMINGHAM, ALA. The Philip Carey Company
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Practical time tests of over twenty years have proved its durability and earned for Carey's Flexible Cement Roofing the reputation of being thoroughly **standardized** and always dependable.

Be the building great or small; the surface steep or flat; the sheathing wood, tile or concrete **Carey's Flexible Cement Roofing** meets every condition with the assurance of lasting satisfaction.

For proof of its durability, permanent flexibility, absolutely water-tight joints and relatively low cost, ask nearest branch to send a representative, or write the factory direct for free sample, descriptive booklet and address of nearest dealer.

Our 50 Branches and 3,000 Dealers are a Guarantee of Prompt Service

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43 Wayne Ave., Lockland, Cincinnati, Ohio

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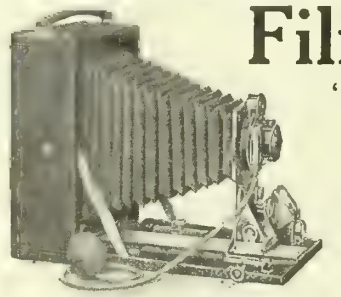

It's as small as a purely film camera, yet takes films or plates with equal facility.

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PETE, THE POLICEMAN

(Continued from Page 9)

They always say this, whether the man is fighting crazy or not. They just want you to be a bugaboo, to scare him, but not to hurt him. In this case the woman had a pair of black eyes and had been pretty well beaten up, so I went in to take a hand.

As usual, the fellow put up an argument. "Where's your warrant now?" he demanded, and then started in to abuse me. Finally he got fighting mad and made a pass at my head. He was a big chap too, taller and stronger than I was, and to save myself I hit him with my fist. Then, of course, the woman took a hand too. She came at me with a frying-pan and the man took a chair. Naturally I had to use my club, and before I could subdue the pair the woman had been tumbled over on the stove and the man had got a crack over the head with a night stick.

In court, the police magistrate looked us over. I hadn't a mark on my face, but the man was all bandaged up for the one crack I'd given him over the head. He wasn't hurt much, of course, but he looked like a sight. Then the woman had her burned hands to show, and after I'd told my story they both said I lied. Her story was that they'd been making a little noise when I rushed in and struck the man over the head. She had gone to his rescue then, and after giving her a pair of black eyes I'd pushed her down on the stove. Nor could the judge be convinced otherwise; perhaps he didn't wish to be. He had it in for the coppers at the time, and made a grandstand play by declaiming against brutal policemen, police outrages and all that sort of thing, and wound up by advising the man and his wife to complain about me at headquarters. They said they would, and were discharged. Instead of complaining, however, they packed up and skipped.

Ruling by the Rod

But boys on the street are the real bane of a copper's life. They cause more trouble to a patrolman than all the gangs of crooks put together. More complaints are received from this cause than from any other. I remember the first young imp I gathered in. I let him go as long as I could, because I remembered I had been a boy once and an imp just as well. But when he tried to brain me with a brick I brought him in.

As a pleasant introduction the sergeant on the desk looked up from ruling red lines in the blotter and grinned.

"Is that the best you could do?" said he, taking stock of the boy's size. Then the boy's mother came rushing up.

"You'd ought to be ashamed of yourself, officer. You big loafer and good-for-nothin'!" said she, all in a breath. "You was the fellow I saw going into a saloon back door yesterday, and if you want to do your duty why don't you arrest those crap-shooters in the next block and those burglars that stole the milk off my stoop? Oh, no!" she cried, and shook her finger at me; "but you'd run in my innocent young boy what was only tossing a little ball to his playmates and goes to school regular, and it wouldn't be surprising to me if you was intoxicated at the moment, and ——"

"Here, here, madam!" says the sergeant, breaking in. Then he keeps her quiet long enough to ask me the charge.

"Felonious assault with a brick," says I, and after she'd gasped a little she sailed right in again.

In court, next day, I got another dressing down from the mother, and might have caught one, too, from the judge but for the fact that the lad got scared and said if they'd let him off he'd never do it again. After that I never took a boy to the house. Instead, when I got my hands on him, I would bend him across my knee and make up for a little of what his parents had neglected to give him. In time, I had that beat as well-behaved as a Sunday-school the day before the picnic.

When a patrolman has to take a petty offender to court on his day off it's a pretty sore point with him. He has none too many hours of leisure as it is. One cause of this is that he is often assigned to special duty on his days off, and again, whenever he is drilled or sent on target-practice it is invariably during the hours that would otherwise be free for him. I myself believe that one of the greatest faults of the present police system is that the men have too little free time and too little rest. If they had more I and a great many others think they would show a much higher efficiency. It doesn't do any man any good to take away from him the little freedom that is his by right. But a policeman has no friends to shout for him, and as a class we are worked in a way that no other class of men would be worked without starting some kind of an indignation meeting.

"Oh, the cop has an easy-enough time of it," say the folks who know nothing at all about it; and they let the matter go at that.

Now I know that we patrolmen are often charged with stupidity, arrogance and brutality. Now and then a regular fever of complaints against the force will break out over all the town. All the same, this bill of particulars can't be charged against the great body of patrolmen. No doubt there are some who exceed their authority or who don't know their jobs or are a little too ready to hand a citizen a wallop with their sticks; but it's to be remembered, too, that there are more than ten thousand men in the New York department, and an army as big as that is bound to contain a few sluggers and bullies and lunkheads. The trouble with the police business is, in this respect, that the whole force has to stand for it whenever an occasional copper breaks loose.

Nowadays, as I can tell you, a man hardly dares to use his stick except as a last resort. That's all right too; but just the same it has its drawbacks. If some of the citizens always complaining were sent out to do a tour they'd change their minds about our brutality. On some of the beats, believe me, it's worth a man's life to be caught off his guard. In the old days, when the gangs began to cut up too much with the cops, it was the regular practice to lay for the toughs and teach them a handy lesson. A new cop would be sent out as a stalking-horse with a squad of men following in plain clothes. Then, when the gang got busy, the outfit would sail in and dust up the street with the toughs. You can make up your mind this taught them to respect a uniform where now they give it the laugh; but the bad part of the old system, and the thing that killed it, was that if a cop had political pull enough he could do about as he liked. Today, however, there is too much light turned on the police to let a man last if he's no good. Of course this doesn't refer to grafters, because in this case the knowing ones have the game laid down to such a system that it's almost humanly impossible to nab them.

The Men Who Make Big Money

Now, getting back to the graft again, there was something else about which I had my eyes opened. Before I got on the force I imagined every copper had the chance, if he was built that way, to pick up easy money. Nothing could be further from the truth. Also, I believed a majority of patrolmen were out for everything and anything they could lay their hands on. Well, that isn't so either. Knowing as I do all the ins and outs of the trade, I would say instead that the majority of the police, no matter what may be their associations, temptations and all that sort of thing, are as strictly honest as any other men in any trade or profession. When they fall for the game they come to it through the same causes that incite men in other callings. Lots of bank clerks, for instance, have gone to jail because they hadn't enough to live on, to keep themselves and their families. A good many others, too, have taken to tapping the till because they saw the cashier or the president getting away with big money from the bank. It's the same thing on the force: perhaps the cop sees his captain getting rich, raking down the dough as fast and as easy as a Wall Street flimflammer. Naturally the cop gets to thinking he'd like a little of it for himself. And when he sees that the practice of getting easy money is customary among his superiors, and is considered the natural thing, what's left of his conscience is gradually put to sleep.

All the same, few patrolmen go to grafting on their own hook. If they do, in ninety-nine out of a hundred cases they are caught in pretty sudden order. When this happens the man isn't charged outright with the graft; instead, he will usually be

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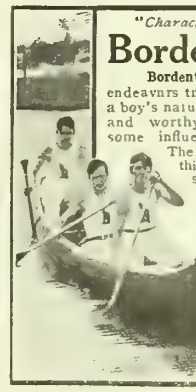

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charged with something else. Even if he manages to scrape through at first with a fine or a suspension they'll keep after him till they manage somehow to break the fellow. This is because one of the tightest customs in the department is the unwritten law that no man doing a tour in uniform shall break into the graft for himself. For graft, if I must say so, is strictly reserved for the inspectors, the captains and their wardmen. By this I mean, of course, the big graft, not the picayune business of picking up a dollar or so here and there. Nor do I mean the small-fry trade, where the precinct doormen or the court officers mace the prisoners out of their small change for messenger charges and meals brought in. What I'm talking about now is the big money. To be sure, a patrolman may sometimes pick up a five-spot or even as much as fifty dollars for releasing some citizen he has picked up, but he can't make a regular thing of doing this, or they'll have his shield away. Under some captains the rule is so strict that if a patrolman is caught standing up a saloonman for the drinks he will be broken right off the reel. And to break a cop is the easiest matter in the world if you understand the ways of doing it. This is so because no man who ever lived could manage to live up to all the regulations given in the book of rules. One of these, for example, is that no policeman shall speak to a citizen unless it be on police matters. Another is that the patrolman must not stand in one place for more than five minutes at a time. Still another, that illustrates the nature of the regulations, is that a man isn't allowed to speak to his side partner on the next beat unless it be also strictly in line with his duties. There are dozens of rules like this, and some of them are broken by every policeman every day in the year. But nothing is said about it unless the man is in bad with his superiors. Then every misstep he makes is spotted and a charge laid up against him.

The Captain's Fatal Peaches

I remember a case of this sort. There was a gambling house that for some reason wouldn't come across with the protection money; so the captain stationed a uniformed man in front of the door. The idea was to keep customers from going in or coming out. One night when I relieved the man on this duty, he passed me up a tip.

"There's a couple of plunks in it, sport," he advised, "every time you let any one go in or come out. Walk down the block when they tip you the word, and when you come back you'll see a two-spot on the steps."

I had, however, learned enough by then to be wise. I knew the captain had it in for the place, so I attended strictly to business. It was a good thing I did, because six weeks later they sent for the other man to go to headquarters, and there they took his keys and shield away.

There is a little graft for the patrolman, however, that is considered perfectly legitimate. This, for instance, is where a man has a special assignment at some affair like a wedding or a party, or is stationed at the door at a big banquet. No one objects, then, if the person in charge slips the cop a five-dollar bill or so. But grafting on people engaged in legitimate business is always pretty rare. In the first place, the coppers consider it mean, and then again, even the hungriest of grafters is afraid to tackle straight business men. Usually the only chance is when the tradespeople violate some city ordinance, such as the regulation against piling goods and cases on the sidewalks. Some years ago a captain was broken and very nearly sent up the river for grafting like this on a commission merchant. The bribe passed was a basket of peaches. As you can see, there's nothing in it. Some time ago a man on tour might manage to pick up a little from the push-cart pedlers and other hucksters, but now this also has nearly gone by. These fellows have an association today, and a bunch of lawyers behind them, so that if a copper tries to shake down a few they'll be after him in less time than it takes to tell it.

As for the big graft, it still exists, though owing to a lot of causes it's by no means so good as it used to be. Legislation against racing has hurt it a lot, and then a while ago the politicians higher up got to fighting among themselves. Nevertheless, the easy money still raked down in New York amounts to quite a good deal.

I'd been on the force nearly eleven years before I got my first peep at the big

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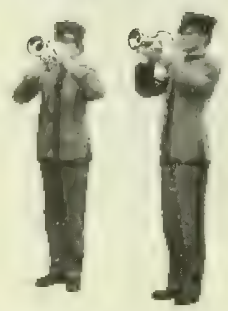

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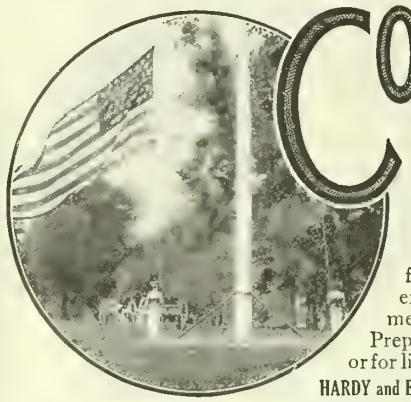

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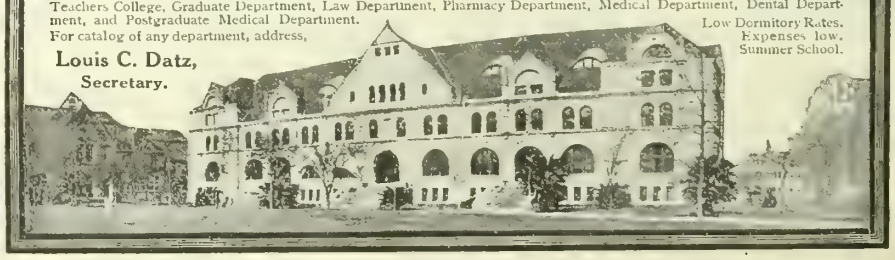

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cash; in fact, I'd begun to think, like a majority of patrolmen, that all the talk about rich money was mere moonshine. I still thought so, even after I was made a "flatty" and was sent out to snoop around the precinct. There might be money in the police game, I told myself, but it wasn't hauled down by the thousands, said I. One day, however, when I was leaning up against the desk, buzzing away at the sergeant, the "old man" came out of his room and tipped me a quiet nod.

"Let's take a walk," said he.

It was the regular summons, as I learned later. For the balance of the afternoon I strolled around with the skipper and never spoke unless I was spoken to. The next day it was the same, and so on for a week. Then one day the captain took me into his room and closed the door.

"You go over to such and such a place," said he, giving me the number. "There's a new game there that's been running on the quiet for three weeks or so. Just say to the boss that he owes for a month's rent."

That was all. There was nothing said about asking for money or to whom it was to be paid; as I learned later, there never was. But I had my instructions. They were specific, and I carried them out to the letter. There was little difficulty in getting into the house, and once inside I had no trouble in picking out the proprietor.

"Boss," said I, getting him to one side, "you owe for a month's rent."

For a moment he looked kind of sour; then he turned on his heel and went out of the room. As my business was finished, I went back to the "old man."

"I saw the boss," said I, and when I'd said it the skipper merely gave a grunt. He showed no further interest, and so far as he was concerned the affair seemed to be ended. But two or three days later a plain envelope came to me mysteriously. In it were two five-dollar bills, nothing else. It was clear to me, however, that this was the way this particular captain had of squarely making the divvy.

Peter Decides to Make a Change

Ten per cent is always the wardman's rake-off; what share the captains and inspectors get I'll say honestly I can't tell you. Nor can I tell you how much of the graft goes higher up or who the man or men higher up really are. I doubt if even many of the captains know, though it's well believed that politicians are mixed up in it; in fact, every one is kept guessing.

In my experience I found that the scale of prices was on a fixed basis. Stuss games are usually taxed fifty dollars a week, a rather high price, as such games are always crooked. The price for back-room poker games and other small gambling layouts ranges from twenty-five to one hundred dollars a month, depending on what they take in. Other kinds of vice have to pay from one hundred to five hundred dollars a month, with something laid down before the place is opened.

Now I'm not going to say much about this side of the business, but there's one sure fact that I'll tell you. No house can ever run in a precinct without the captain knowing about it. In the first place, if a resort starts up without applying to the precinct commander, other places in the same line of business will be quick to hear about it and to complain. However, very few attempt to open up without first arranging with the "old man." For one thing, they don't care to risk losing the money they invest, and in the end it's always cheaper to be protected. It insures peace, you know, not only for the proprietors but for their patrons too. Now and then it's the rule, besides, to pinch even the protected places just for the sake of appearances; but in these instances nothing much ever happens to the people in charge. When the case comes up for trial it generally turns out that the men sent out to get the evidence have nothing to testify that bears any weight in a court of record. This is the great dodge always played on any place that tries to open without paying the regular fee. If the place has been raided and the proprietor squares himself after his arrest, when he is brought to trial the police witnesses show either an extraordinary lack of memory or give evidence so arranged that it's bound to clear the defendant. Saloonkeepers, too, come in for this sort of thing if they try to run open on Sundays without paying up.

Admitting that this graft exists, that it's organized and pretty extensive, after all it's

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nothing you can hold up against the average policeman. A man may be on the force for twenty years, as I have learned, and still know nothing at all about it. He will hear rumors, of course, and feel sure that it's going on, but never once in that time will he get a single item of direct evidence. For one thing, it's too well guarded, and then very few are engaged in it. I may be wrong, but I should say offhand that not above five per cent, if as many as that, of the entire ten thousand men are engaged regularly in shaking down this easy money. More than likely, half that number would come nearer to the truth.

It may be a slap at myself, but I'd like to say, all the same, that the better element in the department never do certain kinds of plain-clothes duty. Some of them won't stand for it and the others never get the chance. The reason I got out of it myself was because I saw my partners were beginning to eye me a little more knowingly than I cared to have them. Then, too, I got married after a while, and when my wife tumbled to where all the extra money was coming from I got a line of talk that would make a Dutch uncle turn green with envy. But as I was then in the game too deep to quit without being suspected, I just resigned from the force and started in a legitimate trade, far enough away from New York to be quiet.

The Price of a Party

In the police business it isn't always the policeman, as I've said, who does all the grafting. This was something else I learned after I got into the department. Before I'd been on the force a month I began to get touched like my fellows. The first case was when I was held up to buy two tickets to a chowder party that a certain politician was advertised in the papers as giving to his constituents. Maybe he did give the party, but as a matter of fact we patrolmen paid for it.

"I don't want any tickets," said I when I was asked to buy. "I don't want to go and I couldn't if I wanted to. I'll be on duty all that day."

"That's all right," said the fellow who was handling the business; "you may not want to go and maybe you can't go. But all the same," he added, looking me up and down, "you'll buy a couple off of me."

I told him to chase himself, and walked away. That night, however, I got a straight tip from my side partner that if I didn't give up I'd better get ready to hunt another job. Nor was he stretching the truth, as I learned later; and when I got the facts into my head I hunted up the ticket-seller in a hurry.

"I'll take those tickets," I said to him.

Once again he looked me over. "I've sold those two," said he, turning up his lip; "all that's left now is a set of four."

So I took the four, though my hands itched to hand him one for luck.

After that I ran up against a regular round of subscriptions to all sorts of affairs. In each and every case some politician was behind it. Nor were even the captains and inspectors safe from the fellows in power, who made a practice of shaking down the police. When there was one of these big blowouts on hand every captain within reach was made to come across for the price of a box or for a bunch of tickets.

Now none of us objected to charity. As a class there are no men more openhearted. I recall a lot of cases where the men have gone down into their pockets to help some poor woman and her babies that had been brought in off the street. And many a poor starving fellow, too, has been fed in the same way by the men in blue. But when we were held up to pay for a charity it galled us to know it was nothing but a frame-up to give some political flimflammer a little bogus credit.

Another way in which we were made to give up was when we policemen looked for any legislation in our favor. Then we had to pay for it and to pay handsomely, as well. If we didn't, any little bill that favored us was killed in short order.

Let me say this to you now: If they could only get the police department out of the hands of the politicians there isn't a patrolman in New York who wouldn't be tickled to death to see it done. Of course this would hurt a lot of fellows in gold lace, but the ordinary copper would be glad to see this, anyhow. All of us know that such a step would be the first real move to stop all forms of graft. I guess the politicians know this too; or it seems so to me.

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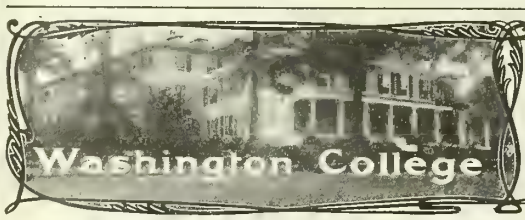

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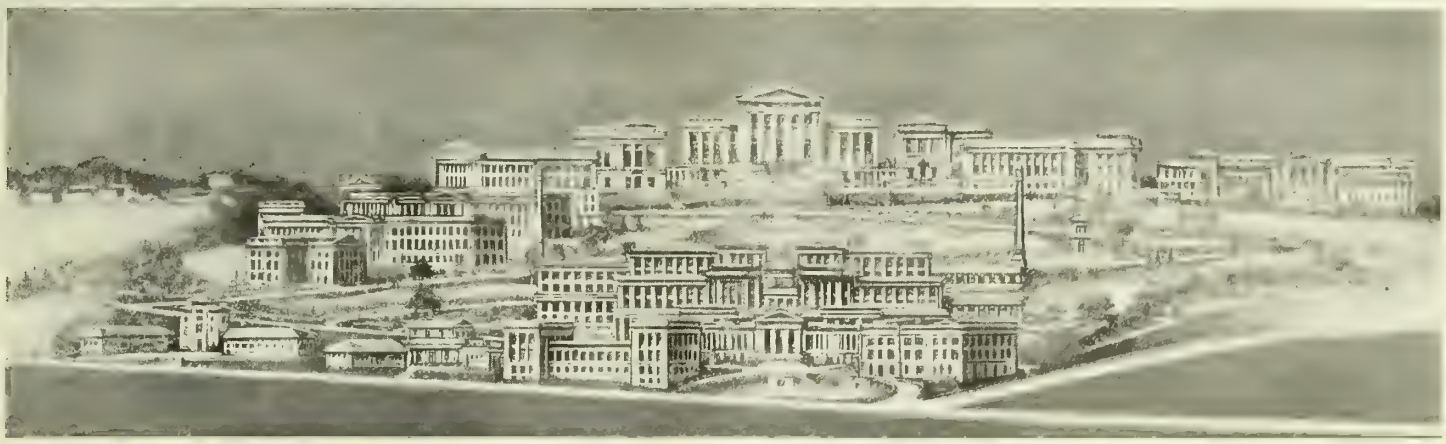

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FENCING OFF A NATION

(Concluded from Page 13)

care for infected animals. Cattle whose blood is being sucked need more food than those not infested by the tick. These two items will total $8,500,000 a year, taking into account the dips and other preventive measures that are included in the item of extra care.

It costs the Government and the states at least $75,000 a year to enforce the quarantine regulations independent of the amount expended for tick eradication.

The cost of maintaining separate pens, disinfecting cars and the other extra expenses of the transportation of cattle from the infected area will reach $30,000 a year.

And this is not all. Southern cattle become stunted as the result of infection in their youth. The Northern cattleman can market his beef when it is from twenty-four to thirty months old, while his Southern brother is required to keep his cattle from one to two years longer before they are ready for the slaughter-pen. This means two years' extra food and extra care. It costs easily five dollars per year to keep a cow. To keep the entire thirteen million at this figure means an annual loss of $65,000,000, not to mention interest on a capital of some $150,000,000.

A little addition will show that the annual cost of feeding the tick is about $96,000,000, and this does not include the item of over $50,000,000 for shrinkage in the value of Southern cattle not sent to market, which can be said to be a permanent loss, though it is an annual charge against the price of the beefsteak that you and I ate for breakfast this morning.

Look at the matter of expense in another way. On January 1, 1910, there were 3,502,000 milch cows below the dead line. Their average value per head was $27.67 as against an average value of $35.79 per head for milch cows in the tick-free area; a difference of $8.12 per head, or $28,436,240. On that date there were 10,412,000 beef cattle in the infected region valued at $13.80 per head as against an average value of $23.70 per head for beef cows above the dead line; a difference of $9.90 per head or $103,078,800. Together these figures give us $131,515,040 as the decrease in the value of the Southern cattle because of the presence of the invader. Rather astounding figures, and yet they entered into the price of that beefsteak we ate this morning. The average value of the 600,000 beef cattle in Arkansas on January 1 was nine dollars per head, while the average value of 3,611,000 beef cattle in Iowa on that date was $22.20 per head. Rather eloquent figures these. "But," I hear the Iowa farmer protest, "those scrub cattle in Arkansas would not be worth as much as my pure-breds even if they had not a tick on them." "Not so fast, Mr. Iowa Farmer, not so fast. What you say is true. No one will say for an instant that the Arkansas scrub, hoofs, hide and all, is worth any more than nine dollars, but why is the Arkansas steer a scrub?"

A Demonstration of the Ages

Why? Because of the Texas-fever tick, and for no other reason. If the Arkansas farmer tried to improve the breed of his cattle by the importation of pure-breds from Iowa, the Northern cattle either died or reverted rapidly to the scrub type. He probably gave it up as a bad job, as well he might, so long as his fields or his neighbors' fields were infested with ticks, ready to suck the blood of his pure-breds and to put the death-dealing protozoa into their blood. The Arkansas breeder might have succeeded in freeing his fields of ticks, and even have persuaded his neighbors to do the same; but he was unable to exhibit his cattle at the Northern cattle fairs and he was unwilling to risk exhibiting them at the Southern fairs, and he did not get much encouragement to become a breeder of fine cattle. What reason is there to believe that, if there were no ticks in Arkansas, the six hundred thousand cattle would not be worth as much as the Iowa cattle, and even that the six hundred thousand would be swelled to equal or exceed the three million? No tick means fatter cattle and better cattle and more cattle. This means better beef and more beef, and it has very considerable to do with the price of beefsteak.

The day of the great range is passing into history. Some writers have dolorously pointed to this fact as spelling the end of cheap beef. It means the end of cheap beef unless beef is supplied from the farm that has supplanted the range; but the fact is that the production of beef on the range is the most wasteful method of producing beefsteak that could be conceived. The exposure to winter and the waste of the range itself constituted an economic crime. The uplands will always furnish some range land, but the range of the plains has given way before the approach of civilization. The experience of ages has demonstrated conclusively that the keystone of the agricultural arch is a healthy livestock industry to put back on to the soil, in the form of animal manure, the elements that vegetation has taken from it. Mineral fertilizers have proved of little value compared to the fertilization of a healthy livestock industry.

Cotton Changed to Cattle

Just now agriculture in the South is in a great transitory stage. With the passing of the range has come the passing of the great cotton plantation. The impoverishment of the soil that has resulted from the continuous production of one crop and the ravages of the Mexican boll-weevil have made cotton growing much less certain than in the antebellum days. The Southern planter is realizing that he must cease "mining the soil," diversify his crops and produce livestock if he is to continue in prosperity. Many Southern cotton planters have tried to turn from the production of cotton to the production of beef, but the tick drove them from this field as the boll-weevil drove them from cotton growing. Farmers in twenty-eight counties in Mississippi last fall petitioned the State Board of Agriculture of that state to start the work of tick eradication at once, because they had been put out of the cotton-growing business by the boll-weevil and wanted to start in the business of raising beef. The natural relation between the cotton industry and the beef industry has already manifested itself. Cotton-seed meal, long thought to be a worthless by-product of the cotton-growing industry, has proved to be of enormous value as a fattener of cattle. The South ships most of this away. Some of it goes north and over a billion pounds go to Europe each year. If it could be used to fatten cattle on the Southern plantations it would bring to the Southern cotton grower easily $10,000,000 a year more as beef than he gets for it as meal. The value of the fertilization of the soil by the cattle would easily equal this figure.

To say that the annual loss, actual and potential, occasioned by the cattle tick is more than half a billion dollars is to speak well within the mark.

The new era is at hand in the South. In every island of tick-free territory, and in the area released from quarantine, the cattle industry has taken on a fresh impetus. The blood of the native cattle is being improved by the introduction of better strains from the North. Land values have advanced as the result of tick eradication. When the intruder is finally forced beyond the borders of the country, and the raising of livestock shall have attained its proper relation to Southern agriculture, the South will assume the place for which its climate and soil fit it—that of the greatest beef-producing section of the world. The building of that fence between California and Mexico mean much for the future of American agriculture.

The Call

Come on, old scout
Cut loose and come;
We'll take the route
We used to go,
Where woodwinds hum
And cool brooks flow,
And speckled trout
Flash to and fro.

The lake is there,
The same old blue
That once we cut
In our canoe.
Don't sit and stare;
Don't "If" and "But"—
The open air
Is calling you.

—*Berton Braley.*

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A Twenty-Million-Dollar Fight—By Walter V. Woehlke

ON THE afternoon of Saturday, January 1st, John Schrader, station agent and one of the two inhabitants of Elgin, was restless and worried. A dozen times during the slow hours his nervous fingers tapped out the same series of dots and dashes; a dozen times he listened eagerly to the reassuring answer of the clattering key. "Doctor coming on Number Four," the reply spelled. "Will bring nurse along. Don't worry." And both John Schrader and his young wife listened eagerly for the whistle that would announce the approach of the train.

They waited in vain. Number Four did not arrive at Elgin New Year's Day, nor the next day, nor the next month. In its stead came a swirling flood that was not on the traffic or stork schedule. Fed by the sudden torrents of a hundred creeks, lashed by the screaming gale that drove the rain before it in stinging sheets, the river, a quarter of a mile wide, leaped over the rails, thundered against the station and, in the darkness of the night, served a summary eviction notice upon the couple. They obeyed. Far up on the hillside they sought shelter from the pelting rain behind a pile of rocks, and there, the storm howling above and the black flood roaring below, Johnnie Schrader, Jr., entered into a dark and troubled world.

No; Elgin is not a station on the banks of the Mississippi, the Missouri or the Ohio. Though the station building was swept away by a flood, it was not built on the banks of any river or stream. It stood high above a wash, above a sandy, gravelly bed that sometimes carried water and more often did not, in a region where men carefully fill their canteens before venturing farther than a mile or two from the water-hole, in the country of lean steers and rich mines; where the ghosts of those who died by the slow torture of thirst haunt the bitter plains and barren ranges. And yet this dry wash in the waterless hills of southeastern Nevada developed, within the short span of a night, a turbulent torrent that destroyed a hundred miles of track before breakfast, tied up all through traffic on a transcontinental railroad for half a year, and inflicted perhaps the worst damage by water ever sustained by a steam line in the United States.

The River That Doesn't Exist

Since Stephenson's iron horse laboriously crawled over its rickety rails no other line has suffered as much from floods and washouts as the San Pedro, Los Angeles & Salt Lake Railroad, the road traversing the driest portions of three of the driest states in the dry Southwest. Three times in the five years of its existence the line has been hit below the belt and paralyzed by floods which swept away many stations depending upon tank cars for their water supply. Barely ten months after the completion of the line the water goblin of the dry places mischievously ran off early one morning with a few miles of rails and roadbed. He stood by, snickering, while the engineers filled the gap. A year later the imp playfully twisted forty-five miles of track into a series of bowknots, carried off half a dozen bridges, ran away with a freight train and vanished into the thirsty soil of the desert twenty-four hours after his appearance. It required two months' time and a million and a half in money to reunite the frazzled ends of the steel artery severed by the erratic sprite. This year the goblin extended his operations over more than a hundred consecutive miles of track. So thoroughly and conscientiously did he do his work that for nearly five months not one through train rolled over the road, not one passenger, not a ton of freight, made the journey from terminal to terminal over the line which, before the flood, had been enjoying a revenue of twenty-five to thirty thousand dollars a day from through traffic. The passenger riding over the road today looks vainly for the mighty torrent that accomplished the destruction. All he sees is a sandy, waterless arroyo, hundreds of wing dams thrown up at right angles to the track, apparently without purpose, for there is no suspicion of water in sight, except now and then a little trickle, meandering listlessly.

It cost the Southern Pacific three millions and a half to protect its tracks in and its revenue out of the Imperial Valley, in southern California, from the ravages of the runaway Colorado River, the largest stream in the Southwest—a river with a drainage area and a discharge nearly equal to the basin and volume of the Mississippi; a river that gnawed its way through the colossal depths of the Grand Cañon. With three millions and a half the Southern Pacific defeated an antagonist worthy of its gold. It has cost the Salt Lake route over ten million dollars to battle for its life with a river that does not exist, to fight an insignificant rill, a stream without water most of the time, a creek so feeble that only occasionally can it drag itself to the banks of a stream which discharges its sparse contents into a tributary of the Colorado River. And the Salt Lake route has lost its fight with the intermittent stream. Even now the road is preparing to leave the goblin in full possession, to spend many additional millions in re-locating one-seventh of its line in order to give the diminutive brooklet in Meadow Valley a wide berth.

The Meadow Goblin Makes Merry

The goblin must have danced with glee when he saw, during the construction of the Salt Lake route, armies of men fight for the possession of this identical Meadow Valley wash. W. A. Clark, the Montana copper Senator and father of the road, was positive that possession of this long valley between barren desert ranges was essential to the successful execution of his railroad plans. E. H. Harriman, into whose territory the new line headed, likewise considered the wash the key to the situation; and promptly, before the Montana man could stroke his beard, Harriman closed his hand over the key, surrendering it only after the new line had promised to be good and had joined the secret society of Harriman highways. Could Harriman have seen the grin of the water goblin on the blue, naked heights above the wash, he might have been content to let the Montana millionaire have undisputed possession until the key had been fitted to the lock.

The Salt Lake route forms the base of a gigantic right-angled triangle. One side of the triangle, the Central Pacific, extends from Salt Lake City and Ogden almost seven hundred miles directly west to Sacramento, and beyond to tidewater. The second leg, the Southern Pacific, runs from Sacramento south to Los Angeles, a distance of four hundred and fifty miles. Before the coming of the Salt Lake route, all traffic between Ogden, the gateway of the Rocky Mountains' western slope, and Los Angeles had to move over the two sides of the triangle, climbing on the way over the heavy grades of the Sierra Nevada, the Tehachapi Mountains and the Sierra Madre, north of Los Angeles. Obviously the base of this right-angled triangle is considerably shorter than the sum of its two sides. As early as 1873 Utah capital, following the advice of far-sighted Brigham Young, had attempted to draw a double line of steel along the triangle's base, thus saving a haul of four hundred miles, with grades one-third lower than on the existing route. Lack of funds, however, nipped the early project in the bud. Later, in 1896, when A. W. McCune, aided by the Union Pacific and Oregon Short Line, began grading the first three hundred miles of the road through southern Utah almost to the Nevada line, the heavy hand of Collis P. Huntington, master of the Southern Pacific, forced the builders to abandon the enterprise.

Huntington was in his grave when Senator Clark, in 1900, revived the project, bought the abandoned McCune right-of-way and began construction work. In Huntington's place a new and greater power had arisen, a power controlling both Union, Central and Southern Pacific. Harriman had no intention of giving the Gould system ending at Ogden an outlet to the Pacific through a possible alliance with the projected Clark road, which, by virtue of a shorter haul over easier grades, would cut heavily into Southern Pacific business. Pouncing upon the long, comparatively narrow valley through which

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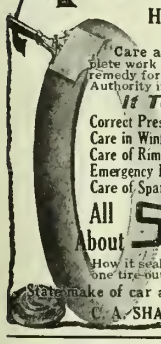

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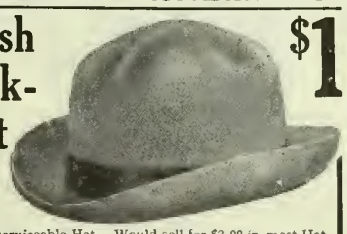

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the Mormon pioneers fifty years before had broken a trail from the hot plains of Utah to the dry Nevada and California deserts, the Harriman forces for a year held the strategic points in the meandering valley against all comers, keeping the Clark hosts at bay by means of rifles, revolvers and the favorite weapon of the railroad gangs—dynamite. After one of the bitterest wars in the history of railroading Senator Clark, in 1902, capitulated. By the terms of the treaty Harriman was given the right to purchase fifty per cent of the Salt Lake stock; in return, he gracefully surrendered possession of the Meadow Valley wash and transferred the branches of the Oregon Short Line south of Salt Lake City to the new road.

Less than a year after the formal opening of the new line on May 1, 1905, a torrent rushed down the slopes, hit the shiny new rails, undermined them, tore them away and buried them in the sands of the wash. Twelve hours later every trace of the torrent was gone. Nothing but the short, easily bridged gap in the roadbed remained to testify of the goblin's fleeting visit.

Month after month the sun blazed from a hard sky upon gray sagebrush plains, upon unreal purplish hills rising out of shimmering make-believe lakes. For a year, every evening, the dying sun filled the winding valley with living color. On the afternoon of March 5, 1907, a curtain of sable clouds was drawn across the face of the sun. That evening a thousand gullies and ravines, stone dry for a year, were spouting water, running full to the top, gushing forth the contents of the cloudburst that tarried not upon the bare roof of the ranges.

Moving the Stream

Down the wash the turgid flood raged, bombarding the roadbed with driftwood and grinding gravel, battering down bridges and trestles with boulders big as a house, spreading far in the wide places, hurling itself fifteen and twenty feet deep through the narrows. Like a nightmare, the flood had vanished when dawn broke.

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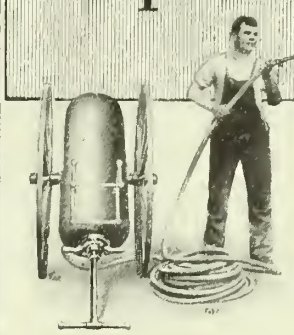

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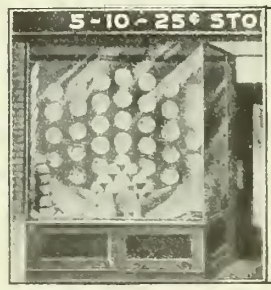

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the walls converged and forced stream and track into close proximity, they excavated the channel down to bedrock, blasted out a hundred and twenty thousand cubic yards of the rock still further to deepen the channel, and piled the rock under the rails. Through the solid spur of a mountain jutting out into the wash a way was torn for the stream by powder and pick. A thousand carloads of cement were poured into the foundations of the new bridges, and sixteen solid miles of riprap, requiring two hundred and thirty thousand cubic yards of selected stone, were constructed on the side of the roadbed that faced the whimsical wash. When the engineers had spent more than a million and a half, to protect forty-five miles of track against the ravages of a river without water, they called a halt. The fight was won. The wet sprite of the Meadow Valley wash was tamed, relegated for all time to the deep recesses of a rockbound channel, and the road was on top.

The goblin grinned.

It was abnormally cold in December of last year. The bare mountain ranges of the Nevada desert, shivering in the icy blasts, covered themselves with a thick, soft blanket of snow. Into the white, frozen wilderness came a warm, moist chinook wind, driving black clouds, piled high, before its blasts. On New Year's Day the desert ranges, feeling the tingle of warm drops of rain, decided that the white blanket was no longer necessary and suddenly threw it off into the wash.

On the last night of the old year, in a pouring rain, a train carrying more than a hundred passengers pulled out of Los Angeles for Salt Lake City. Though the travelers did not know it, the train was to break the slow-speed record for the distance, arriving at its destination on the eighth of June, one hundred and fifty-nine days after the start. Far up in the Meadow Valley, still in a pouring rain, the engineer discovered three feet of water on the track. He backed up only to find his train marooned, the rails both in front and in the rear having accepted an urgent invitation, with free transportation, to view the wonders of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado. Playing solitaire, enjoying the hospitality of the dining car, chopping ties for exercise and fuel, the passengers, floodbound in the desert, passed four days on the train before the waste places could supply enough horses, mules and wagons to transport the adventurers to the nearest station left intact by the torrent. Five months later the releasing rails were pushed under the rusty wheels of the locomotive.

Unaided, the melting snowdrifts piled deep in the gullies and arroyos of the desert hills would have been comparatively harmless. Neither would the steady downpour of forty-eight hours have been able to reach the amply protected rails, but the combination of the two sources by far overtaxed the new channel's capacity. Leaping over the banks, scattering the costly riprap work in all directions, spreading from wall to wall, a booming river the size and depth of the Ohio rushed down the wash, howling into the black night, gulping down roadbed, rails, bridges, houses, locomotives, freight cars, wherever it could reach them.

Tying a Knot in a Steel Bar

Where the barren hills draw far apart to make room for a wide, bare plain, lies the town of Caliente, headquarters in the fight of the money kings for the Meadow Valley wash. Caliente is a Spanish term denoting superlative heat accompanied by grievous lack of moisture. Also, Caliente is a division point whence a branch starts up a tributary wash to the ancient silver camp of Pioche, one of the most picturesque of the Southwest's historic mining towns. On the night of January first Caliente was neither hot nor dry. More cold water mixed with fertile soil and sharp sand passed through the town that night than the population had ever dreamed of seeing in the desert, and part of the town passed along with it. Freight cars were coming down the main line as usual, but not on their wheels; and down the Pioche branch came a river of muddy water instead of a stream of silver ore.

Neither was Caliente hot and dry for days to come. A cold wave, following on the heels of the storm, surprised the rearguard of the torrent before it could find refuge in the sand. A temperature of eighteen degrees below zero halted the water as it sped over the ruined road and froze it into brown ridges and hummocks, against which the picks and shovels of the shivering Mexican laborers were powerless. More than a week passed before the ice barricades melted away and allowed the engineers to view the goblin's work.

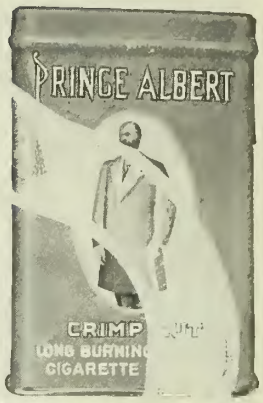
Throughout the length of the wash nothing remained except isolated islands of rails here and there. All the rest—track, ties, roadbed, riprap, stations, bridges—had gone swimming. Miles of rails were carried downstream into the desert, some portions so far away from the line that they have not been found to this day. At Caliente seventeen locomotives stood in the roundhouse buried four feet deep in frozen mud, the same fertile substance carpeting the floors of practically every house in the town. At St. George the water lifted a side track, put a curve into the main line and neatly tucked the rails under the branch. Long stretches of track were lifted up bodily, elevated high above the roadbed and carefully leaned on end against the walls of the wash, like picket fences, with steel rails taking the place of barbed wire. Here and there single lengths of the heavy rails were draped becomingly, like streamers, over giant boulders, the loose ends pointing downstream. At one spot the goblin paused long enough to tie an actual knot in a bar of steel twelve yards long and weighing over half a ton.

Nearly a month after the flood, when full data concerning the damage were on hand, the management acknowledged its defeat in the fight with the phantom river. Besides the original cost of construction, besides the surrender of the road's independence, the wash had swallowed a million and a half spent in rebuilding the track washed out in 1907, had eaten an equal amount in loss of revenue and equipment, and was now clamoring for ten millions more. What was the use of feeding the insatiable maw? Better let the wash have its way and build a new line around it than to sink more millions in its dry sand.

The Costliest Track in the World

This early decision was overruled when calmer counsel prevailed. It would not do to stop all through traffic pending the completion of the roundabout line, the construction of which would require at least a year and a half. During that period the business-getting organization of the road would go to pieces, all the patronage and prestige laboriously acquired in five years would be lost. Freight shipments had been increasing rapidly from year to year, passenger traffic had grown to such an extent that just before the flood an additional train was placed in service; but all this work would come to naught and a new start would have to be made should the road show the white feather, leave the dry ditch in possession of the pass and decline all through business for eighteen months. The wash must be conquered, no matter what the cost. From January until June the engineers worked in feverish haste, building a temporary track, spurred on by the knowledge that each hour's delay was costing the road more than a thousand dollars in lost revenue. When the first through train in more than five months came puffing into Los Angeles on the evening of the eleventh of June, Johnnie Schrader, Jr., the child of the flood born on the hillside above the roaring torrent, was there to greet the "choo-choo" cars that failed to bring the doctor in time for the stork.

With the reopening of the line the fight between the railroad and the phantom river in the heart of the desert has not come to an end. Only a truce of indefinite duration has been declared. To gain permanent peace the railroad must either raise its tracks through the wash twenty feet above the present level of the roadbed, or else it must abandon the wash altogether, seek a new route and build around the pass. When the new permanent line is completed it will be one of the most expensive pieces of railroad track in the world, representing an investment of nearly twenty million dollars in construction and reconstruction, in temporary and supposedly permanent repairs, in loss of equipment and in the fearful loss of revenue following the floods. Almost two hundred thousand dollars will have gone into each one of the hundred miles because the dry bed of a sandy wash in the heart of the desert, blinking at the unreal, purplish hills dancing in the heat waves of the waste places, could not be conquered by the ingenuity of the engineers.



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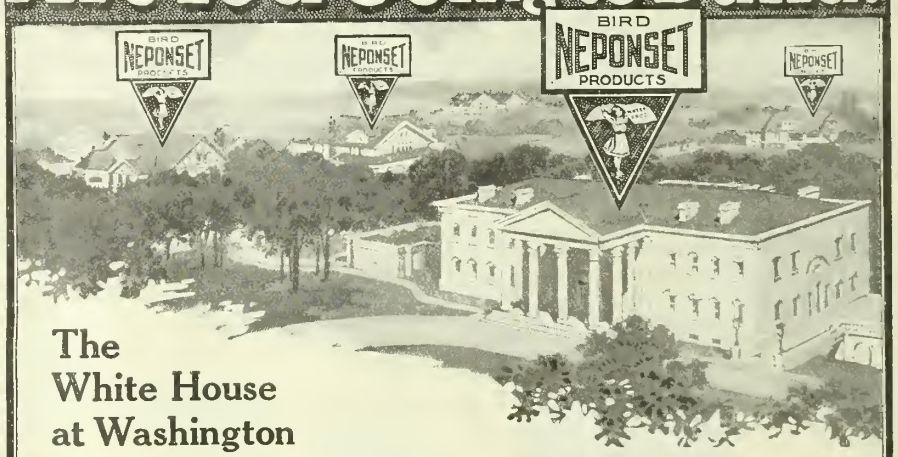
Only the richest and mellowest of the noted Burley tobacco gets into a can of Prince Albert. The patented process annihilates the bite, but doesn't affect the delightful flavor.

Get busy!—let loose of that dime.—NOW!

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

Are You Going to Build?



The White House at Washington

like most of the important residential buildings of the country is insulated against outside cold, heat and dampness by the time-tested NEPONSET WATERPROOF BUILDING PAPER.

The rooms directly under the roof are also protected against sounds and extremes of temperature by NEPONSET FLORIAN SOUND DEADENING FELT. In a recent impartial comparative test with its chief competitor, FLORIAN was so effective that the builder tore open the other floors to make sure they were insulated at all.

NEPONSET WATERPROOF BUILDING PAPER under clapboards, shingles, slate, metal, etc., will cut your annual fuel bill one-third. Absolutely waterproof and air-tight. Ordinary building papers are not waterproof, go to pieces in damp weather and destroy your insulation—for twenty-five years architects have been specifying NEPONSET.

For economy, efficiency, comfort and health in the construction of any building use

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NEPONSET PAROID Roofing—for barns, garages, factories, etc. Has been in service for 12 years on U. S. Government, Railroad, Industrial and Farm buildings in all climates.

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For more temporary uses, where low cost is demanded, use NEPONSET RED ROPE Roofing, rather than tarred felts. Lasts 3 times as long.

These are *facts*, not claims. Write us and we will prove every statement.

Consult Our Building Counsel Department. Tell us the nature of the buildings you propose to erect or repair and we'll send you samples and the Bird Neponset Book which treats your special case.

Bird Neponset dealers everywhere. If you do not know the one in your locality, ask us.

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NO MOTHER NEED WORRY-

If the Auto horn is a KLAXON

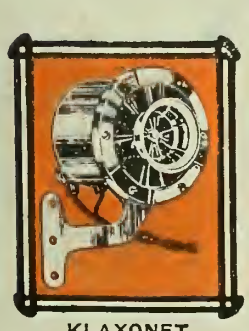
Children hear its sharp blast, no matter how absorbed they are in their tag or "One Old Cat." It is audible for blocks, even above the roar of elevated trains and the noise of traffic, and its note has a peculiar warning quality which compels attention. The romping boy and girl, the absent-minded man crossing the street with his nose in a newspaper—all are warned in ample time for safety.

If a child is struck by an automobile, it is because he did not hear the horn, or because he heard it too late. The horn is blown, but he darts from the sidewalk unheeding—and the tragedy occurs before brakes can be set.

A soft-toned horn attracts no attention, even from adults. Against children it is useless, as every motorist knows. Yet it is the motorist's duty to protect the children, because they have not learned to protect themselves.

The peculiar rasping tone of the KLAXON is intentional. It warns where no other horn is heeded. It safeguards children and pedestrians, and it lifts a weight from the motorist's mind and nerves. It is a long-range signal for warning unseen horsemen at bends and blind corners: but it is equally useful for emergencies anywhere.

Your children are SAFE if the automobile uses a KLAXON!



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